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FROM CLOUDLAND.

Ring out the feud of rich and poor
Ring in redress to all mankind.

THE NEW YEAR.

I am haunted by these lines from Tennyson as I look at the decay of a most strenuous year—a year which has held so much for us both East and West. The old year is dead, its book of life is closed with its many turned down pages; let them remain closed, and let us bury all bitterness in the grave of the old year and commence the new with a clean slate. "Ring in redress to all mankind": this is the urgent need of the day. There is so much that needs redressing. Let us get to the root of the canker that turned the promise of the year into a faked fruit, and we will find that two essentials of peace and prosperity are lacking: unity and sympathy; without these there can be no redress. We may be able to bury the hatchet for a spell but out of the grave the tares of hatred and bitterness will grow. Without sympathy there can be no achievement. Sympathy is given without stint. It is this lack of sympathy that has been the stumbling block to union between East and West. Brothers in arms as they have been throughout the great war, it has not served to cement the bond that should unite them. The Indian needs sympathy, needs understanding, so does the Englishman. How can trust be born between the two without the interplay of mutual sympathy in the truest sense of the word? The teachings of Christ are based on a simple but firm foundation. He was an Eastern, and it is in the acceptance of his teachings that East and West can meet. His beloved disciple, John, taught in His Master's name: "My little children love ye one another."

THE NEW ERA.

The new era opens with the Proclamation of His Majesty, the King Emperor. The Royal words have touched the hearts of the people and won them. The English Royal House, in some strange way, has always exercised a great and gracious influence on the minds of Indian people, who look to the Royal throne, when in pain, for redress and wait for his bounties when times are propitious, expecting that their Padshah will read their aspirations and guide them towards the realisation of their dreams. And the King has never failed them. His parting words after the Coronation Durbar when he was leaving the shores of India, were a plea for sympathy for the Indians, and now comes the proof that his love of India is no sceptered myth. The Royal proclamation redeems recent pledges, announces the first instalments of responsible government, enunciates principles of permanent policy, releases political prisoners and appeals for unity. It may indeed be called the Magna Charta of India. The spirit of the new Act which has received Royal assent is clearly expressed in the gracious words of His Majesty: "The Act which now becomes law entrusts the elected representatives of the people with a definite share in the Government and points the way to full responsible Government hereafter."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ACT.

The giving of the first instalment of responsible government to India will echo through the whispering galleries of the East and give to the nations now coming under British control a new hope; the ironic spirit which was already filling the world with laughter at the stillborn fruit of the victory will have to revise its judgment. The Act proves that England, in truth, fought for a better future for mankind. The Royal amnesty will bring happiness to many a hearth and home. The Government of India is fairly Indianised and the Provincial Governments are practically wholly Indianised. The proclamation is full of good things, of wisdom, of sympathy, and of courageous truth telling. The essence of the message is a happy faith in the people and a keen solicitude for their welfare. "I rely on the leaders of the people, the ministers of the future to face responsibility and endure misrepresentation and sacrifice much for common interests of the State, remembering that true patriotism transcends party and communal boundaries and while retaining the confidence of the Legislature to co-operate with my officers for the common good in sinking unessential differences and in maintaining the essential standards of just and generous government." The proclamation has been received with feelings of gratitude and affection everywhere; the old loyalties have revived as at the scent of living water.

THE DECAY OF AUTHORITY.

Mazzini said that the greatest need of humanity was a revival of authority. Authority has been thrust from all the thrones which it once occupied in human life, its abdication is complete in almost every sphere. India, too, is moving away from the domain of acceptance and obedience and seeking new ways of freedom. We are at a turning point when the ancient civilization will either break up and dissolve, or unified and re-animated by the new ideas, move forward and attain greater height and breadth, carrying its sweetness and calm to other lands. We must cultivate a new sense of proportion and a love of quality. Unless leaders with imagination give a lead to the dynamic forces now racing without wise direction, new India will run into danger and death. The measure of democracy is the measure of freedom and sense of individual responsibility in its humblest citizens.

THE WHOLE AND THE PART.

India forms part of the British Empire and needs urgently far-sighted and deep-principled action based on love, to lead the country to the promised land of freedom and humanity. The growth of nationality is the first step towards a larger life, but unless it reaches out and attains a higher ideal working towards human happiness, it ends only in wars and battlefields and destruction of the moral and material resources of the people. Mankind can progress and prosper only by the recognition of the cardinal truth that the whole human family is one and indivisible. This sense of unity can flow from an awakened intelligence. Our sons of various races and creeds proved in the battlefield of the world vital comradeship and the living spirit of unity which binds the British Empire and "all of us have yet to reap the harvest of this common and mutual loyalty to the knighthood that circles not a round table but the whole world."

TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.

The meetings of the Indian National Congress and Muslim League at Amritsar were, perhaps, the largest that ever gathered in response to the new ideals of an Indian nationality. Men of all races and creeds from all parts of India flocked to the sacred city of the Sikhs to take their share in the making of a new India. The now gospel of self-realisation and self-expression was given full play and the seed thus sown will bear sweet or bitter fruit in God's good time. The Congress expressed its gratitude to His Majesty the King Emperor and then proceeded to state its programme, dealing with some of the vital political problems of the day. The most important among these are: (1) a plea for declaration of rights; (2) the position of Indians outside India. It is in the fitness of things that the rights and liberties of the people should be clearly guaranteed and the right of equal citizenship within the Empire fully recognised.

THE PUNJAB.

The tragic events in the Punjab occupied the greater part of the Presidential address and added strength to the plea for a declaration of rights. The Punjab owes a deep debt of gratitude to Pandits Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya and others who have given of their best to vindicate the rights of citizenship in the Punjab. The lack of public spirit in defending the cause of justice and truth shown by the Punjabi is perhaps dead and gone. It may be some consolation to those who have sacrificed and suffered that the old policy in the Punjab is dead and those who follow them will never again be exposed to sanctioned withdrawal of established laws. If the Congress leaves behind a keener sense of service and self-respect in the Punjabies, a spirit of tolerance and larger understanding amongst the officials, the Congress will not have met in vain. It seems something of a sophistry to preach sweetness to those who have suffered without cause; but old wounds must be allowed to heal, forgetting our failures and our sufferings in the larger cause which calls for unity for the making of a better and a stronger Punjab.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

The Congress in some cases seems to have overstepped the bounds of fairness. Its resolution regarding the recall of the Viceroy indicates a spirit which is not inspiring or hopeful. There were many things said at the Congress which were better left unsaid. The Congress must remember that in trying to reach out freedom in a hurry, it may let loose forces of disorder. Government stands in the place of a Patriarch who, in ancient days, managed a joint Hindu family. He was respected, obeyed and followed and consequently he organised all the resources of the house and guaranteed to its members the fruits of their labour. It is dangerous to disparage efficiency. What would become of a firm that sent away its trained officers and filled their places by untrained relatives? It would mean the road to bankruptcy. The same holds good in the case of the large household of India. We have officers who have managed our affairs with success: they have made mistakes, so have we. While talking of their failures let us also keep in view their successes and hold the balance even. There is work waiting for us all and let us proceed with it in a spirit of sweetness and brotherly co-operation, thus securing ordered progress for the whole of the country.

MR. EDWARD MACLAGAN'S TRIUMPH.

It needed courage, it needed conviction on the part of the new Lieutenant-Governor to allow the Congress to meet at Amritsar. It needed still greater trust in the Punjabies to remove the ban from newspapers and *publicits* that were barred from entering the Province. Sir Edward Maclagan, in his quiet way, has almost achieved the impossible. He has proved that the Punjab, like her sister provinces, can be trusted to keep within constitutional limits even in times of greatest excitement. His policy of trust has triumphed and the meeting has passed without any untoward incident. He has laid the bogey that the Punjab needed sheltered security to rest, which actuated the actions of the Punjab Government before his time. He deserves the warmest congratulations of the Province.

THE SERVICES.

There is a feeling of mistrust in the Services as to their future work in India. The new Act is bound to work great changes. The power has passed into other hands and English officials are apprehensive that their power for good is also passing away with it. There does not seem any strong grounds for pessimism. The new constitution will bring strength to the Government and increase its power for good. Indian ministers will seek, like Indian firms, capable and experienced men to carry on the administration. The critics of yesterday will be the objects of criticism tomorrow, and permanent officials will be left to do the real work undisturbed. In the new day quarrels of the past will be forgotten, the work for the future will absorb energies which have now no scope. The daily direction of affairs and inevitable responsibility will awaken a sense of tolerance and goodwill and Indians and British officials will travel together the remaining road to self-government. The old order has certainly changed, but the new promises to be better, in conformity with British ideals and the thought currents of the world.

THE SIKH LEAGUE.

For the last few years the desire for a political organisation of the Sikhs has been gaining in intensity and strength and out of it the Sikh League has been born. The League held its first meeting at Amritsar and does not seem to have worked out any distinct programme of its own. The pleasant part of the whole proceeding seems to have been the garden party given by the Sikhs to visitors. It was a happy idea and in keeping with Sikh traditions. In the domain of politics the League seems to have pleaded strongly for special privileges and favoured places of power for the Sikhs. This is not in keeping with the Sikh traditions. The Sikhs rose to power and influence in the days of yore by cultivating a spirit of sacrifice and sense of service, not by influence or favour; and to-day, too, only strong hands and quick brains will mount the summit of power and influence. In the new democracy it is quality that will prevail. And to those who have the will and the capacity and a desire to serve the Indian commonwealth, all the doors are open, irrespective of caste and creed. In taking to politics, Sikhs will do well not to forget the slow but sure road of education. We must not neglect educational work and the making of better men and women. It is men who make nations and the better equipped a man is morally, mentally, and physically, the more worthily he fills all the places of eminence. Such men are sought after, for people instinctively realise who is best fitted to serve them without any thought of self or love of power.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPEMENT.

People cannot live by words alone and our various movements are content with pouring out a torrent of words, good words, bad words, and uplifting words, while people ask for bread. The most vital problem of the day is the food problem. The phenominal rise in the prices of food is sapping the manhood of the people. Milk and ghee, the two most nourishing foods of the people, are already beyond the reach of many. Bad food means starved vitality, less capacity for work and a weakened system; consequently decreased production and increased poverty. The difference between a well-fed man who can use milk as food and an ill-fed man who ekes out a bare existence, is stamped clear on their faces. The one is robust, well-guilt and smooth skinned —see the Gojars of the Punjab and Ahirs of the U. P. the other is weak, emaciated and pale—see the Chamars, weavers, and landless labourers of the two provinces. To provide good food we must increase production of food crops, milk and ghee, and also organise industries. The safest way will be to establish Provincial National Trusts with large capitals. The Trusts should employ experts and survey the resources of each district and intelligently work for their development. The Trust should foster village and local industries which are languishing by supplying power to work, power looms, power pumps, power oil presses, power can crushers, etc. The Trust should study the market and guide the workers to meet its demands serving both as a centre of organisation, distribution, purchase and sale. To an enterprising Captain of Industry nothing is impossible. The Government, too, must take up industrial development with greater earnestness and a larger spirit of enterprise. The future contentment of the millions depends on the solution of the industrial problem.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS

The disparity between the education of girls is shown clearly by the figures which are now available. How far social convention has stood in the way of the education of girls is shown by the fact that only 0·9 per cent. of the Hindu female population and 1·1 per cent. of the Mahomedan is under instruction as compared with 23 per cent. in the case of Europeans, 8·3 per cent. in that of the domiciled Anglo-Indian community and 14·6 per cent. in that of Indian Christians and Parsees. More than nine-tenths of the girls under instruction are in the primary stage, and of these over 95 per cent. are receiving only the most rudimentary instruction. The period during which the girls remain at school is very short, and their attendance is frequently irregular. These facts tend to discount materially the progress indicated on paper when we are told that the total number of girls at school has risen from 127,000 in 1882 to 1,264,000 in 1917-18. At the present stage the education of girls needs more financial fostering than that of boys; primary education must mainly be free; scholarships and studentships must be given more lavishly; grants-in-aid must be calculated more generously; and the greater expensiveness of secondary education has to be practically recognised. The Government of India renew an appeal frequently made of late years that educational equipment may be provided in part by private endowments and the appeal, it is hoped, will not go in vain since on the education of girls rests the future well being of the nation.

THE CHANGING SCENE.

Benares is the home of Hinduism. Visited in the falling shadows of the evening with its picturesque buildings and squalid ghats swarmed by a heterogeneous crowd it seemed as if the glory was departing from the banks of the Holy river. Is her Empire over the hearts of men and women coming to an end? It seemed so though, apparently, the past is living in the present, scented with the fragrance of another century. It seemed an intrusion, almost a sacrilege, to thrust vulgar curiosity into the midst of such a scene. It was like entering some sacred edifice and treading on the graves therein. "Where angels fear, fools dare to tread," I murmured to myself. The air was fraught with mystic sadness and the spell of the place was on me as evening deepened; a hush seemed to fall on everything. Now and again the temple bells tinkled or one heard the rhythm of the drum; these sounds gradually ceased; even "the lord of all things praying to his own great self seemed to realise that it was but a place of the dead." Silently the children of Mother Ganga drew near her side, a long line of widows, faithful to the end, and sat on the bank in white winding sheets, their heads shaved and hearts broken. Year in and year out these faithful patient souls, evening after evening, come to pray at the side of their sacred mother, just as children do in a home; and evening after evening do these silent faithful souls light their little flames besides the river which received the ashes of the dear departed; emblematic of the flickering hope that soon dies also. Their ashes, too, will mingle with those of the loved ones who went before when the call comes. The pathos of the scene remains with me still. The river rolls on placidly accepting without response her daily toll from the children who love her so well and whose faith will be rewarded when one day she too, like the mighty sea, will give up her dead and loved ones will be re-united.

Also for love if though wert all
And naught beyond O earth!

Will no worshippers worship the mother any more and no faithful hearts pour their devotion in incessant offering, their minds bent on immortal life and immortal love! The Benares University, which is coming into being in the heart of the sacred town, implies the acceptance of the new ideal and dethronement of the old.

CURRENCY AND EXCHANGE.

Commerce is exchange. Currency provides the token which facilitates trade—there has been always some kind of paper currency in the form of hundee, cheques, notes and bills, but it has been supported by gold or silver bullion. Since the war began it is stated that the paper currency of the principal countries of the world has increased by £2,000,000.000. This paper money is said to be £20,000,000 more in face value than the gold and silver turned out by all the mines in the world in 427 years since the discovery of America. Then there are £20,000,000,000 worth of bonds issued by the same governments. According to the same authority the National debt of the world has advanced from £10,000,000,000 to £52,500,000,000. This has disturbed materially the currency of the world and introduced an element of uncertainty as to the fluctuating values of the exchange. The world is linked by trade and economic interdependence of its countries is a fact which the sooner it is recognised the better it will be for mankind. One nation cannot stand prosperous while another lies prostrate. As long as huge paper issues keep flooding the markets there can be no stable exchange.

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ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

India's New Charter.

A *Gazette of India Extraordinary*, issued on 24th December 1919, publishes the following Proclamation by the King-Emperor.—

George the Fifth by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

To my Viceroy and Governor-General, to the Princes of Indian States and to all my subjects in India of whatsoever race or creed, greeting.

(1) Another epoch has been reached to-day in the annals of India. I have given my Royal assent to an Act which will take its place among the great historic measures passed by the Parliament of this realm for the better government of India and for the greater contentment of her people. The Acts of 1773 and 1784 were designed to establish a regular system of administration and justice under the Honourable East India Company. The Act of 1833 opened the door for

Indians to public office and employment. The Act of 1858 transferred the administration from the Company to the Crown and laid the foundation of public life which exists in India to-day. The Act of 1892 sowed the seed of representative institutions and the seed was quickened into life by the Act of 1909. The Act which has now become Law entrusts the Elected Representatives of the people with a definite share in the Government and points the way to full Responsible Government hereafter. If, as I confidently hope, the policy which this Act inaugurates should achieve its purpose, the results will be momentous in the story of human progress and it is timely and fitting that I should invite you to-day to consider the past and to join me in my hopes of the future.

(2) Ever since the welfare of India was confided to us, it has been held as a sacred trust by our Royal House and Line. In 1858, Queen Victoria, of revered memory, solemnly declared herself bound to her Indian subjects by the same obligations of duty as to all her other subjects and she assured to them religious freedom and the equal and impartial protection of the Law. In his Message to the Indian People in 1903, my dear father, King Edward the Seventh, announced his determination to maintain unimpaired the principles of humane and equitable administration. Again in his Proclamation of 1908, he renewed the assurance which had been given 50 years before and surveyed the progress which they had inspired.

On my accession to the Throne in 1910, I sent a Message to the Princes and Peoples of India acknowledging their loyalty and homage and promising that the prosperity and happiness of India should always be to me the highest interest and concern. In the following year I visited India with the Queen-Empress and testified my sympathy for her people and my desire for their well-being.

(3) While these are the sentiments of affection and devotion by which I and my predecessors have been animated, the Parliament and the people of this Realm and my officers in India have been equally zealous for the moral and material advancement of India. We have endeavoured to give to her people the many blessings which Providence has bestowed upon ourselves. But there is one gift which yet remains and without which the progress of a country cannot be consummated—the right of her people to direct her affairs and safeguard her interests. The defence of India against foreign aggression is a duty of common Imperial interest and pride. The control of her domestic concerns is a burden which India may legitimately aspire to take upon her own shoulders. The burden is too heavy to be borne in full until time and experience have brought the necessary strength, but opportunity will now be given for experience to grow and for responsibility to increase with the capacity for its fulfilment.

(4) I have watched with understanding and sympathy the growing desire of my Indian people for representative institutions. Starting from small beginnings, this ambition has steadily strengthened its hold upon the intelligence of the country. It has pursued its course along constitutional channels with sincerity and courage. It has survived the discredit which at times and in places lawless men sought to cast upon it by acts of violence committed under the guise of patriotism. It has been stirred to

more vigorous life by the ideals for which the British Commonwealth fought in the Great War and it claims support in the part which India has taken in our common struggles, anxieties and victories. In truth the desire after political responsibility has its source at the roots of the British connection with India. It has sprung inevitably from the deeper and wider studies of human thought and history which that connection has opened to the Indian people. Without it the work of the British in India would have been incomplete. It was, therefore, with a wise judgment, the beginnings of representative institutions were laid many years ago. Their scope has been extended stage by stage until there now lies before us a definite step on the road to Responsible Government.

(5) With the same sympathy and with redoubled interest I shall watch the progress along this road. The path will not be easy and in the march towards the goal there will be need of perseverance, of mutual forbearance between all sections and races of my people in India. I am confident that those high qualities will be forthcoming. I rely on the new Popular Assemblies to interpret wisely the wishes of those whom they represent and not to forget the interest of the masses who cannot yet be admitted to franchise. I rely on the Leaders of the People, the Ministers of the future, to face responsibility and endure misrepresentation, to sacrifice much for the common interest of the State, remembering that true patriotism transcends party and communal boundaries and while retaining the confidence of the Legislatures to co-operate with my officers for the common good in sinking unessential differences and in maintaining the essential standards of a just and generous Government. Equally do I rely upon my officers to respect their colleagues and to work with them in

harmony and kindliness to assist the people and their representatives in an orderly advance towards free institutions and to find in these new tasks a fresh opportunity to fulfil, as in the past, their highest purpose of faithful service to my people.

(6) It is my earnest desire at this time that, so far as possible, any trace of bitterness between my people and those who are responsible for my Government should be obliterated. Let those who in their eagerness for political progress have broken the law in the past, respect it in the future. Let it become possible for those who are charged with the maintenance of peaceful and orderly government to forget the extravagances which they have had to curb. A New Era is opening. Let it begin with a common determination among my people and my officers to work together for a common purpose.

I, therefore, direct my Viceroy to excercise, in my name and on my behalf, my Royal Clemency to political offenders in the fullest measure which, in his judgment, is compatible with the public safety. I desire him to extend it on this condition to persons who, for offences against the State, or under any special or emergency legislation, are suffering imprisonment or restrictions upon their liberty. I trust that this leniency will be justified by the future conduct of those whom it benefits and that all my subjects will so deport themselves as to render it unnecessary to enforce the laws for such offences hereafter.

(7) Simultaneously with the new Constitutions in British India, I have gladly assented to the establishment of a 'Chamber of Princes'. I trust that its counsel may be fruit-

ful of lasting good to the Princes, and the States themselves may advance the interests which are common to their territories and to British India and may be to the advantage of the Empire as a whole. I take the occasion again to assure the Princes of India of my determination ever to maintain unimpaired their privileges, rights and dignities.

(8) It is my intention to send my dear son, the Prince of Wales, to India next winter to inaugurate, on my behalf, the new Chamber of Princes and the new Constitutions in British India. May he find mutual good-will and confidence prevailing among those on whom will rest the future service of the country so that success may crown their labours and progressive enlightenment attend their administration. And with all my people I pray to Almighty God that by His wisdom and under His guidance India may be led to greater prosperity and contentment and may grow to the fulness of political freedom.

THE MASTERPIECE

BY

ROLF BENNETT.

Author of—"The Adventure of Lieut. Lawless, R. N."—"Commander Lawless, V. C."—"Captain Calamity."—"The Courtship of Captain Silas Porter,"—"The Wei," etc.

OVER the city like a pall, brooded a leaden sky from which the sun, a dull, yellow disc, cast a spectral light that was neither of night nor day. It disappeared slowly behind a curtain of baleful grey, causing this to glow for a time with an evil, purple light. Upon all things lay a vast, uncanny stillness as though the heart of the universe had ceased to beat.

In a studio on the roof of a tall building, a young man in a white overall stood, palette and brushes in hand, before a large canvas. He was working with almost feverish haste, partly on account of the fading light, but chiefly because he feared to pause lest his great inspiration should pass away and be lost to him for ever. For years he had sought it, for years he had been patiently acquiring the technique of his art, sacrificing everything to the faith that was in him. And to day he believed that his faith would be justified.

The model shifted uneasily on her throne. It was long past the rest hour and she felt tired and stiff; keenly conscious, also, of the brooding stillness and the menace of the approaching storm.

"Keep still, please;" commanded the man gruffly.

The model checked the protest she had been about to utter. She had known other men behave like this; men who would keep her mercilessly posed long after the rest hour. Only they were successful painters and rewarded her well for the discomfort she suffered. But this man, Oscar Brand, was a nobody, a mere struggler. Still..........

So she resumed her pose, marvelling that any man could see to paint in such a light.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; the sky had changed from leaden-grey to purple-black; the lights of shops and factories had now mingled with the sombre gloom, creating an effect of unreality and turning the great buildings into superimposed masses of shadow.

Suddenly Brand stepped back from his work and stood a few yards away, gazing at it intently through the dusk.

"Finished?" inquired the model.

He made no answer. In the deepening shadows she could not see his face.

"Wonder how you could paint at all in this light," she remarked, relaxing her stiff limbs.

Still Brand did not speak. He stood rigid before his picture and the veil of self-deception dropped from his eyes.

It was borne in upon him with a certainty which seemed to numb his very soul; that his inspiration and his powers had both failed him. The picture was not a masterpiece; it was scarely even mediocre; it lacked all which makes work great and enduring. It expressed nothing; nothing save the damning impress of effort.

Brand, still standing before the picture, had covered his face with his hands. But it was almost dark now and the model did not notice him as she hurried on her outdoor things. From the far distance came a muffled roll of thunder and upon the skylight in the studio roof, there fell a few drops of rain as large as pennies. The girl crossed to the door and stood irresolute. A brilliant flash of lightning, quickly followed by a peal of thunder, decided her. She turned from the door and sat down in a chair as far as possible from the skylight. Brand stirred as if awakening from a trance and then, moved seemingly by a frenzy of impotent rage, raised clenched fists above his head and cursed aloud.

A blue, jagged streak of fire rent the darkness, lighting up the studio momentarily with an unearthly, blinding glare. Brand, one arm across his eyes, reeled backwards against the wall. Next moment came a terrific crash of thunder overhead. The model, stunned by the awful concussion, slipped to the floor where she crouched, a shrinking, pitiable figure of terror. Slowly the rumbling echoes died away and the girl, still frightened and trembling, rose and crept nearer to Brand. In the semi-darkness she could just discern his shadowy figure. To her surprise, he was standing in front of his easel—Surely the man was not going to try and paint in the dark?

Outside it was pouring in torrents and the drum of the rain on the skylight deadened all other sounds. Conscious of a vague dread of the dim figure at the easel, yet dreading still more to venture out in such a deluge, the girl began to fumble her way back to the chair. On her way she collided with the steps of the throne and collapsed upon them.

"Damnation! Keep the pose."

The voice of Brand came with such startling abruptness out of the gloom, that the model gave a cry and, from very terror, lay where she had fallen. She was convinced that he was mad; that if she stirred, he would kill her in a fit of ungovernable rage. He began to work with hectic energy, and added to her fear by frequently pausing to gaze at the empty throne as though she were still posing there. Outside the tempest raged with increasing fury. Searing flashes of lightning from time to time illuminated the studio, followed by crashes of thunder that made the place tremble. But Brand, engrossed in his work, seemed totally unconscious of the storm. Thus half an hour passed—to the model, it seemed like years; and gradually the storm abated; the lightning became less vivid and the thunder less terrifying, though rain continued to beat upon the skylight. Suddenly Brand cast his palette and brushes from him and the crouching girl, with a shiver, heard them clatter upon the floor.

"Finished!" he cried exultantly. "Finished—my masterpiece!"

To her infinite relief, she heard the sound of footsteps upon the stairs and then the door burst open to admit some half-dozen men, artists and students.

"Why, what the devil!" cried one of them, pausing on the threshold. "You're in Cimmerian darkness, Brand. Why the deuce don't you get a light? It's as black as the pit."

But Brand, apparently, had not heard the protest.

"Come here, you fellows!" he shouted in a voice of exultation. "Look at this picture and deny me genius if you can. Why, the lips move, the eyes smile..........I—I can hardly believe it myself."

A silence had fallen upon the men. One of them groped his way to where Brand stood, the others following.

"For heaven's sake let's have a light;" ejaculated someone. "I've just barked my shins against a confounded chair or somthing."

The model, reassured by the men's presence, had risen and now approached the easel, curious to see the masterpiece which she conceived to have been painted by a mad man in the dark.

"At first I thought it was a failure," said Brand. "And then—I can't explain it—something came to me. I only know that I painted and, as I did so, the thing took shape and colour till it become what it is now."

One of the men took from his pocket an electric torch and flashed it upon the canvas, while the others crowded round him.

"Well, hasn't anyone anything to say?" inquired Brand irritably.

The silence continued, the men staring at the canvas and at each other with white faces. For there was no picture; nothing but meaningless blotches of colour piled one upon another and looking like palette scrapings.

For the first time Brand turned to his friends and, as he did so, he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Jove, it seems to have gone dark suddenly;" he ejaculated. "Can't one of you fellows strike a match?"

The man with the torch flashed it full upon Brand's face. "Confound it!" cried Brand. "Can't someone get a light?"

THE BASIS OF THE NEW ERA.

By Eric Hammond.

During a lecture on Indian Music, its history, use and development, delivered by a Brahmin of Vedantic tendency, in the drawing-room of a Hindu Prince almost within the shadow of the British Museum, ones attention was divided between differences and similarities. Persons in this small but very happy gathering, represented various races, countries and modes of thought. Costumes were, as might have been expected, notably unlike. Tongues, though employing English as a language conveniently common to all, spoke with distinct modulations and accentuations. Sons of Hindustan had journeyed from North and South of that ancient centre of civilisation to the modern centre, London. A Serbian bishop was seated near an American lady, and an eminent pleader. An author rubbed shoulders with a lady from the Near East who claimed and proved familiarity with more than a dozen vocabularies other than that to which she was born. Close proximity emphasised opposing angularities, yet nearness of soul proved striking and certain connection. Unlikeness showed itself in musical notation as well as in clothing, gesture (or the lack of gesture,) and mannerism. Courtesy and kindliness springing from all hearts, irradiated all faces. Political partisanship, religious rivalry, vagaries of educational systems and philosophic schools, were ignored in the presence of a mutually absorbing interest.

It is true that Eastern melodies sounded strange to Western listeners. Its effect had nevertheless a real appeal. More, some hearers rejoiced to hail an echo of Scottish music in that of India, or of Indian in the Gaelic. They felt the reverberation of primeval singing which, scattered world-wide through the ages, had in a sense gathered itself together again in this modern chamber among modern folks. It had endured many changes; it had become divided against itself, even perhaps as language had done; it had suffered loss and it had gained; and now, at least for one little hour, consciousness was restored to it. It was again "at home" in the ears and minds of this assembly. Spirit answered to spirit. The lord of harmony proved his eternal power. Was he not, even here and now, resolving to assist in a restoration of unity of thought and unity of action? The heart of mankind finds its reflection in the heart of the individual man. One note accurately and surely struck is responded to by the throb of humanity. There is, fundamentally, no separation. Extraneous diversities exist, multitudinous and multiform; but these are, after all, without. The life, which is one, inherent, inseparable, resides within, regnant in the citadel of man's soul. Distinctive methods, phenomenal phases, discordant notes, count for little or nothing when their concealing veils are rent or withdrawn. Then the divine fire burning at the core of things becomes manifest and, manifested, becomes also revealed and revered. Its flame illumines all with comprehensive brilliance. Then, outward unlikeness dissolves because of the warmth of likeness. Then, mirage is merged in ultimate meaning. Then, too, response is quick and true. He who peers between the folds of one or other of those veils which times and climes have woven around his brethren, will find the light and life of man opened up and unobscured. No longer dazzled by the interplay of innumerable gleamings of false fires or hazed by deep darkness, he beholds with clearer insight and what he beholds, fills him with steadfastness and hope and, the patience which results in perfect work. No longer, either, is he discouraged by "discordant" voices, because he ascertains that even these are essential to the outburst of human orchestration when at its best and fullest. He may have permitted himself in past days to look upon some of these brethren of his a little derisively, a little suspiciously, scornfully. Now, he mirrors himself mirrored in them. He recognises their equality with his own. He feels that they in their turn may have regarded him wonderingly, perhaps fearfully, and that they, now, see with his repaired mental vision. as he sees with theirs.

Nature in the plenitude and beauty of her bounty supplies continuing object lessons for all her children. The splendour of her fields and flowers consists because of her variegated exhibition. Each star that flashes in her firmament has its adjusted radiance. The minutest blossom that enamels her grasses lives and blooms fortified by its fitness. One star differs from another star in glory as one rose differs from another in hue and perfume. The majesty of the cedar and the sweet simplicity of the white-eyed daisy have their being from the one sure source. The music of the spheres and the nations; the colour-scheme of creation: both owe their value to the out-pouring of a God-given benefaction. Each contributes its quota to the sublime artistry which animates and regulates all.

There is, as we remarked above, no separation; only the mysterious Maya-curtain intervening between man and man. For ability to thrust aside the curtain-folds, to gaze upon and comprehend the impregnable One in each, we embrace the resistless law of love: love which holds the secret, thus soluble, of divinity and humanity.

> "I saw the Power; I see the Love, once weak,
> Resume the power; and in this word 'I see,'
> Lo! there is recognised the spirit of both
> That, moving over the spirit of man, unbinds
> His eye and bids him look."
>
> *Browning.*

So looking, he really sees. His vision, unhampered and extended, envisages all men as himself. Henceforth, despite difficulties, his attitude towards a man of another up-bringing is transformed from fearfulness to friendship and from friendship to fraternity. He begins to understand that, deep down in the innermost heart of that other, there lie the germs of righteousness and justice. The manner of that other may appear lukewarm, even cold. Employing the light-giving instrument of love, he cleaves the the outer crust and discloses geniality and goodwill.

Persons immersed in politics or absorbed by commercial concerns are often, to a considerable degree, handicapped by their occupations and environment. Bent upon success, each in his sphere, the parliament man and the merchant cannot, as a rule, find time or leisure in which to grasp the fundamental fact. Something of desire towards it may be, doubtless, with them; their very interest in statecraft or business goes indeed to prove their interest in the commonweal; but, in their personal or collective movement towards the recognition of unity they are halted on the way. Requirements of state, finance, merchandise, sometimes imperative, sometimes suppositions, backed by professional or trading details, block their road. Evidence offers itself, all the same, to the effect that, given a great cause, a palpable need, the interior desire can and does surmount all obstacles and does drive politics and business in the right path.

Events startling and ominous in 1914 clasped our Empire in a close embrace. One fear, one hope, aroused a sense of corporate integrity, forced it out of the heart into the head and limbs; resulting in united action accordant and complete. One voice, one instinct, propelled the pulse of the people. Britain breathed aloud and her people caught the clinging clamour of her breath. Distance was out-distanced. Questions relative to this or that, other than The Question, fell into abeyance. In India, in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Africa and otherwhere, one reply to the Question rose resounding through the width of the world.

"IF THOU SHUNN'ST

This honourable field ....
If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
Duty and task go by,—that shall be sin."

Sir Edwin Arnold.

No mere craving after battle for battle's sake; no lust for blood or for dominion; but a glowing sense that a material force that threatened humanity must be met and grappled with by a spiritual power—armed by whatever man could reach and use against it. So, sons of their Empire, lovers of freedom, fought and won; even while they asked, as Arjuna asked:

"How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts!"

(*ibid*)

Krishna's injunction to Arjuna, wedded to other words, answered their query, dispelled their doubts, urged them onward to the fray;—

Arise thou son of Kunti! brace
Thine arm for conflict; nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat;
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin."

(*ibid*)

More: under that guidance, moved by that irresistible urging, triumph was assured; because "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord."

At the moment of these reflections we read how science is showing that life is something infinitely finer, infinitely more subtle than any and all of the vehicles through which it functions and which it animates. We read, too, of a theory, already proving partly practicable, already being translated into fact. Let us gratefully accept, because of its aptness, a passage in "The Daily Telegraph" of Wednesday, September 10th, 1919. Reporting the presidential address to members of The British Association met at Bournemouth, delivered by the Hon. Sir Charles A. Parsons; this journal states:—"In Italy, at Laradello, bore-holes have been sunk which discharge large volumes of high-pressure steam. This is being utilised to generate about 10,000 horse-power by turbines. It seems indeed probable that, in volcanic regions, a very large amount of power may be in the future obtained directly or indirectly by boring into the earth;"—by tapping and adapting heat from the world's very centre. Just so. The veil concealing that heat is rent by applied machinery; the heat is arrived at, held in the grasp of tools contrived and manipulated by human hands; set to the use and benefaction of the human family. The material world furnishes a striking picture, a practical analogy, of action in the spiritual realm. The divine fire existing at the core of things becomes manifested, recognised and employed. The heat that warms the earth, the heat by which it continues its being, is apprehended and turned and tuned to the wants and well-being of the people. The divine fire, revealed and realised, functions within that people's hearts, fuses them consciously together, compelling both appreciation and kindliness.

Felicitously recounting adventures in California, land of nature's wonder and beauty, two favourite writers of romance who pose as one, (C. N. and A. Williamson,) have recently penned these words;—"All through the Yosemite there is music, you hear the forest talking and think it is the river. You hear the river and think it is the wind giving a signal to the trees that they may begin speaking. But among the red-woods is the noblest music of all. The pillars holding up the sky-roof are fluted deeply and regularly; and they are rose-red, these tree columns, seeming to glow with inward fire, the never-dying fire of life. If I had been an atheist, I believe I should suddenly have been taught the lesson of God among the great red-woods. I feel that the same light which burns like fire in these trees burns in my veins; a vast wave of life, vitalising all creation and making it kin. I am a cousin of the robins and chipmunks that shared our luncheon. I am nearer than I was yesterday to all humanity."

The eternal music and the eternal fire by which the writers were touched to fine issues; through which they, under the influence of sweet compulsion, heard and saw; these twain, the music and the fire, are of one origin and one intent.

When Saul of Tarsus neared Damascus on the most momentous journey of his life, he heard, then, a voice which, with arresting music, cried "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Then, too, there shone about him a light from heaven, a light all-penetrating, indescribable. In his devotion to his ancient faith he had breathed out threatenings and slaugthter against the desciples of the Lord, and sought through the agency of a high priest of that faith, to convey these desciples, whether men or women, bound captives to Jerusalem. Now, wondering, startled out of the complacency that enveloped him in his barbarous business, he cried in his turn: "Who art Thou, Lord?" The reply, immediate, convincing, came to him though the clear Eastern air: "I am He Whom thou persecutest."

Instantly he knew: knew that in slaying the Lord's desciples he had, in spirit, slain the Lord Himself; for the desciples and the Lord are one. Then he, trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The light was intolerable to, and blinded, his bodily sight, but had, in a flash, opened his inner vision. How he was led to a staunch desciple of Damascus, how the sight of his eyes came to them again; how there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; how he was initiated into the service of the Lord—all this is written for our learning. What wonder was there that, when he taught the Lord's teaching with unexampled eloquence, "all that heard him were amazed and said 'Is not this he that destroyed them which called on His name?'" Hatred had given place to love, suspicion to sympathy. Saul, the persecutor, had become Paul, Saint Paul, the preacher; a man who now realised that his ancient faith, or rather his interpretation of it, had failed; inasmuch as it had endeavoured to limit "salvation" to one privileged race whose members exulted in counting themselves, and themselves only, as the people of God, and whose tongues proclaimed in all corners "The people of the Lord are we!"

Paul had ascertained that mankind is one and that the degrees of demarcation between this race and that were lines drawn in contrariety to the will of the Lord, the Father of all men. Henceforth he spoke of the divine Fatherhood to all alike: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." Henceforth also his prayer to all men overflowed with the exquisite sweetness and power of love; "Put on kindness, long-suffering; forbearing one another and forgving one another." This he bade men see and know, as he saw and knew, the image of Him that had created them. Thus he bade them imitate, reflect, that image the image of Him Whom all worshippers call "The One without equal."

"Forbearing one another;" a most wise and admirable suggestion. Is there one person in all this wide world who can honestly declare that his environment is in every particular exactly to his liking? Is there one who can claim full agreement with his family, his neighbours, his countrymen? Is there one who esteems each law of the land which is his home; each philosophical professor, each political partisan? Each man among us has, of necessity, to endure, to forbear. This Empire of our own, to whom we render loyal allegiance, because the Empire is ourselves, is so colossal, so comprehensive, that, within its wide-flung pale, many differences must exist and, because of differences, grievances and, perhaps, disabilities. Autocracies totter, aristocracies suffer loss of prestige, workmen strike for higher wages and for an acknowledged participation in industrial organisation. Women, many of whom now exercise voting power, seek, some of them, not only mercantile and political success but prominent place in the churches. Unrest means discontent, and discontent is one of the signs of the motion of life. Forbearance is therefore a prime necessity; lest one class, one caste, should strive for domination and, in the striving, bring about suffering and sorrow among many. India has been and is, the mother of tolerance and forbearance in philosophy and in religion. Her fine attitude in this respect induces us to look to her for a continued example along all lines. Her extensive territories shelter peoples of various descent, of various tongues, of various creeds. Within her broad borders she has had in the past, and has in the present, to cope with racial trouble, with spiritual dilemmas. She has taught the citizens of the Empire to reverence her ethic of forbearance, and we think, faithfully, that she will not fail to teach that ethic still. Whether resident in the Eastern or the Western sphere of the Imperial domain, there is something untoward for every inhabitant to bear; some cause, greater or smaller, for forbearance. Perfection of position is difficult of attainment; perfection of personal character more difficult still. Patience and fidelity are essential to the first; steadfastness, and again patience, are necessary to the second.

One word, a word of singular and collective significance, resounds from every quarter; a word that will be heard and must be dwelt upon, acted upon, for the time of advancement is nigh at hand. All will be well if we listen to the divine music and live by the light of the divine fire; the one of these makes melody even now, and, even now, the brilliance of the other shines around and within. Within the heart of India, righteousness and justice beat time to the music and the light illumines the soul of her people. Within the heart of Britain lie inclinations answering to these. Let India lead, spurred by her immemorial adherence to "forbearance;" for forbearance is the mother, not the progeny, of righteousness and justice. Then the basis of the New Era will sustain and elevate a temple that shall be the wonder of the world.

APPASSIONATA.

By Katherine Harrington.

Beloved, I call thee ; my soul strains to thine.
My blood, since we kiss'd, has the madness of wine.
The cloud-beset moon is now nearing eclipse,
And I—faint with longing—lie waiting thy lips.

Dost hear me, beloved ? A cry in the night.
Dost see me, beloved ? A flame burning white.
Dost feel me, beloved ? A sob at thy heart.
Take time while it serves, for to-morrow we part.

My hair hast thou known, love, coil'd close to the head,
Come now and be drown'd in its golden and red.
Come, press me thy mouth to the fountain of sighs,
Lest thou, in thy gazing, be slain by mine eyes.

Beloved, I call thee ; I pant to be thine,
I did but deny thee to make thee all mine.
So take me, and hold me, nor loose me again,
Until I shall swoon in the joy of such pain.

INDIAN EXCHANGE.

BY

GURMUKH SINGH SURI.

A rise in the value of the rupee! This is something that requires considerable explanation for the lay mind to understand. And, indeed, it is a startling thing for him to read that the value of the rupee has gone up from 1s. 4d. to 2s. How can that be? So far he has always felt that only ordinary commodities---money is not included in this category---change in value, become cheap or dear. Money rupees, annas, pice, pies---measure this change. Would not the whole measurement be upset if money itself changed in value?

Strange as it may appear, money does alter in value---that is where the modern systems of currency fall so short of the ideal. The layman is right money should not change in value. But, as in other cases, so here, things are not as they ought to be. The rise in general prices can often be explained; at any rate, partially by the fall in the value of money. But ordinary people do not look for the cause of high prices in the depreciation of currency, because they feel that money as the medium of exchange ought not to vary in value.

The value of the rupee within the country does not depend on its intrinsic worth, on the quantity of the precious metal contained in it. The rupee passes for the value that has been given it by the Government, and the people accept it for sixteen annas because they have faith in their Government, and because they believe it to be financially secure and stable. This is more apparent in the case of rupee notes than in silver coinage How is it then possible, the lay reader will naturally ask, for the currency to depreciate? The fall in the value of money in a settled country is generally due to what is called "inflation of currency"---increase in the amount of money in circulation. When there is a commodity in abundance its value in the eyes of the possessor generally decreases. He is not careful in using it. He squanders it. Similarly when a large amount of money is floating about, people cease to value it as highly as they used to when it was scarce. They are no longer sparing in its use. They pay more for the article that takes their fancy, and thus push up the price. In other words the value of money goes down---there is depreciation of currency.

In international dealings, currency is not taken at its face value. The coin only passes for what it contains; and the price of silver determines the value of the rupee. It, therefore, rises and falls as the price of silver increases or decreases. For many years before the war, the price of silver was falling rapidly, and the situation was becoming serious. Various commissions had gone into the question and made recommendations. The Government of India in the end decided to adopt what is known as the gold exchange standard. According to this arrangement gold was made the basis of international dealings, though the rupee (silver) remained the standard coin in the country. Rupees were to be changed into gold at the rate of 1s. 4d. a rupee. This device suited the pre-war conditions very well. But the unexpected happened—as, it is said, it always happens—and the device broke down hopelessly.

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At this point it is well to remind the reader that in the international markets payments are not ordinarily made in money—even in the form of bullion. It is the Bill of Exchange that discharges the functions of an international currency. A bill of exchange is an order from A. to B. to pay a sum of money at some distant date—generally 60 days + 3 days of grace—either to himself, A, or to a third party, C. An example will make the meaning clear.

Abdula (A) sells some wheat to Benson (B) of London for £100. He draws a bill upon Benson—or his bank if Benson so arranges—for the sum of £100 and makes it payable to Carman of London (C). [Abdulla has to pay Carman £100 for some goods that he has imported from him in Karachi]. Abdula ships the wheat and gets documents certifying that the wheat has been sent properly insured and attaches these certificates—called "Bills of Lading"—to the bill he has drawn upon Benson, which he sends on to Carman. The bill is drawn upon Benson for £100, made payable to Carman 60 days after sight. On receiving, Carman presents the bill, with the documents attached, to Benson, who carefully examines the bills of lading, and after satisfying himself as to the transhipment of wheat, provisions for its safe transmital, acknowledges his debt of £100 by writing or stamping "Accepted" on the face of the bill (of exchange). This means that he promises to pay £100 on the expiration of the period named in the bill (60 days) and three days of grace, to the person who will present it to him.

Carman has two courses open to him. He can either keep the bill and wait for the money till it matures; or he can get the bill discounted---*i. e.*---he can get the money then and there by parting with the bill and receiving the amount named therein minus the interest for the time the bill has still to run. Supposing the rate of interest to be 6% per annum, he will receive [£100-- £1-0-8 (interest for 63 days)] £98-19-4. The person who thus buys the bill can get from Benson the sum of £100 when the bill falls due.

The bill of exchange created by Abdula has settled two transactions. It has paid for the wheat and for the sale of goods by Carman; and yet not a single penny has travelled from one country to the other. It is in this way---the proceedure in practice is, no doubt, much more complex---that international obligations are met and world commerce is financed.

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The lay reader ought now to be able to understand the workings of foreign exchanges. It will be clear from the illustration given above that exports are paid by imports and imports by exports and the transactions are settled through the mechanism of the bills of exchange or drafts. But the exports and imports do not always balance each other---there is generally left what is called the balance of trade, which is said to be favourable if the exports exceed the imports and unfavourable if imports are in excess of exports. The balance is generally paid by the transhipment of bullion. Consequently all countries endeavour to the best of their ability to secure a favourable balance, which will not denude them of their wealth but, on the contrary, will increase their existing store of precious metals--gold and silver.

The problem of foreign exchange, as far as India is concerned, is to change the currencies of other countries into rupees and rupees into other currencies--especially to convert sovereigns into rupees and rupees into sovereigns. If England has to send more money to India than this country has to transmit to England, Indian currency acquires greater value. There is more demand for it. Indian drafts are anxiously sought after in the English market. Their price naturally goes up. The rate of exchange rises; but it cannot be pushed higher than a certain point---the point where it is cheaper to send gold than to buy drafts---which is technically known as the gold or specie point. That is what happens under normal circumstances. The rate of exchange only rises up to the gold point. Supposing 6d. to be the cost of transmitting a sovereign---including freightage and insurance---the rate of exchange cannot rise higher than Rs. 15-6 (a sovereign)---a sovereign being equivalent to Rs. 15 as fixed by the Government---or as it is ordinarily stated beyond 1s. 4⅖d. (a rupee). But at times of crises, like the one through which the world has just passed (the Great War) whose effects are by no means yet over, the gold point ceases to be an effective check upon the rising rate of exchange. At such times the Government of the country, for keeping up its strength and for various other reasons, forbids the export of gold. The check having thus been removed, the demand obtains free play.

The British Government owes a great sum of money to India for the supply of war materials and food to the Allies.

These payments have been accumulating in England during the last four or five years. They are being made now—for the last few months. English imports have, on the other hand, decreased in recent years, the energy of people in England being concentrated on the production of war materials. There has, thus, been created a great demand for Indian currency, which has, therefore, acquired higher value. The rate of exchange has risen in favour of India. The rupee has gone up in value. The unprecedented rise in the value of the rupee, however, cannot be wholly or even largely explained away by the increased demand for Indian currency. It is the rise in the price of silver that is responsible to a great extent for the abnormal increase in the rate of exchange.

To the surprise of all financial experts—the monetary commissions appointed by the Government of India from time to time never dreamt of this possibility—the price of silver has risen to enormous heights. The causes of this tremendous increase are connected with the forces of unrest let loose by the Great War. The world's supply of silver, largely dependent upon American (Mexican) output, has gone down to unaccustomed depths; and the panic resulting from political unstability has greatly increased the demand for silver for the purposes of currency. In France, to take a Western instance, small silver coins, which were not replaced by notes, have almost wholly disappeared from circulation. China is at present absorbing a large amount of silver. India has not been slow in the race. According to the last financial statement (1919-20) of the Finance Member, Sir James Meston "nearly 120 crores of rupees have been added to the circulation" since April 1915. "To provide India with this amount," Sir James Meston goes on to say: "It has been necessary, besides using up the world's current production of silver, to deplete its accumulated stocks." A demand like this has naturally pushed up the price to unprecedented heights.

In his budget speech before the Imperial Legislative Council, Sir James Meston uttered a serious warning. "Meanwhile Government cannot possibly go on meeting this insane demand for silver rupees, which diseappear from circulation almost as soon as they are minted, without serious effects on the world price of silver, already far too high for our comfort [which has since enormously risen]. There is absolutely no justification for the continuing panic which has drawn twelve hundred millions of rupees from our mints during the last four years, and unless it is checked, and the hoarded coins restored to circulation, we may be forced to reconsider the whole basis of our currency and exchange policy."

"From the beginning of 1916 silver began to break away from its old pre-war level of about 26d. per ounce; and as it rose, exchange left the 1s. 4d. rate and painfully climbed after it. The rate of exchange has now risen to 2s. a rupee. Silver was quoted at 64¼d. (ready) on October 24th, according to the Karachi correspondent of the "Civil and Military Gazette," which is equivalent to approximately 2s. 1¼d. per rupee. While I am writing this I read in the Civil and Militory Gazette of the 6th November that the price of silver has gone up, according to a Telegram from London, dated 29th October, to 66½s. an ounce. The rate of exchange has thus to rise a considerable distance above the present rate of exchange (fixed by the Government) before reaching the parity of silver.

The situation is serious. It requires careful but courageous handling. The whole basis of our monetary system needs re-examination and thorough over-hauling. Remedies in the nature of makeshifts will not do. Artificial regulations of the exchange rate will not be of much use in the long run. The rise or fall in the price of silver will upset the arrangement. Securing stability by fixing the rate of exchange too high, will injure the export trade of the country. Inconvertibility will ruin the credit of the Government and the country. The adoption of a purely gold standard of currency for India, though a little expensive in the beginning, will prove to be the best solution in the long run. Let us, however, see what the Committee, now investigating the question, recommends.

Whichever course is adopted by Government, the success of the measure will, to no small extent, depend upon its credit with the people. It is of the greatest importance, from the financial standpoint, that the Government should be trusted by the people. And unless the Government succeeds in reviving the confidence of the people, hoards of metalic money will continue—no amount of warning will do any good—and the Government will be brought face to face with an impossible position—inconvertibility and financial collapse.

In the meantime it is well to remember that the enormous rise in the rate of exchange is having an injurious effect upon India's export rade. The effect is not so great because the Allied countries cannot do without imports of food stuffs from India. But still the export merchants are finding it [illegible] difficult to sell their bills even for near positions; as to forward positions it is simply impossible. Under such circumstances, it is not difficult to understand that Indian foreign-trade cannot flourish.

There are a number of people in this country with ready cash, who have seen their life's opportunity in the unprecedented rise in the exchange rate. They find that if they pay 1,000 rupees in Bombay, their Banker in London will receive Rs. 1,500 in English money (£ 100). They are consequently sending as much money as they can get to England. It is all very well for those persons who have to spend the money in England—and who cannot help doing so, but those who wish to get it back in the course of time, will find that they have not gained much, if not lost, by the process as long as the price of silver remains anywhere near it is to-day. It is a short-sighted and unpatriotic policy that these people are following. They are sending out the much needed capital to enable Britons to reorganise their business and flood the Indian market, for a doubtful gain in the future.

THIS BIRTHDAY

BY BARONESS DE MALORTIE.

—:o:—

It is Thy Festival, most holy Babe,
And we would join in worship at the cave.
We who have waited for the coming night
Watching the stars on Bethlehem's cool height,
Gazing into immensity of space.
But no bright beings of celestial race
Parted the driftings clouds like coming dawn,
To hail the Saviour of the Virgin born.

We dream Thy Festival, and so would walk
Beside the Shepherds with their artless talk,
Who tell us of the *music* heard above,
And that new message of eternal love.
It is a song we cannot understand,
Its speech is to us of another land.
Our eyes are holden, we but faintly see
The Saviour Christ upon the Virgin's knee.

It is Thy Festival, the breezes bear
Some Eastern fragrance through the midnight air;
Wafted from that strange group beside the well,
Who could to others their new mystery tell.

Silent are they, until O! joyful sight.
Once more appears their star's effulgent light
Spreading in noiseless motion, wave on wave,
In opal glory, round a rugged cave.

On that dark hill for Him, to whom no place
Was offered by the tribe of Judah's race.
Yet this fair rock stood in Creation's plan,
The cradle for the Son of God—as Man,
Ere David's first progenitor was born,
Or tender Ruth had gleaned her sheaves of corn.
No hands had fashioned it—Save His alone,
Who made the hills, and set their walls of stone.

And here Angelic choirs in order came,
Saluting her the Blessed one by name.
In whom that silent Spirit found a home,
Because 'the fulness of the hour had come'
The Mother of God's love. Human, Divine,
Holding the Word made flesh. Jesu benign.

The Kings their offerings laid beneath His Feet:
Then looked into His Eyes, so calm and sweet.

What they divined—who mystic signs could read
We are not told, but theirs was joy indeed.
Where was the Crown, or Kingdom that they saw,
The flowing out of life, for ever more.
Time beyond time in everlasting days,
Nations and worlds but glittering in His praise.
An ocean's depth of overflowing grace
And its eternal Spring—the Saviour's Face.

O sacred Holiday, to us a Heaven,
When meditation to the mind is given.
It is Thy Festival—ah, make it ours,
Be dearer to us than our mirthful hours.
Let us believe the God Incarnate came
In form as Man to suffer for our shame.
So shall we hear the Anthem of the Sky,
Glory to God—Glory to God on High!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SWORD.

By K. M. M. L.

It is a relief to turn from the racial rancour of the present time to memories of the brave old days when East and West were nearer brotherhood than, perhaps, they will ever be again. For in that gallant age when a man's life more often than not hung on his sword or his lance, when the Commander-in-Chief himself fought side by side with his men, as Sir Charles Napier did at Meanee, valour and honour were more in men's minds than rupees and medals; and there is no tie that binds men together like the common ownership of those two single qualities. So it was that in the profession of arms there was a rare comradeship between Britons and Indians which we of a decadent age can only wonder at and sigh that we should have drifted so far apart now.

One of the finest instances of this spirit of brotherhood was related to me by a retired Major-General of the old East India Company's cavalry forces, who has since passed away leaving a long roll of battles inscribed on the stone that covers him in his quiet Indian grave—

His sword is rust,
His bones are dust,
His soul is with the Lord we trust.

A splendid figure of a man even in extreme old age, he was the scion of a noble Highland house, being the grandson of the Chief of his clan, who besides the eagle's feather in his Glengarry, also bore on his Coat of Arms the strawberry-leafed coronet of a rank that added nothing to the distinction of a Highland gentleman and soldier. Through such high influence at the Board of Directors of John Company the young Highlander obtained a cavalry commission in the Company's forces, and almost immediately upon his arrival in India, plunged into the Sikh war that culminated in the battles of Chilianwallah and Goojerat. He saw the mess tent at Chillianwallah, its table glittering with damask and silver, while its durried floor was strewn with the mangled bodies, carried in from the battle-field without, of the officers who had but lately risen from dinner to fight and die. But a month later he had rallied his troopers to Lord Gough's stirring battle-cry of "Goojerat! clear the way!" which the Goughs yet bear as their family motto, and drove back the army of the Khalsa and with it the flying Afghan cavalry commanded by their own Amir, Dost Muhammad, the Barakyai Khan. Now there can be no doubt that at the battle of Goojerat the extreme rancour of the British forces was directed against Dost Mahomed whom we had but lately restored to sovereignty at Kabul, and who had treacherously made the first use of his newly recovered power to help the Sikhs against the British in a quarrel that was none of his own. Accordingly, when the enemy broke and fled, a cavalry force under Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert was ordered to pursue the Afghans across the Punjab to the very passes into their own country, punishing them as heavily as possible for their treachery; and the regiment in which the young Highlander was an Ensign, was one of the punitive force.

engaged in this delectable task. They hung on to the Afghan rear and flanks in small detached bodies, much as the Cossacks hung on to the Grand Army in its retreat from Moscow, harassing them day and night, keeping up a running fight, giving their flying foe no respite, constantly engaging him and leaving a long trail of dead and wounded Afghans all through the plains of the Punjab and right into the stony hills of the Afghan frontier, to mark the sense of honest John Company's displeasure with the nimuk haram. So hot was pursuit and punishment that the Dost himself was nearly taken and only owed his escape to a fleet horse.

The Ensign who was in command of one of these detachments, received a report that an adjoining body of troopers, under an English officer, named Sitewell, had been lured on foot into an ambush among the frontier hills, where the force now was, and was sore beset; and presently a wounded sowar came galloping up to tell the tale of bitter defeat and escape from an overwhelming host of tribesmen who had surrounded Lieutenant Sitwell and the remnant of his detachment. The Highlander swiftly collected his very best men, three Indian Officers, the strongest swordsmen in his force, and led them into the hills where their comrades, cut off and isolated, were fighting desperately against a slashing, stabbing, screaming crowd of tribesmen. Leaving their horses at the foot of the hill, the Highlander and his swordsmen clambered up the rocks and boulders as rapidly as they could, but even so, saw with fury one man after another of their comrades fall under the murderous Khyber knives till only the Englishman was left standing, his sword flickering like lightning, in cut, thrust and parry as he held the Afghans at bay and even forced them back more than once. His glance swerved for one instant as he caught sight of the familiar uniforms of his regiment, and in that fatal second a long knife slid into his side and he fell forward choking in blood. But the Afghans were foiled of their butchery for, the avengers leaped upon them swiftly and silently, with hacking and rending of bone and flesh and the dull thuds of gasping men tumbling and writhing among the rocks. Such as escaped ran up the hill like mountain goats and reaching their long *jenyails* opened fire on the vacated position while the sowars helped the dying Lieutenant on to the back of the Highlander and descended the hill on either side of him under a hail of bits of rusty iron, stone and lead. They regained their horses, but the wounded man was dead before that, and they brought his body slowly in to bury it in a soldier's grave in those stony hills. Yet, they had fought the good fight together and the four men, Briton and Indians, felt bound together by a stronger chain than before and looked into each other's eyes with, if possible, a firmer faith and a deeper sense of brotherhood in one another.

It was not long after this that Sir Charles Napier, bravest of the brave, "the acknowledged hero of a family of heroes," but the most eccentric Commander-in-Chief that ever ruled an army, arrived in India. He had just lately recovered the good graces of the pompous Board of Directors whose dignity he had flouted in the mocking punning Latin message he had sent them after the battle of Meanee, announcing his annexation of Sind in spite of their remonstrance against its invasion—"Peccavi" was the one word he wrote them—"I have sinned" (Sind). To this eccentric warrior was given the news of his brother Scot's feat at arms, with three Indian Cavalry officers, and in the stilted formality of the language of the day, he wrote the Ensign an official letter commending his humanity and gallantry and enquiring whether it suited his disposition to be recommended for the award of an honour which he, the Commander-in-Chief, was prepared to request for him. Honours were rare in those days. A man might fight all his life, be wounded in battle after battle and at last retire upon his pension with his breast as bare of ribbon, clasp or medal as his brow was of hair. It was therefore no ordinary compliment for a mere Ensign to be singled out for distinction by the Commander-in-Chief himself. But the Highland blood ran true. The Ensign replied at once that he could accept no reward unless his Indian comrades who had shared in the action, shared in the honour. He half expected a Court Martial as the result of his answer; but Charlie Napier was Highland too, and saw the point at once. He wrote the Ensign a letter which the Ensign preserved for 40 years, wherein in language as unfettered as it was vigorous, he lauded the Ensign's decision and described in terms of unprintable opprobrium what he (His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief in India!) should consider himself if he failed to recognize valour equally in Briton and Indian.

But for further and fuller particulars of His Excellency's language in this rare document, which must surely surely have been written under the stress of deep feeling—in the stirring of that sense of brotherhood between East and West which prevailed then among all brave men of the sword, whether Briton or Indian, Jangy Lât or Sowar—I must refer you to the files of the Imperial Record Department at Calcutta where I deposited the original letter when the old Major General committed it to me for that purpose.

THE PHILANTHROPIC STATE.

By Francis Geldart.

Sir Eustace Abraham Smith, convinced that commerce was wicked, retired from business, certain of this being the right course. With a large income he could easily act as his conscience directed. Nevertheless he had doubts, for did not this income depend upon investments, and were not these unrighteous things?

Furthermore, he found it difficult at first to avoid his old habits. Studying the markets and reading financial papers had become second nature, and it was awkward to meet old acquaintances and give evasive replies, when his opinion, his valued opinion, was asked. True he could say he thought it time to retire, as old age was creeping near; but this gave insufficient explanation to highly respectable friends who so often appealed for advice.

"It would be inconsistent," thought Sir Eustace, "to help others, in their wrong courses, but is very awkward to explain."

That Sir Eustace was a shrewd man of business and no doubt had some scheme which he kept to himself, was the conclusion formed by others when they failed to gain satisfactory or profitable information. One old friend, indeed, exasperated by his reticence, wrote a letter, in which he did more than hint that unless he received a more definite reply to his appeal for advice, there could only be one explanation: Sir Eustace must have some special reason which he did not wish to divulge.

"I can stand it no longer," said the distracted man of wealth. "I must go and explain matters, and tell him that I have now no more traffic in unholy things."

Accordingly he ordered his motor and, driven by an experienced chauffeur, travelled off to the country-house of this correspondent, who lived many miles away.

"Are your lamps all right?" he enquired, "for it will soon be dark."

"Certainly," said the man, but not very politely his master thought. He was a new servant, and probably not accustomed to having a philanthropic employer. So Sir Eustace made allowances and did not reprove him for want of politeness.

Reflecting with satisfaction about his own affairs, the price of rubber, the recent rise in copper, and pitying all the slow pedestrians they passed, Sir Eustace made himself very comfortable with a thick rug which, added to an expensive fur-lined overcoat, kept him warm. The easy motion of the Rolls Royce made him feel sleepy, and he soon forgot everything.

Suddenly there seemed to be an ominous bump; then an awful crash, and Sir Eustace discovered that he was apparently lying on the road, unhurt, and with his man beside him.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"Don't know," said the man.

"Will you please endeavour to discover?"

"You can find out for yourself," was the astonishing answer, and the chauffeur got up from the ground and viewed Sir Eustace's prostrate body with unconcern.

"What!" yelled his master. The accident had shaken all politeness out of him. "You dare to speak to me like that!"

"Yes, I do, and what's more, I am not going to stop here. I did not agree to come out on a long journey at this time in the evening; so you can find out what is wrong, and fix it up yourself. Good night!" Then, without further remark, he disappeared in the gathering gloom, leaving the recumbent gentleman to get out of his difficulty as best he might.

"Well, well," said Sir Eustace, sitting up and somewhat relieved to find he had no injury, "What a man! And what a predicament! A concrete example of unfair treatment by those you employ."

He was no motorist and had only a vague idea of what should be done. If it were a question of the profits for division, after allowing for debenture interest, reserve fund &c. in the Patent Ever Ready Tyre Co. Ltd., in which he was a shareholder, he might have been an authority. But what to do with a brokendown Rolls Royce, or himself, by a dreary country road that cold, dark evening, was an insoluble problem.

Presently, after walking round the disfigured car a good many times, and staring up and down the road in despair, for no other vehicle or sign of life appeared, he decided that as the motor could not possibly run away, he would walk off in search of assistance.

But the neighbourhood seemed strange to him, very strange. Indeed it did not look like anything he had ever seen before. On the left were dark trees and a hedge, weird and ghostly in the night; on the right a high brick wall of interminable length. For miles he walked along this enclosure, and tried to calculate the probable expense of laying so many bricks.

"If done since the War, with Trade Union rules, the cost would be enormous," he said. "But surely I must be dreaming."

For at this moment he heard behind the wall, sounds of machinery, and busy clanking and hammering.

"Working at this late hour! What can it mean? I never thought any important works existed in these parts. That rascal must have driven me the Lord knows where!"

Here, to his delight, he saw a gateway and a kind of lodge brightly lit, whence shone a notice:

"Ring the bell!"

Acting on this direction soon brought an attendant.

"Do you wish to see the manager, my friend?"

Sir Eustace explained the catastrophe that had befallen him, and said: "I wonder if you would kindly direct me to some garage or motor place so that I can procure assistance, and I am quite prepared to pay for it."

The man stared in blank amazement.

"I am afraid that would be against the rules."

"The rules, what rules?"

"The rules of The International Helpers' Union, which apply to our country of Philergia as well as to the other States."

"Good Heavens! The International Helpers' Union, what may that be?"

But at this point an important looking individual bustled up.

"What's the matter, Volens?" he enquired.

"Ah!" said the other, "Here is our Chief. He will explain better than I can. This gentleman has had an accident, his car is damaged, and he wants us to help him, but is evidently not a member of the Union, and I don't quite know what to do."

The new-comer laughed as if it were a huge joke.

"I do not see anything to laugh at," said Sir Eustace, trying to shake off some of the dirt from his heavy coat. "I might have been killed and, moreover, have an important journey to take. It may amuse you people purhaps—"

"Come, come, I did not mean to offend.. As a matter of fact, I was laughing at our porter. You see he is a new arrival, and does not know all the rules of the Union, apparently."

"Union!" cried Sir Eustace in a rage. "No wonder he does not understand such things: they are the curse of society, as wicked as commerce itself."

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the one in authority. "What have we here? A man from the outside world anathematizing Trade and Trade Unionism! This is indeed a good thing you have caught Mr. Porter Volens! But first let me remind you there is a rule for helping outsiders to be metoikoi. It is under the section called "Charizomai, enabling one to carry out our fundamental principle of giving freely and willingly, and even to proselytize at times. Have you not read it?"

Volens looked uncomfortable.

"No, Mr. Philiós, I have not."

"Then, my friend, the sooner you do so the better, for there is no law in the Union to prevent your helping a non-unionist at all. Quite the reverse. And, Sir," turning to Sir Eustace, "do not be frightened by our using the term 'union.' When we speak of union here, we mean that and nothing else—God forbid!"

"And you can direct me then as to how and where I may have my car repaired?"

"Most certainly; some of our men shall see to it immediately. They will only be too pleased."

"I will make it worth their while and give anything within reason," bringing a purse out of his pocket.

"Ah! If that is what you suggested to Volens why, naturally, it would be against the law."

"That is just the point," put in the man called Volens. "He spoke to me about paying, and of course that would be out of the question. He, a man who is against Trade and Commerce, in possession of money! He is a dangerous character, surely."

"Quite true," said Philios. "Now I understand," "But I don't," shouted Sir Eustace, "What on earth do you mean? Am I dreaming?"

"Perhaps you are, when you come to us and expect work to be done for money."

"How else can it be done?"

Both the others laughed merrily.

"I beg his pardon," said Volens. "He is only ignorant and did not mean any harm."

"Precisely," agreed Philios. Why friend, you are now in the land of Philergia, where all work is done for the love of it, and mutually. Come into my abode, and I may possiby convert you, if you are really accustomed to seeing people employed for a monetary consideration."

They entered a comfortable dwelling close by and Philios soon made his guest quite comfortable at home.

Hardly had they seated themselves when a band of musicians commenced playing in front of the house. The music was excellent and the rendering perfect.

"Do these people play for nothing?" asked the visitor.

"By no means. They enjoy doing it, and we, that is such as are musical, like them to do it. They only go to places where they are wanted."

"Dear me," said Sir Eustace, "You do not have to pay them for coming, or to go away, then. Where I live, there is often the nuisance of piano organs. I should not mind a good band like that. But how do they live?"

"How does any one live?"

"Why, by the result of his own, or other men's labour."

"Precisely; and so do they. Their music, which they enjoy themselves, others require and gladly give what they need in exchange.

"And do you furnish everything in Philergia on the same system?"

"Everything."

"Oh, but that is preposterous, absurd!"

"Not at all; it is a fact. I like managing workmen and am doing it, so if I require anything, there is no difficulty in getting it, for the simple reason that no one has any trouble in securing my services. If I showed any disinclination, and was reported medically fit, on application to the proper quarters my discharge would be certain. A case of this kind really did occur two years ago. Friends of the man, who was a bootmaker, tried to prove he was insane, but the Judge would not have it and he was deported, for the good of the State, sane or insane. The only difference between our system and what, I imagine, yours to be, is that we are trained to give as well as receive assistance freely and are saved all the trouble of calculating and disputing about wages and prices and profits and nonsense of that kind. When I meet a man, it is not with the object of seeing what I can get out of him, only how I can assist him. But let me show you a bedroom, for you must be tired, and to-morrow morning, if you are not in a hurry, you shall see our life in its working, and I guarantee your motor will be repaired as soon as possible."

Sir Eustace thanked his host and retired for a night's rest.

In the morning he was awakened by a man who brought him hot water and coffee.

"Do you not sometimes wish to change your occupation?" he asked the man.

"No, why should I? One does the work most suited to one's capabilities. Besides, what great difference is there between passing a cup of coffee and, say, stepping into a carriage. You cannot live in the world without moving some part of your body."

"What do you do if you want rest or a holiday?"

"I take it and someone else does my work. That is quite simply arranged. In the other world from which you come, people do the same I suppose."

"Yes, but what puzzles me," said Sir Eustace," is that all kinds of situations get filled, and every variety of work is done, without the incentive of payment. Surely no one cares to sweep chimneys."

"Why not? With you, people do it, and there is no compulsion about it, is there? Do they pay chimney sweeps more than waiters? Some are dustmen, too—why not? Are they obliged to be such or are they specially tempted by your system of payment?"

"I think Adam Smith had something to say about that."

"Do your dustmen and chimney sweeps read Adam Smith, then?"

"Well, no," said Sir Eustace rather weakly, "and I think he is rather out of date, too."

"You must also remember," continued the man, "that with perfect freedom to choose occupations, and no incentive as you call it, but the free supply by others of any requisite services or commodities, half the attraction of so-called respectable situations is gone; there is none of that pleasure of possessing through dispossessing. Rivalry, save in the way of helping, is unknown."

When seated at breakfast, Sir Eustace was struck with the comfort of the room. There was nothing ostentatious, luxurious or costly, but all was pleasantly comfortable.

Mr. Philios smiled benignly as he enquired if he would like to see the morning paper.

"You will not find any quotations of stocks and share market prices, nor politics; plenty of sporting news, but no betting."

Sir Eustace, however, found other matter which, from its novelty, was very interesting. The list of advertisements was very short indeed, and one that he read aloud was as follows:—

"Wanted more volunteers to help on farms in the Elysia district; also dairymaids and cowmen."

"Most unusual," said Philios, "Is it possible?"

The followings advertisement of a performance at a theatre was more appropriate to Sir Eustace's mental state:—

THE MISERY OF A MILLIONAIRE.

This grand spectacular tragedy presented at the Amateur Gaiety has just been staged with the express permission of the Censor of Plays, who thereby guarantees that nothing in its production can possibly offend the taste or be injurious to the morals of the community.

PRESS NOTICE:—*The intense realism can only be understood when seen, depending as it does upon the smallest details. Real coins even are used in the Bank scene, and in another, one is thrilled with the strange excitement of an Auction Sale. This is more than a novelty; it is indeed a sermon, and should not be missed by young or old* ("Daily Sun.")

"But do you really exist without money?" asked Sir Eustace.

"Most certainly. Of what good is such stuff? Money only records and establishes a value. We value things by using them, and transactions are completed when goods or services are supplied to those who supply their goods and services to others, in their turn,—and we finish the record by saying, 'Thank you,' as I do when you pass the toast. What more do you want? Oh, I see now you want butter. These little amenities are quite good object lessons. We transact business, support life, and mutually benefit without money!"

"Is it possible?"

"What! that you are having a free breakfast, though nevertheless paid for by the value of your society? But come out into the streets and country of Philergia, and see for yourself."

Accordingly they set forth. Sir Eustace looked about with eager expectancy, but noticed that his companion was behaving in a similar way, acting as if he were only the visitor: he glanced to right and left as though he did not know what would happen next.

"Are you looking for someone?"

"Of course I am," said Philios. "All who are not actually engaged may be asked to help at any time."

Then Sir Eustace noticed his host and all they met wore one or more badges upon their sleeves. Philios had several of these, and informed him that they showed the particular work or profession which the wearer was able and willing to undertake.

"That reminds me," he said, "You must have a badge. What are you?"

"Private means," said the rich man.

"Won't do at all."

"I am a financier."

"Worse still. Have you no special, useful gift or hobby? Come, you must be of some value, surely. Garden?"

"No!"

"Make anything?"

"No."

"I tell you what, my friend, this is getting serious. What am I to do with you? Here, can you wrap up parcels of, say, drapery? Pack goods?"

"I—I have seen it done," said Sir Eustace doubtfully.

"That will do," said Philios, and he dragged Sir Eustace forthwith into a large kind of shop.

"If you please, I would rather go home," pleaded the latter, for the had visions of work such as his own employees once did for him.

"Not at all," cried Philios. "Don't be alarmed; it will be all right. Kindly give my friend a Packer's badge," he said to a shop assistant. "He has had the misfortune to come out without one."

The required article was quickly supplied and, blushing with embarrassment, the newly decorated customer felt in his pocket. Philios only just stopped him in time.

"For goodness sake, mind what you are about. I want to show you the sights and make you appear as a real worker in Philergia. Now you are free both to give and receive anything requisite. Like to do some shopping?"

This was quite a good idea, Sir Eustace thought, so they walked down the street, and examined many varieties of goods. These were displayed in abundance, and carelessly, moreover. Stopping in front of one establishment, the stranger was struck with astonishment indeed. For here were quantities of jewellery, watches, and loose precious stones also, placed in full view and easy reach of all passers by."

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "What a criminal risk to take, displaying such valuables in that way. Are they real?"

"Real, of course they are," said Philios, and he stooped down and picked up a small handful of diamonds. "Have some?"

Immediately a man darted forward eagerly from the shop, as Sir Eustace thought, to seize the one guilty of such a suspicious action. Instead of this, he said encouragingly:—

"Help yourselves, do please. I have been hours without a customer, and am seriously thinking of giving up this life. No one wants the wretched things."

Meanwhile Sir Eustace had made a discovery.

"This is a very fine diamond ring indeed," he cried delightedly. "It has the 'brilliant' cut I see by the octagonal face. How much is it?"

"I do not know the number of carats: it never interests me now," said the man, "and people are not very particular, but take it if you like. By the way, you seem to know something about diamonds though; why not change badges with me for a week or two: I am sick of doing nothing here."

"Is it possible?" said the rich man.

"Certainly," put in Philios, mistaking his meaning, "Quite a good idea; you just think about it. All you would have to do is to try and get rid of your goods. But come along—don't forget your ring though—and we will walk further down the street."

"Never mind the ring—don't forget *me*," called out the man as they walked away.

"He is not very happy, evidently," remarked Philios. "It must be trying to stand there all day long, with so little to do. But it might be a nice change for you."

"And do you really mean those valuable, precious things are simply given away, and still people do not want them?"

"Of course I do. Why should they? No one wishes for the silly things. Very pretty no doubt, but of what use are they? Unnecessary articles are not worth much in the way of service. With you, I suppose they have an artificial, not a real value."

They visited other places, had a free shave, a ride in a tram, some refreshment, cigars and very good wine. Finally Philios stopped and felt in his pocket.

"Dear me, how very annoying. I have left my watch behind me. Just do me a kindness and run back to that jeweller fellow for one—any kind will do."

Sir Eustace executed the errand, but not so very quickly, as in return for a handsome gold watch, the jeweller invited him to carry some weighty packages from a dray in front of the shop.

"A big consignment of necklaces and bracelets," he said. "What on earth is to be done with them I don't know."

"I hope the watch will suit you," Sir Eustace enquired on returning.

"Oh! it will do splendidly, don't worry. Now I see it is time for Church, so come along!"

Here he was taken into a large building very like a church, but unlike in some ways. The place was crowded, and by a congregation evidently eager and pleased to be there. The service was not lengthy, there was no music—simply prayer!

"We are glad to pray," said Philios, in explanation, "and require no special attractions such as music to bring us together. We meet to worship, and do not have any ulterior purpose. With you, I suppose, it is necessary to give people value for their money in the nature of a good anthem, and a sermon that will not offend those who are unmusical."

"What a happy land," cried Sir Eustace. "Here I would stop for ever."

"You do not wish to go home now, then?"

Indeed he did not, but alas for the hopes of philanthropy! As all good things come to an end, there was to be a rude awakening for them both.

Hardly had they left the building, before they were startled by a strange sound; the moaning, the shouting and the curses of a multitude, distant, but ever drawing nearer.

Philios stopped abruptly, and turning very pale, cried out:—

"What is that? Look at the crowd of people coming down the street!"

It was even so; a crowd, noisy and dangerous too; raising loud cries, throwing stones to the great peril of the throng of worshippers, and causing much damage to the houses and vehicles in the street.

"What is the matter?" asked Philios, as a man came running past them.

"The matter! Why the gates of Hell are opened. The State is ruined! Fools, madmen, devils! All the country people are on strike. They refuse us bread; they are even killing their cattle and sheep, so that the towns shall have neither clothes nor food."

"In Heaven's name what can you mean?"

"They say supplies have not been forwarded in sufficient quantity as in old times; that we in the towns are lazy and luxurious. They cry out for a medium of exchange, for money such as they hear about in that wicked play which has been so popular at the theatre lately. They say time is not fairly shared by town and country; for we have too much leisure, and they have to rise earlier in the morning. So here they come in an army to drive us out of house and home. Let us flee for our lives!"

The hubbub grew louder and louder, when something happened stranger still. Sir Eustace heard a voice saying:—

"Wake up Sir, if you please. I think I have found the house, but not liking to disturb you did not wake you before."

The house! Why where was he, and what was he doing there in his motor and with the chauffeur standing awaiting his orders?

"I think," he said at last, when fully awake. "I think I shall go home again and not call. Yes, that is the house right enough. But circumstances, at least something has happened to make me change my mind. Drive me home, please."

That dream of Socialism had been rudely banished, as also his intention to explain why he had retired from business.

"There is no hope for any of us," he groaned. "We cannot be consistently honest, whilst human nature remains as it is. I shall start in business again as soon as possible. Love of possession, ambition, strife, poverty and wealth; all the evil things of trade can never be destroyed. May God forgive me. I am only fit for making money. Philanthropy, real and consistent, is but a dream, and there must be an awakening. Oh! for a world where things are pure, just and fair! What would I not pay to find it!"

Ah! Would that the price were known. It cannot be. This is the world of strife, ambition, profit and loss. For some to *gain*, others must *lose*. All things on earth are bought with a price, that is never equivalent. The cost that will be fair or just must not be sought in a sad world where sin abounds, and all one vast mart for self and greed. Therefore place no faith in dreams, social, political or other; trust no reform or scheme for man, so long as he is man of appetite and passion and loves to gain; nor trust reward; but wait alone for that great day, the only one of certainty and value, when each must pay the one fair price, the price of life itself, exchanging it as by law decreed, for knowledge of that great beyond which may show a just return!

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

BY WALTER BAYLIS, M. A.

—:o:—

"Beauty is truth, truth is beauty,"—the words with which Keats sums up the lesson of his immortal Grecian Urn—may seem to many to be merely the paradox of a poet. There is no doubt, however, that Keats deliberately held that veiw, as is shown by his correspondence, in which he repeats his conviction. "What the imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth, whether it existed before or not." It is no less certain that from a philosphical point of view his opinion can be amply justified.

At first sight, indeed, to affirm that whatever is true is beautiful, seems to be a flagrant contradiction. In real life there are so many ugly facts; and facts are commonly considered to be the equivalent of truth. Most of us live almost wholly in the concrete and for us the stern brutal "facts" are the most important. The malady of the age, so far as western nations are concerned, is that it is too exclusively active and very little interested in contemplation or in the abstract. We are all trying to do something or to get somewhere, and mere contemplation or meditation is regarded by most of us as a waste of time. Probably our modern London or New York would have been looked upon as a horrible nightmare by an antique or medieval man. One sympathises with Landor's cry, "How much time we waste in business!"

Some, indeed, deliberately scout the cultivation of the imagination as a useless and even dangerous pursuit. Like Dickens's famous Mr. Gradgrind, in "Hard Times," they want nothing but "facts." Gradgrind, indeed, is still active in Britain, and has been heard to denounce the reading even of Dickens's own works. "What is the use," he asks, "of a lot of stories which are not true?"

Philosophers and poets, on the other hand, hold that merely individual facts, which may be quite trivial or unpleasant, have not the significance of truth. In order to attain the dignity of Truth, facts must be generalised, abstracted, in short changed into *ideas*. Schiller tells us in one of his poems that the really great immortal things are those which have never acutually happened: they are the abstraction, in forms of beauty, of many individual experiences.

So long as we are occupied solely with the daily round of our own lives, we cannot get out of the rut of our own petty superficial personalities. We are too much immersed in the temporal to get a glimpse of the spiritual. If our whole lives are spent in small (or even large) temporal concerns, we can hardly be properly said to have lived at all, because we have never paused to realise the potentialities of our being. We have never apprehended our existence as eternal beings. There is a whole continent in our nature which we have never explored.

The life of the imagination transcends the actual life of the world, and has a truth of its own.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Keats, in contemplating the Grecian Urn, which he consecrated in his verse, idealised the figures thereon depicted and makes us feel that they are immortal. The singing youth and the maiden whom he loved, the poet stamps upon our imagination as eternal types of all lovers, as images of everlasting beauty.

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade,though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"

Philosophic or artistic truth is ever beautiful. The true province of art is the beautiful; and therefore the gross realism of the Naturalist School must be condemned. In all art there must be selection; and realism, pushed to an xtreme, simply means selecting the ugliest and most repulsive facts instead of the most beautiful facts. The function of poetry and the other arts is to lift us out of the narrow world of sense. Imagination is "the wings on which we fly to heaven."

The imaginations of great writers are more true than everyday fact, because they typify a whole class of experiences. A single experience may be insignificant, but the typical instances have the representative power of thousands of separate occurrences.

The characters depicted in Shakespeare's dramas are more real to us than many people who have really existed; and even when his prototypes have had a real historical existence, the great dramatist has given them a new life of his own. For example, one can hardly think of Cleopatra, the magnificent Egyptian Queen who bewitched Mark Antony, and who extorted praise from Horace, Rome's great patriotic poet, without thinking of *Shakespeare's* Cleopatra. One can hardly escape the conviction that as he paints her, so she must have been. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, probably existed as a half-civilised warrior of the tenth century. It is practically impossible that he can have resembled the Hamlet of the play with his very modern doubts and questionings; but whenever we think or speak of Hamlet, we have in mind Shakespeare's Hamlet, nor can we think of any other.

It is truth of emotion that we want, truth of human experience, truth of beauty, truth of the spirit of a civilisation such as is revealed in a Greek work of art and interpreted to us by such a poet as Keats. This is Truth, not the bald, photographic correctness of facts.

There is indeed great sublimity in the Platonic teaching that the individual things which we find existing on this earth are but imperfect copies of divine ideas, which we may regard as stored up in heaven. Milton seems to have inclined to this view in his lines:

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
"Each to other like, more than on earth is thought."

Thus it may be regarded as the noble duty or privilege of an artist, whether he be poet, painter or sculptor, to recover such glimpses as he can of these divine ideas from the imperfect copies here on earth, which are all he has for use as models. Thus an artist should never be a "realist," should never aim at the merely mechanical or scientific skill of a photographer. Ugliness should not be brought into art, unless it can be resolved into beauty, as a discord is resolved in music. The pointing out of ugly spots in our social life is no doubt necessary *scientific* work; but it is the province of the physician or social reformer, not of the artist.

The very benefit of great literature is that it is not literally true. The actual events recorded never happened, but they are typical, generalising thousands of other things which *have* happened. The truth of fiction is mainly in the sentiments and thought, revealed. We testify to the truth of the author when we say: "Even so have I felt, and just such an experience has been mine." For example, this happens with startling vividness in reading the stories of Turgenieff, a fact which demonstrates two things; first, the writer's insight into human nature, and secondly, the kinship between the Russian mind and our own.

It is only in the province of the imagination that we are quite impartial and disinterested. In practical affairs we cannot help thinking, "How will it affect me?" But in matters of literature, art and imagination generally, we drop our ephemeral characters and become for the time eternal beings. Everyday cares fall away from us and we live for the moment the pure contemplative life. A writer who passes for paradoxical has puzzled many readers by saying, "All art is quite useless!" This, however, is not a paradox, but a literal and beneficent truth; for when we ask what is the use of anything we generally mean what is its use for the purposes of our ordinary lives. Well, the benefit of works of art lies in just this, that they are of no use for the purposes of your ordinary routine life. Their advantage lies in that they take you away from your ordinary life, relieve you of anxious cares, and make you for the time, at least, an immortal being.

Thus the blessing of reading great works of imagination or studying great paintings or statues is that we are thereby elevated into a rarer and purer atmosphere. The will becomes quiescent, the apprehension quickened and the mirror of the soul brightened.

Akin to the relief afforded by works of art, and sometimes even more effective, is the healing power of natural scenery. In beholding grand or beautiful scenes we feel that we are in touch with Nature and in harmony with her spirit. We share in her immortal joy, for as the Latin saying goes, *Natura non contristatur*, "Nature does not mourn." We feel then that if our own life is small, feeble or unhappy, how enormous is the life-stream, the general life of the world. We identify ourselves with the life of Nature, as Byron sings:

> "Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
>
> Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

THE POOL OF HEALING.

By Gertrude Pedder.

—:o:—

My husband, who is an ornithologist, is somewhere in the Andes now, and I can't find his monograph on the Great Desert Lark which took us to "Kootakoo". I *believe* he told me that the creature is of scientific importance as the only existing link between the Cape pigeon and the dodo. But I am not sure and he wouldn't like me to give him as my authority.

He was in the Indian Civil Service when we married. It was my first cold weather in India and we were to go to a Christmas Party in quite a reasonable place, only some one died. Then he wanted to dispose of me with some people in Bombay and go off by himself after this miserable bird. Naturally, I wanted to go too. Then he tried to frighten me.

"Three hundred miles of rail to begin with, awfully hot and dusty."

"I don't mind that," I said. "My boxes are dust proof."

"Boxes!" he said with great contempt. "*One* of my saddle bags. And then a hundred miles the best way we can. *And* the sand-storms *and* the salt *and* the water—"

"What about the water"? I asked rather anxiously.

"Oh, nothing. Only it is all bilge water. *And* puff adders---"

It was no good. I went.

It seems this "ungainly fowl" has a particular desert to himself that used to be a sea between India and Sind and is sea now, most of it, in the rains. Then it turns to salt mud and dries hard. Here and there is a sand-bank held together with a little coarse grass and a few spindly thorn bushes —islands, really, and "Kootakoo" is one of them, about two hundred yards long and ten miles from shore. Pat (that's my husband) had been there before.

He was better than his word, I must say, and did manage to have *something* sent ahead with a couple of old servants who had been in all sorts of places with him. And we got lifted on somehow, a bullock-cart for me and a camel for him, to within ten miles of the coast. And then horses before day-break and plodding behind a bundle of rags that showed the way. It was very cold and I wished I hadn't come.

By sun-rise we had left everything green behind us. Stretching away endlessly in front was a sea of brown hard mud. In one place we had to cross a creek with banks crusted with salt as white as snow. The water was like crystal and bright peacock-green: a witch's Christmas card! By and bye we got to a cart track and went on alone. I couldn't help thinking of Pharoah and his people drowned crossing to Mont St. Michel. For we were going on the bottom of the sea. As the sun got higher, the air on the horizon began to palpitate and quiver as if it were alive, and it brimmed over slowly in front of us like molten glass. I had heard of a mirage, but when it got all round us, so that we were in a little moving patch not half a mile wide, walled in by this lovely white horror, I didn't like it. We kept on as fast as we could and after an endless time a great dark mass loomed ever so high in front.

"Lifted a bit," Pat said, and in five minutes we were close to the island, quite low in front and shelving back to a ridge some thirty feet high. But not a trace of a tent. Pat laughed.

"Those old women have pitched us behind there," he said. "As far off as ever they could."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, there's a sort of a pool at this end. Didn't I tell you? Cures hydrophobia and is very holy and uncanny."

"It's *all* uncanny," I said. "But it doesn't *give* hydrophobia, does it?"

"Not that I know of. But people who want to be cured have to come here and sacrifice the most valuable thing they have. See."

We were just passing an upright stone with a hand carved on it.

"A Rajput chief brought his favourite queen here. She put her hand against that stone for luck. Suttee. She walks, I suppose.

"Did they *kill* her?"

"So they say. But they don't do that now and I haven't got hydrophobia. So you needn't be nervous."

"Your monograph would save *me*," I said spitefully, as we rode by a little round pool a dozen feet across with a trace of grass by the edge. "But does it go on now?"

"An old goatherd told me that in his father's time a rich man killed a camel here. But there's a deal of symbolism in a rupee. The place has a priest. But he lives on the main land.

Well, we reached the tent. Pat ate a mouthful, picked up a collecting air-gun and a Kodak and went off. I lay down. About noon, old Musafir Khan coughed outside. He had something to say. I didn't understand.

"Gooroo come."

"What!"

He tried again.

"Jungli people Padre Sahib."

I thought he meant a ***missionary***.

"Good gracious, Musafir Khan! Does he want tiffin?"

"Dogbite Padre, mem sahib."

I jumped up and went out. But the old servant interposed. "Memsahib no good go."

We compromised. I was to see what happened hidden behind the crest. I had a binocular.

And this happened. I could see an old, old man, head and beard and eyebrows one mass of stringy yellowish hair, like a very old goat, sitting beside the pool. He sat as still as a sphinx. Musafir Khan close beside me pointed to the west. Through the mirage something was moving towards us, white, lifted up as high as a ship's sail. Then it sank and came out, a camel with a rider all swathed up, with a white cloth over his head and face. I have never a seen camel go so fast. The rider made it sit down by the pool and went and sat down himself in front of the old man, his face still covered.

Some words passed, I think. Then he took out something wrapped up, undid it and shook out a heap of---letters. I am sure they were letters. The old man seemed to wait. Then something more. I *think* it was a photograph. Then he opened some of them *wide* and made a little pile. Then the old man got up ever so slowly and struck fire with flint and steel and set the heap on fire. Burning it took half an hour, I dare say. When every *scrap* was burned, he looked at the camel man's hands and poured water over them out of an earthen goglet. Then the camel man uncovered his face. There was a ghastly torn wound all over the nose and one side. It was the face of a European!

Then the two went together into the shallow pool and the wound was washed. I *think* words were spoken. When they came out, the man put on his shoes (native shoes) got on his camel and rode away quite slowly. The priest raked with his stick among the ashes and picked something up. That was all.

I never saw such a horrible wound,---but three years afterwards I saw the sort of scar it might have left. That was on the face of a man sitting in a carriage with our Commander-in-Chief on the Maidan at Bombay.

I asked the lady with me who it was.

"Colonel Hilderly. Horrible, isn't it? A tame wolf went mad. The girl he was going to marry threw him over because of his face, and went home."

Did she? Or did he? I wonder.

PALINGENESIS.

By C. M. Salvey.

Part I.

Mark Wentworth stood on the platform of Kings Cross Station, while the Scotch Express was being made fully prepared for its usual midnight run up North. All modern comforts were being provided. Lights were turned up, the refreshment rooms emitted savoury odors of hot coffee, and soup; an ample supply of light food was being hawked round, while a goodly number of porters, fresh for the work, were on the alert as usual for ready service, and promiscuous tips. Friends were sending messages of love and affection to distant relatives, and a general air of waiting, and seeking to pass time, was apparent as is always the case when the iron steed is being got in readiness, that is about to carry passengers, and holiday makers, a considerable distance. There was a touch of interest in the scene in which the bystanders, as well as the prospective travellers, shared in common.

Mark was somewhat incommoded with packages of various sizes and shapes, long packages and short stumpy ones, that were difficult to manipulate. He had given over his large portmanteau to the care of a porter, and he had dispensed with one or two comforts which, if he had decided to include them, would have added to the success of the journey, but he clung to a certain portion of his belongings with a tenacity that showed that in some corner or other of his impedimenta, treasures were stowed away very dear to his heart.

He was taking his journey under favourable circumstances. A tourist ticket, together with a five pound note, had been his brother's birthday gift; a new rig-out of travelling attire had been sent him by his father; and a rise in his salary, supplemented with a compact newly invented folding easel, had been the farewell encouragement from his chief, in whose office he had worked diligently since he had finished his articles.

Outwardly Mark was calm, inwardly he was in a fever of excitement over his good fortune.

He was young and very ambitious, he loved to make plans and to carry them out to the letter, so that the cost of the enterprise, with all possible expenses was carefully set down, to be worked out day by day for the ensuing fortnight.

The only drawback to the success of the holiday was, that it would possibly be spent alone; and Mark enjoyed the companionship of an agreeable and reciprocalised nature.

He longed to exchange ideas with those who possessed minds who could at least grasp his remarks, if not interleave them with expressions of their own.

His work had been heavy, he had not yet come across his ideal companion that he hoped to have found among the other clerks so that except for the office boy, who regarded Mark as his mentor, there was no one to wish Mark good speed on this occasion. But the lad had counted it an honour to be asked to be in attendance, and willingly burdened himself with many responsibilities.

Luckily the train was not going to be over-crowded, so that a corner seat in a snug comfortable 3rd class carriage was secured. The lad tested many pillows before he was satisfied that one was clean, and soft enough for Mark. Having done this, he arranged all the precious packages, and then jealously guarded the selected corner, while the latest edition of the "Echo" was procured by the prospective traveller.

Thus they parted happily, and the slight figure of the intelligent lad, standing alone under the station clock pointing its hands to 11-30 p. m. was the last object that engaged Mark's attention as the Express steamed slowly out of the station.

In view of a long night's run without a break, Mark soon lit his pipe, and then let down the window in order to take in as much fresh air as possible, which was growing keener every moment. Then he settled his belongings and himself to his own satisfaction and was soon deep in Ruskin's "*Stones of Venice*". Every now and then his pencil was in requisition, marking paragraphs and passages that corroborated with his own ideas of Life and Art in particular. Thus the time sped on and also the train with a dull monotonous rumble, occasionally accelerated as it passed over bridges and archways, or as it disregarded villages and even towns, which occasioned long streams of light for a moment or so to flicker out of the intense darkness of the autumn night.

The route is not a particularly interesting one until York is reached, even in daylight, but far less so in the small hours after sunset. Grantham was the first halt of any importance, a sleepy place. So as nothing seemed doing, and as there were but few other trains on the metals to disturb the thinkers and the sleepers, Mark in time became drowsy, and bethought himself to test the pillow the office lad had suspended cleverly with strings to the hat rail above, just where it came in convenient proximity to Mark's shoulders---and giving himself up to a reverie of thought, he was soon from this translated into the Land of Dreams and shadows of Future's fulfilments.

His emancipation from work to freedom from the worries of London life was a luxury---the early rising and hurrying to work, and all the disagreeables of the first years of toil, for the time being were to be laid aside, even put out of his thoughts. Mark realized that he was free; and this realization was already working wonders. Now he could turn his thoughts uninterrupted to his Beloved Art, to the Children of his brain, to the capabilities of his brush, and his pencil: to his fair imaginings, until he himself became a living centre in a world of his own creation. He was travelling up North to one of the fairest spots of Scotland. Unspoiled as yet by the hand of man, it is still to be seen in its glorious perfection.

God has written His great Proclamation upon many spots of this fair earth. He has said *I Am that I Am* in a manner that the most stubborn agnostic cannot gainsay.

Who that has ever seen Ben y Gloe from the Garry Bridge, or wandered round the heights of the Falls of Brewer, or descended to the Falls of Athol, can doubt the existence of a Divine Originator of all things? Who that has lingered in the sunlight of a June afternoon upon the old stone bridge and looked into the deep inky depths of the Garry, upwards, again to the glorious vegetation that protects its still waters and beyond to the distant crown of Ben y Gloe, rising like a mountain of forget-me-nots, or a colosal amethyst far, far away, in the distance, while peace and solitude reigns, while soft fleecy clouds trail over deep blue ether, can, contemplating these glories, *dare* to dispute or deny the existence of God Omnipotent!

With these thoughts in his mind our traveller had closed his eyes, intent on deep thoughts of this tremendous Truth. But notwithstanding his habitual rule of late hours, sleep rendered him oblivous to everything, and he fell against the pillow exhausted, and somewhat tired out.

—:o:—

PART II.

Mark slept long and heavily; he had tired himself with mental and physical energy, but he awoke at length with an intense feeling of hunger, and thinking a little refreshment would be very welcome, he began to wonder how this craving could be satisfied. He had never given a thought to the inner man, all his spare moments while making preparation for the journey, had been directed to the selection of paints, pencils, and artists' chattels. The wherewithal to live had not received a moment's attention, and it was too early to expect the waiter round for breakfast orders. Being the sole occupier of rooms in which he hardly ever took his meals, Mark's landlady had not suggested sandwiches, or home-made cakes for the journey. On reflection, however, he believed that stowed away in the corner of an old coat there might be half a stick of chocolate to appease his present craving, till the train made its first halt at Grantham.

So he bestirred himself to make the search, and in so doing he mechanically glanced round the compartment, where, to his infinite surprise, he found he was not alone, yet he could have sworn that when he steamed out of London he was the sole occupant, and knew the train had not stopped as yet anywhere. He had been drawing on his boots of which he had divested his feet at the commencement of the journey, so he did not discover the presence of a campanion till he looked up.

So surprised was Mark by this discovery that, as we often do when we feel we must say something, he confusedly remarked: "I beg your pardon, but I thought I was alone in this compartment."

"Indeed" said the stranger, and then added as if he had had enough of his own society--"Alone! are we ever alone? Surely you and I live in a world peopled by creatures of our own surrounding!"

Mark looked thoughtfully at the lad; he had something peculiar about him that took Mark's fancy. He possessed a most interesting personality—deep penetrating eyes, with straight half closed depressed lids, a firm set mouth, a broad low forehead with a wealth of golden hair, rebellious to the tyranny of the comb, a slight stoop, and a deep clear voice.

There were signs of ambition and of a mind bent on conquest against the obstacles of Life.

"How long have you travelled with me?" asked Mark.

"All the way."

"Your presence makes it easier certainly to believe you, but upon my life I never saw you there until this moment. And are you going up North?"

"That's my destination."

"And your purpose," said Mark coming closer to his strange companion,—"that is if I may be allowed to ask?"

"Certainly,—I am a young artist" said the stranger. "I have adored Art ever since I could think at all for myself, and I mean to devote my whole life to it. It is the only profession worth living and striving for—at present I am only a student and an apprentice."

"Ah! so I perceive; what is more is that you belong to the same school in which I was tutored. I can tell that by your satchel."

"It is the rule," said the stranger, "of the Clevedon Art School then as you know, to pack up our belongings in this form of carrier."

"Oh yes, I remember," exclaimed Mark with a laugh. "I used one myself, but was glad to leave it behind, though by no means worn out, for the next new beggar to pick up."

The other occupant of the compartment flushed, then brightened and, at length, remarked, taking his wallet on his knees—"I wonder if I was the 'lucky beggar', for, in a fit of economy I descended to dead men's shoes and accepted the offer of 'a left-behind' that was held out to me as an inducement to save money." Here he opened the wallet and turned back the flap, and there, sure enough, was M. W. written on the lining in Mark's unique handwriting, further enhanced by a rough sketch plan of the Art Studio traced all over it."

"Well, you're making good use of my satchel,"---said Mark pleasantly---"you've stuffed it full of sketches" he continued running his finger across the closely packed contents.

So these two grew interested in each other, in their hopes and aspirations. Mark being the older by about five years, talked most to the stranger, giving him good advice gained by his own observations. He waded carefully through the numerous sketches, pointing out mistakes and suggesting improvements here and there. He was charmed with much of the work he criticised, and was struck with the slips made which were similar to those he had made himself in the early years of his artistic career. There were signs of great promise, fine subtle points in the works, which proved that genius lay hidden beneath his boyish productions.

Suddenly Mark came upon a rough sketch of a piece of Scotch scenery, the very identical spot he had been ruminating about as he fell asleep. The spot which Mark had made at last a finished picture—an excellent somewhat large oil painting. His production had been immediately accepted by the *Berwick Exhibition of Travelling Amateur Artists.* To see which, for one reason, he had decided on undertaking the long journey that lay before him.

In fact Mark had visited the spot as a youth, had been struck with its unique beauty and had made several sketches and notes. The one that had pleased and satisfied him best was identical with the younger man's rendering of the scene. Furthermore he drew from his companion, who was somewhat reticent at this juncture, to confess that he too had been bold enough to send in a canvas of the same scene, and that *his* work had likewise been accepted and hung in the same Gallery of Art at Berwick-on-Tweed.

"Oh! is this so?"--said Mark. "This is interesting. "Will you give me the number of your Exhibit?"

The stranger hesitated and then gave it.

"Thank you, I shall remember without writing it down—one eight, eight six, that being the year I first went North and conceived the idea of putting my impressions on canvas of Ben y Gloe from the Garry Bridge. I am glad, however, I did not send in my first impressions. My ideas are somewhat modified since those days. I am beginning to realize even in Art one must not at first always please oneself. One pair of eyes is not sufficient for an Artist, or even half a dozen pair of spectacles, to see things from many aspects. If one has to *live* by the profession one must please the crowd at first and, the connoisseur hereafter."

The younger man listened in an attitude of dumb devotion. His remarks grew fewer, his answers monosyllabic. All his soul was in his eyes, in wrapt attention to all that Mark was saying: he seemed almost as it were to wander out of himself, utterly oblivious to all his surroundings, save Mark's voice.

Mark stopped for a moment to rest and create a silence that was purposely done to recall his listener. Then having succeeded, went on more animated than before:

"When we are young we stamp our feet and clap our hands, while we make up our minds that the world *shall* see with *our* eyes and believe as we believe, and be led by our understanding and be convinced of our new and grand ideals. But—as time goes on, we in our turn find that leading sheep is a poor game, and that the apparently docile sheep-dog is a mighty-beast endowed with far more cleverness than ourselves."

"True", said the aroused stranger. "True, but *they* only succeed because they know by instinct that the sheep prefer to be led by each other as well as the dog, and moreover they are convinced by a certain instinct that has been given to animals that if they refuse to be influenced, the dog will bite and worry them until they surrender; and again the sheep-dog always leads them over the same track without deviation!"

"That is so," said Mark pleased with the comment, "but if the public turn away it is useless; there is no accounting for their disfavour. In this event you have but two courses left, you must either wait for someone to act as your trumpeter, who is himself a success, or you must strike out into an entirely new line of your own—effect something daring and unique and await the result. Prove to people their own inadequate perception, and convince them that there *is* something far more in *your* treatment of Art than they can discover and accept. All this is very venturesome, I admit, and it may take a lifetime to accomplish."

"And alas!" said the younger man. "We have only one life to live here below."

"Well, and the problem is, can we afford to sacrifice our one life to our ideals or can we extinguish all our dreams and conceptions of Art Beautiful for the sake of realizing our success in our lifetime. Time is the only test master. The few who have been great in their own days are those who are soonest forgotten. The Great Masters are far more renowned now and appreciated than they were in the era in which they lived."

"For myself," argued the traveller. "I must live as best I can. I have no one to look to for help now I have been started in life. I must make the best use of the talents that have been my birthright. It is, I own, the hardest task a man can take in hand, to kill or at least smother what is ceaselessly rousing his very soul, calling loudly for release and birth, to be strangled at the very threshold of existence."

"I know, I know," said Mark bitterly. "I have gone through all that you are now passing through and I pity you from the depth of my heart. Sleepless nights and restless days have been spent in trying to combat against Fate. It is maddening, but it has to be endured, while beautiful visions rise up before our mental eyes, while Nature holds up her models and teaches us innumerable lessons, arresting our eyes at every turn, beseeching without restraint imitate and learn of *Me,* touching the most sensitive organs of sight and brain in the harmony of her colours, and atmospheres, of branch and stem of leaf and bud, of fleeting cloud and restless wave—of ever changing tint in sunrise and sunset of mist and dew, frost and snow, of palpitating heat and restless wind. There from without, forcing the soul to surrender, to be lost for awhile during the term it may be of one earthly lifetime, in exchange for the adulation of a future generation and for all time; when our state of being is ended, when our hands must become helpless, our brain power crushed, and our souls have taken flight far beyond the possibilities that might have been theirs to accomplish.

The long journey was nearing its close. Travelling impedimenta had to be counted and collected, bags locked up and wraps re-strapped, and papers stowed away wherever there might be room for them.

Mark went on engaging the attention of the stranger in the extreme corner of the compartment. He could not help feeling sure he must have seen him, if not have known him as a boy, in some school team, or when on a journey, or somewhere or other years ago.

His personality was certainly familiar. Mark longed to know more of his companion. Presently, a bright idea flashed into his mind.

"When I return to town," said Mark, "I hope, if ever you are near my 'digs" you will look me up some evening."—Here he withdrew his letter case—"Before we part I'll give you my address—I don't know whether it will be permanent. Come soon,"he continued writing down particulars of his lodgings and the best way of getting to them from the underground station—"I shall look for your picture at Berwick and let you know my opinion—I shall be curious to see if you have treated it as I did in 1886!"

Mark finished writing, dotting the *I's*, and crossing the *T's* on his card. Then he looked up to hand it across when, to his infinite surprise, he found himself alone! Man and baggage had disappeared—silently as if by magic; there was nothing left to prove he and his belongings had ever been in the compartment. Mark was nonplussed and confounded. The ticket collector came along the footboard. To Mark's enquiries and description he could give no clue, there was no one to answer to Mark's description among the passengers. The train had not stopped; there had been no tunnel, and there was no possible communication with any other carriage. What was the meaning of it all? There he had been with all his chattels about him, a lad of good height, a good complexion, a soft deep voice, a gentle manner possessed of an ambitious spirit; a splendid listener, eager to exchange ideas; deeply interested in all Mark had to say, bright, buoyant, full of energy, a little dreamy at times, but on the whole a delightful travelling companion. His appearance and disappearance were equally mystifying.

The train did not run beyond Berwick, so it had to be vacated and the business of the hour attended to. The savoury odour of coffee, and other breakfast allurement, claimed priority over all other items, after the midnight fast and the long spin from London.

Mark mechanically followed the crowd, mentally resolving to fathom this adventure to its very depths. He felt, nevertheless, there *was* something uncanny about his midnight visitant and companion of many hours.

PART III.

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Mark found his way to the little "Red Inn," recommended by a friend. After passing many tortuous streets, the unpretentious building come to view with its quaint signboard swinging and straining in the breeze.

Berwick was looking its best, bathed and glorified in the light of the early morn. The Tweed was ladened with crafts of various species. The wonderful Border Viaduct stood well out against the clear sky, on one side, and the other of the river's picturesque buildings, warehouses and waterside sheds. Workmen's dwellings and larger buildings made every aspect new and delightful.

Divested of his luggage, he intended to make a tour of inspection to the Gallery at once in order to see if the picture numbered 1886, painted by his mysterious companion, was included among the exhibits. What if there should be no such picture, and if the whole affair was an hypnotic dream? But there, he had seen his old wallet with his own initials upon it, and had actually held one or two of his own boyish sketches in his own hand, that he had intended to resign to the waste paper basket. He had heard the lad express his own ideas on many points, and was prepared to swear in a court of law, that some one had visited his otherwise vacant compartment and shared his solitude for at least two hours, and had, moreover, conversed in a most natural voice and manner.

When Mark entered, the Gallery was somewhat crowded with visitors. The walls were covered with pictures, some very remarkable either by reason of the subects chosen, or by the manner in which they were treated. It was sometime before he could make his way round the room. He learnt, at length, his own had been hung in Room No. 3. A great concourse of people were moving as a tide passing on and on making remarks and criticising the exhibits. Mark was naturally earger to see if his own had been well placed and thinking more of that than ought else, he did take in the converse of the crowd.

At last he gained the Room he sought. There, side by side with his own in every detail, was a picture identical with his. His strange companion must have visited the exact spot, the curve and branch and ripple of river were all emphasised. They had both made their painting from the left hand side of the Garry Bridge.

In Mark's excitement he did not at first take this in, so eager was he to criticise the counterpart of his own. He was bent on deep scrutiny, with perhaps just a touch of prejudice.

The stranger had perpetrated all his own boyish faults exactly as he would have done them years ago, but the caché was there and the touch of innate genius obvious. In many respects the picture was excellent. The soft hazy light of the summer's afternoon—the globe of almost transparent blue rising far above the inky tide. It was a wonderful piece of work, an ethereal loveliness seemed to encompass the canvas; it was as if the whole living scene had been transferred. Mark stood speechless, lost in admiration, yet sorry from the depth of his heart that the slips as well as the touch of genius were apparent.

Mark, as he criticised, did not then know his later rendering was even better; *he* had expunged his old failing; *he* had achieved his masterpiece at the outset of this day.

So absorbed was he in contemplating the two pictures side by side, that he did not notice the one thing about his own which, when forced upon his notice by a voice in the crowd, sent the blood coursing through his veins, mounting to his forehead and vibrating through his own being.

A voice behind exclaimed rapturously—"Here, Kathleen, here is *the* picture of the season. Look, No. 1887. *Ben y Gloe from the Garry Bridge*, by Mark Wentworth. It is purchased by a member of Royalty. The Princess V. such a good and generous patroness to rising artists. See! it has a double star upon it. Her Royal Highness purchased it at the Private View. What would *I* not give to be so fortunate! I wonder if people who have luck like this, appreciate their good fortune!"

His picture selected by preference out of all that array of really good work! He could scarcely believe what he heard, his eyes grew dim with a feeling of pride and then his heart began to thump, while the stars upon his own frame seemed to keep changing places to the counterpart picture. What if it were all a mistake and the other painting had been selected by the Royal patroness? The two canvasses seemed to blend together, then to separate and stand out alone, to assume different places upon the wall. Oh, if it is only true! he whispered to himself. Strange to say Mark had boldly priced his rather high, for reasons which will presently transpire. Yet there was the crowd pressing all round him, with exclamations of admiration and eulogy. One or two of the visitors remarked: "We have surely seen some of Wentworth's work before?"

Mark determined to seek the truth of it all, and to learn the name of the other artist. The suspense was maddening. He had forgotten in his eagerness to purchase a catalogue, so he went straight up to the clerk in attendance to make his enquiries.

"Who is the painter" he asked, "of No. 1886, *Ben y Gloe from the Garry Bridge?* There are two pictures side by side of the same subject."

The clerk consulted the catalogue—saying while he turned over the pages.—"Oh, I suppose you are referring to the one that has been purchased by her Royal Highness Princess V—".

"No,not that one," said Mark. "That is No. 1887. So it is true what I hear in the room?" he queried in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, yes," answered the attendant in a convincing tone, running his fingers down the catalogue. "That has been much admired. It is by a rising young artist, Mark Wentworth."

"Is that so"? as if taking in everything slowly but surely. "It is the sister picture I am also interested in, No. 1886. Who is that painted by? That also is very remarkable!"

"Wait a moment, please Sir," said the attendant with a mystified air, consulting other pages.

After a few moments' suspense, Mark importuned:

"Lend me the catalogue please; it is next in the list to the one that is starred with the double stars and purchased. Cannot you find it? It must be there."

"That is just what it is *not*," replied the man, holding on to the catalogue for some accountable reason; there is an error—an omission. No. 1886 is *not* in the catalogue at all, and if you will pardon my contradiction, I think you will find Mr. Wentworth's picture the only one of that subject this year. No. 1886 must either have been mislaid, turned out at the last moment for want of space Sir, or hung in another room. These accidents occur sometimes, but rarely, I admit.

"Oh, it is there, I assure you," said Mark emphatically. "I have seen it with my own eyes; moreover, I met the artist in the train coming up,—the artist who painted it. He told me it had been accepted and well hung. I have been comparing the two for the last quarter of an hour."

And the strangest part of it all was that no one else but Mark could see the painting, numbered 1886. Neither the visitors assembled, the attendant clerk, or two friends Mark happened to meet in the Gallery.

Every now and then as they looked, a soft hazy reflection of Mark's own picture was visible, as of an image seen through a pane of glass: some indistinct flicker was pronounced by one of the friends, visible for a second or two, while to the artist it was perfectly clear, save for haze on the centre of the mountain, that had given such a fine atmospheric effect to the whole conception.

Mark longed for a stick, or something to point upwards and touch the canvas, so eager was he to convince those present of its reality.

It was no use lingering among a crowd of incredulous strangers: the knowledge of his own good fortune, and of the Royal Patronage his work had secured, in time drove all other items away. The world seemed to have opened for him a magic door, that would show him the path to fame.

The afternoon being fine, he made the most of his few hours' stay at Berwick; and with his sketch-book in hand, made several notes of creeks and artistic nooks that would help for future work. He was to be off to the Highlands by the first train in the morning. He had tired himself out with walking and sketching; he had bade farewell to the friends who were preceding him to Scotland, and being alone at last in his little bedroom, in the "Red Inn," he was glad to dive down deep into his particular valise, and haul up a small bundle of letters neatly written in a girlish handwriting. He selected one envelope in particular that contained a coloured miniature of a beautiful face, with forget-me-not blue eyes, and sunset coloured hair, exquisite features, and a childlike figure. A face that showed that the Divine Hand had placed his own sign manual Beauty upon every line and curve of its moulding.

Mark feasted on this miniature in silence for well nigh a quarter of an hour—then he remarked aloud: "Look here little one," said he. "You are to be a reality; it was on that very Garry Bridge I vowed I would make you my wife. If you ever go playing me pranks, appearing and disappearing at will—I'll just jump over that parapet into the very depths of that inky river, then you may never see me again in this world, or the next, so there." But there was no fear of that, the sweet little maiden had fallen too desperately in love with her artist lover. There was a fascination about him few could gainsay. Not that everyone could discern it, but the few who did were simply mesmerised. He loved to influence others, to be understood and appreciated by them. Those who satisfied these three qualities, were drawn into the magic circle that surrounded him. With these three possessions, together with the love of this most loveable maiden, and the opening up of the Road to Fame by the sale of his first finished picture---Mark's future was an enviable one. But as yet his love was a secret, his abilities and even his genius had yet to be believed in by his friends, and especially his relatives. The Road to Life that lay before him had to be made traversable by his own exertions.

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PART. IV.

In time Mark Wentworth became famous as a painter, as many another would have done under similar good fortune, and in whose breast lay the fire of genius waiting to be fanned by the touch of a sympathetic hand, and the power of appreciative eyes. The world owes much to the Princess V.- for her patronage the day she visited the Exhibition of Travelling Amateur Artists. As many a mute inglorious Milton, so many an unknown painter, lies neath the moss-grown mounds in the lonely graveyards of England, undiscovered: whose death-blow was occasioned by failure of appreciation, and ultimate starvation of soul and body.

As time went on, Mark was able to marry the woman after his own heart, whose love and sympathy had aided him not a little to attain the eminence he had gained.

As bride and bridegroom they were travelling to Scotland. He had promised he would show her the spot from which he had made his picture, and his name.

One sunny afternoon in June they had taken the train to Killicranki, to see the celebrated pass *en route* from the Garry Bridge. Arriving at the station in company with many tourists, they stayed for awhile on the first Bridge, and wandered about the historic grounds close to where the station is situated. That sight even is grand enough to witness. The swift rush of water coursing over boulders that look as if they had been hurled down by an army of giants.—Boulders of stone, white as milk, shining with mica; irregular in line, whose profiles have been softened by the ceaseless rush of a tide, thundering over them in winter, rippling softly in summer; but ever restless, unchanged for centuries.

Bride and bridegroom passed the little Inn where the tourists were gathering to wrangle politely in amiable contest, for the best tea, and local post cards. The one sight of beauty they had no intention of visiting—the crude resemblance on the card was to their minds quite sufficient to prove to their friends they had seen the spot, celebrated in history, where in the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie, one solitary soldier leapt the falls, leaving his comrades to drown in the rushing tide, dyed with their life blood, by reason of their unsuccessful flight from enemies in hot pursuit.

"I don't believe," said Mark emphatically, "one of our fellow travellers will take the trouble to walk this mile to see one of the fairest sights on God's earth—no not one." He was angry at this disregard of the world—to all that was life, and food to his artistic soul.

They entered the grounds, crossed the first bridge that now spans the memorable gorge and river. A train rumbled over the viaduct, for the timebeing disturbing the solitude peace. Presently an aparition in the form of an old woman appeared beside them. She was one of those beings who might have been created fair enough, but Time and Fate had evidently played sorry havoc with all that was once beautiful in her stern set face---a face out of which had faded every tint and tone of living colour. It was bloodless. Like some ancient treasure it was as if it had never been dusted. Grey eyes looked out of deep grey sockets; grey shadows round the forehead taking the exact tone of her hair, her shawl---her frock---her bonnet. There she stood, strong and impassive like a half-animated stone herself, watching the wayfarers and, in monotonous tones, offering to escort them round, and describe the horror of the scene played out centuries ago.

The bride and bridegroom, so fair and young and full of hope, with love beautifying their beautiful personalities, looked quite out of place. They agreed, however, to humour her, and were finally induced by her aid to stand on the white worn semi-circular stone---the *Wishing Stone* of great repute, and to crave the Kindness of Fate and Fortune to fulfil some dear wish of their hearts. In order to secure a good fee, the grey guide encouraged their hopes by the information that Her Majesty the Beloved Queen Victoria, stood on that exact spot, shortly after she was crowned, and asked to be permitted to live to see her Jubilee!"

It was a perfect afternoon, balmy, soft, and still, with just enough wind to stir the late spring vegetation, as if a spirit presence occasionally arose to call the wayfarers to attention. There was a tender haze at the foot of Ben y Gloe but the summit was intensely blue. It stood out in contrast against the sky over which the first tints of a pink sunset were visible. The Garry was lisping over the boulders, clear as crystal, golden as wine, in the reflected light, the vegetation on either side was mirrored here and there, while under the bridge, where the waters are deep, the shadows were velvety black. The bride looked up at her lover's face, his arm was round her, but his thoughts were full of rapture at the beautiful vision before them.

As he turned from the one to the other, the deep violet blue of the mountain seemed reflected in the depth of his little bride's childlike eyes. They stood some time in thoughtful reverie, and as they wandered on, became deep in converse. Mark was giving his wee wifee a resume of his life at school, and during his boyhood, having previously exacted a promise that if he satisfied her enquiries this time, she would never allude to any item concerning it again.

He was telling her how he always had intended to be an artist from the very first. How certain pictures delighted him, as well as beautiful treasures of all kinds, of which his home was very rich. How he loved harmonies of colour, glorious sunsets, beautiful flowers, grand buildings, lovely dress and handsome and beautiful people. He went on describing his little octagonal studio, before whose window he used to sit or stand for hours, looking out at the moonlighted distance, longing for freedom, longing to be allowed to wander forth while the world seemed asleep, in order to create or mature his ideals. How these reveries were constantly disturbed by a voice along the corridor: "Good night dear lad, put out your light safely and sleep well."

How the shutting up of the home was like imprisoning his spirit, as well as his body. How he hated office work, and daily trains; turning out in all weathers, rushing to and from to the trains, and gulping down, hurriedly, promiscuous meals, in fact all the other constant interruptions of every day life whether he was, or was not at home. He was telling her, too, of the mother he fondly loved, and who loved him deeply in return. He was growing quite interested in his own history, that before he had finished his narrative a stranger was almost beside them.

"Well I declare," exclaimed Mark. "There actually is some one coming. Will he condescend to look at this glorious sight, more glorious than ever by the presence of my dear and beautiful bride?" The light of love and conscious pride was apparant in his deep-set eyes.

"Do you think he has heard any of our conversation Mark?" she asked in a whisper.

"It does not matter if he has, as far as I am concerned; only I feel I never began to live till I met you".

The stranger came on, he did not choose the left hand path through the grounds; he turned to the right and gained the Bridge. Mark did not move, he was pointing to an effect of light on the mountain; the vegetation around was perfect. To visit Scotland in June is to prolong the bewitching spell of the Youth of the Year, for the glories of a Scotch spring are manifold and ravishing.

"He is an artist," whispered the bride: "I can see his sketch book and easel. What a feast for his eyes if he has never been here before."

He was soon on the bridge. He did not stay, seeing others there, he seemed to wish to avoid the two as they stood together, but in reality, though he looked up the river, he was passing on to where a still more perfect view could be obtained.

"Ah! he has found out my special peep, the one point I was going to show you presently. *The* place, little one, from whence *the* picture was painted. Come on now, we will join him."

They walked on leisurely. The stranger was standing in fixed contemplation, and as Mark looked at him,he recognised that he was the strange mysterious being he had met in the Scotch Express five years ago.

Mark lifted his hat and claimed acquaintance.

The traveller bowed; his hands were busy with his sketching easel.

"You have been here before," said Mark. "You have painted Ben y Gloe from this point."

"That is true, Sir," admitted the younger artist flushing a little, "but we must correct and improve as we grow older."

"Your picture was accepted nevertheless," rejoined Mark. "It was there side by side with my own. Were you able to visit the Berwick Show?"

"Yes Sir— I was there and saw the fine duplicate picture—that was patronized by Princess V—."

"I admired yours greatly and saw all its good points. You will be famous if you persevere."

A radiant mist seemed to flicker over the whole being of the younger faced man—"I want, and need encouragement".

"Have you sold or kept your picture?" enquired Mark.

"I never *received* it back again," he answered. "It was supposed to have been sent to a wrong address: it was spirited away, or stolen!"

"Could nothing be done to recover it?"

"No". answered the young man hesitating, as if keeping something back. "Something however draws me to this spot—I shall never be satisfied until I succeed in painting a perfect picture. "Sir" he continued confidingly. "Keep this secret. I withdrew the picture myself by stealth at the last moment. I stole my own—I could not see it hanging there beside such a finished piece of work as that masterpiece".

All the time their conversation was going on, the little bride was watching and standing by in silent wonder. She was thinking how much alike these two men were, only one was much younger than the other. They spoke alike and seemed to have the same ideals, only the mind of her husband was far more matured. The one looked like the reflection of the other, and at times the traveller seemed to be almost transparent. His actions, his movements, his voice, the way which he tossed back his golden hair from his forehead, were identical with Mark's own movements. His mannerisms surprised her. All of a sudden he lifted his eyes to her face, and she saw in them the same expression of passionate devotion, and adoring love that Mark's had expressed at their first meeting. What was this mystery? Why had he stolen his own picture? And yet Mark had seen it there, glorified with a ghostly haze that Mark had often alluded to? Why had they both chosen the exact spot for their canvas, and offered them to the same Exhibition? Why had he disappeared out of the railway carriage; and why oh! why had he come this afternoon of all others after five years of silence to this enchanting solitary spot when they wanted to be alone?

She listened intently, hoping to gain some answer to these questions that suggested themselves to her mind.

Mark after an interval of silence, spoke and said:

"As your picture was not catalogued I could not learn your name or address. May I ask your name now?"

The traveller looked up and answered: "You may; my my name is *Shadow*. I am in truth the Shadow of your former self.—*Palingenesis! You* have nearly reached the zenith of your fame. The sun of success is shining full upon you. I shall not accompany you again, for the meridian of your genius is all but found. Remember our converse and adhere to the Right Path, where I can no longer accompany you. My task [illegible] done. Farewell."

As he satisfied Mark's enquiries, Mark realized the likeness of *Shadow* to himself. For one moment more a flickering phantom gleamed on the bridge beside him,—then all grew grey, it vanished, like the ashes of a smouldering wood-fed fire, or the flicker of a lamp in a dimly lighted cathedral censor.

A cry of terror escaped the bride's lips, she caught at her husband's arm for support.

"Oh, Mark! What does it mean? What was it, where has he gone, and what is the meaning of the name he called you by?"

Mark caught the trembling figure in his strong arms and strained her to his breast. "It is all right little one, don't be afraid. I see it all now— I understand everything, *Palingenesis Rebirth —Regeneration.* That is what it means dearest, and I must gain the success that is to be mine, for your sweet sake".

"Oh! then he was the wraith of your dead self—your dear self—your youth? Thank God the reality is here beside me. Hold me tighter, closer to your heart. Now I understand why he looked at me with such a passionate love in his eyes, and why upon his brow, there was the mark you bore over your brow five years ago, that time and skill have worn away and removed."

"Your eyes little one were keener than mine to discern all this, but you have lifted the veil and solved the mystery. Come we must go— a chill wind is springing up. We shall never see my attendant *Shadow* again. We will both look forward to the sweet future we are to spend together. I have grown a saner and a wiser man, at last. Y[illegible], shall call me *Palingenesis* to remind me of my former faults, my shortcomings and conceits."

They retraced their steps slowly over the stone bridge, looking once more at the glorious sun-tinted form of Ben y gloe— intent on spending their honeymoon in this fair spot and impressing its beauty on their minds. Then they were to leave it all for the little home Mark had prepared for his bride, glorified and made beautiful, by gems of his beloved Art.

EAST & WEST

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Mid-Eastern Menace

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance" said Mr. Lloyd George. The end of the war has brought no end to our anxieties. Mr. Churchill has just been speaking of the serious Bolshevist designs, and Mesopotamia and Afghanistan are in a state of ferment. The new frontiers—which the acceptance of the mandate of Mesopotamia, an alluvian basin lying like an arena in an amphitheatre, implies—don't stop short of the Oxus, the Caucasus and the Mediterranean. Besides the passing of Mesop[illegible]a under British control brings the whole Mahomed[illegible] world in closer touch than it was ever possible before. Few appreciate the commitments and extended responsibilities which this new incursion implies and the danger to which it exposes India. The situation in Russia promises no improvement. A "Red" victory would mean Bolshevists at our door. A "White" victory would mean the revival of traditional Russian policy which is not likely to countenance our new arrangement with Persia. In Mesopotamia itself we are faced with two dangers: the economic danger of over exploitation, and the danger of a strong military administration setting the Moslem world aflame. Our Government would have done well to have left Mesopotamia alone. Now there is no other way but to win the willing co-operation of the vanquished. This can only be possible if the country is governed by eastern ideals inspired with the new spirit, aiming at increasing a sense of responsibility in individuals and harnessing the best minds in the service of their country. Why should not India, particularly Mohamedan India, shoulder responsibility and help its less fortunate neighbours to responsible Government? The association of India and England for the better government of Mesopotamia promises a solution of the difficulties which are already darkening the horizon.

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A Dead Sea Fruit.

The possession of Mesopotamia is likely to prove a "Dead Sea Fruit." Its military defence is going to be costly and the revenue might easily be less than half of the most necessary expenditure. Who is to stand the loss? A nation which has £ 8,000 million sterling to its debit and which sees no end to its national commitments, may be pardoned if it hesitates taking over further obligations, as in Mesopotamia. It is not impossible that the squabble with France about Syria may have had its origin in the perception that in the division of the loot of Arab provinces, France has come upon a gold mine and that England has captured a White Elephant; and yet England can give up Mesopotamia only to a whole society of nations and not surrender it to any other nation or to the Arabs themselves who may possibly surrender it to other nations or be conquered by other nations. Strategic reasons seem to forbid such a surrender.

The White Man's Burden.

"We would and we would not"—that is the position. Is there a solution? The White Man's Burden consists not merely in the spending of money over unprofitable fields, but also in the spending of heroic lives on the reclamation, opening out, development and defence of distant death-dealing swamps. India is too poor to take up the first part of the burden, at least unaided, but Indians may well offer to take over the second part of the burden while Imperial Englishmen are busy with re-construction at home, all their energies being required in their own country and their own existing Empire.

Government of Mesopotamia.

A plan is here tentatively put forward. A chartered Company, capitalized chiefly by Indians and controlled by Indians, may be created for the Government of Mesopotamia; the defence of Mesopotamia be entrusted entirely to Indian troops, preferably Mahomedans, (till Arab regiments can be raised) for which the Government of India would be paid from the revenues of Mesopotamia; the Company to undertake with or without the help of European and American Engineers, as it deems necessary or sufficient, the construction of canals, water-ways, railways, opening out of mines and factories; the Company to undertake, with the help of the Government of India, to bring into parts which need labour, workmen, as many as possible of Mahomedan origin; the Company also to undertake to introduce autonomy into Mesopotamia, on a more liberal basis than Amir Feisul's Arabian Empire, as soon as possible—as soon as this Indian Company deems that this autonomy can be introduced with security to the Empire and to India and to the inhabitants themselves; the revenues of India and the Empire to guarantee 6 per cent. to the Company for this undertaking and moreover to make good any deficit as between receipts and expenditure; but, should the receipts exceed the expenditure by more than 6 per cent. on the capital, the surplus revenues to be divided into three equal parts: one part to go to the Company; one part to go to the Government of India and one part to be reserved as a Development Fund either for relief of local taxation or for new works.

Such a Company may really solve the problem. It would give the Mohamedans of India an opportunity to prove the sincerity of their profession of brotherhood. It would make the Government more in touch with the traditions and tendencies of the people, at the same time helping to develop the country. Let us suppose that the first Governor-General is an Indian Mohamedan and his first Prime Minister is also a Mohamedan or a Hindu of outstanding ability: this would be a dramatic indication to the people of India that their connection with Great Britain and the Empire is a connection not merely resulting in domestic good Government, Government of themselves by themselves and for themselves, but also a partnership in the development of the world: a beginning in fact of that super-armed super-state where the peoples of all the world are to share equally in the benefits and the burdens to promote a concurrent human life. The Mohamedans of India needn't bother about the fall of the Sultanate because a large Mohamedan society of nations, more beneficial to the Islamic world and to mankind in general, would emerge if the proposed Mesopotamia Company secures success and extends its operations wherever opportunities offer. Indian statesmen will begin to speak with sobriety and responsibility about the rights of nations and self-determination when they come to be called upon to put into practice the principles they have formulated. The Mohamedan Governor-General of Mesopotamia, for example, cannot be enthusiastic over the fourteen points and yet wish to introduce into Mesopotamia a new Sultanate.

* * *

The Financial Factors.

The political significance of the proposal is apparent: there will also be a finance side to be considered. The anticipated deficit from the administation of Mesopotamia by a military or European regime might be expected to be much reduced when the readers of the "Amrita Bazar Patrika" are in the saddle who may be called upon to carry out their ideas of availability of efficient Indians for the public service at half of the salaries which are now paid in British India. In any case, the sympathy between Arabian Mohamedans and Indian Mohamedans is likely to be very great. The accessibility of the Indian bureaucrat will alone reduce the magnitude of the problem and the unavoidable friction between Governors and the governed, and the cost of collection of revenues might also be anticipated to be reduced. Finally, as new brooms sweep clean and as young minds will wish to set the Tigris on fire, the original enthusiasm and energy might carry the development of Mesopotamia much further than the stereotyped administration of distant provinces. Politically, care will be taken that the Viceroyalty does not develop into a pro-Consulate; financially, there will be factors reducing the deficit and quickening development. It is expected that the requisite Indian capital, the requisite Indian talent and integrity, the requisite desire of enlisting proper Europeans and Americans for advice to expedite progress, will all be forthcoming.

* * *

The Rupee Problem.

The problem of the rupee and of silver still continues to agitate the public mind, and the Report of the Currency Committee is awaited with much concern. The labours of this Committee would yield their richest fruit to those only who will know what questions they expect answered by the Report when that Report comes to hand.

The whole trouble arose from the discovery, not so very many months ago, that rupees in India were disappearing from circulation in spite of continued coinage. The question became particularly alarming when the cost of the mints, as measured in gold, of coining the rupee exceeded the gold value of the rupee as measured by the fluctuating rate of sterling exchange. The rate of sterling exchange had been fixed more or less by the restriction of the Coinage Act at 1s. 4d, or 16d, and India had gone through great suffering to obtain this fixation which had lasted so long when people had come to consider the rupee as only a small change (one fifteenth part) of the sovereign. The price of silver has gone recently above 82d. per ounce, which is equivalent to about 33d. to the tola the weight of silver in a rupee. Therefore, it would cost the mint 33d. to coin a rupee, and it is impossible that the Government could issue it to the public at 1s. 4d. or 16d—just half the value.

The Ruling Factors

Not only would the loss of coinage be too great, but all the existing rupees would be melted down to realize the profits of the value of silver as against the fixed sterling value of the rupee. Therefore, unless the price of silver got reduced to under 40d. an ounce (*a*) either sterling exchange could not be maintained at 1s. 4d. or (*b*) there would be no metallic currency possible, and business would collapse. This was the situation which the Finance Department had early to face; whatever the original causes of the gradual disappearance of the metallic rupee from circulation, this disappearance would be accelerated by the rising price of silver and must continue as long as the rate of sterling exchange lagged behind this rising price. Government had, therefore, to devise expedients to operate on both the factors of the problems—the value of silver and the rate of exchange. Since then amateurs have been busy trying to shew that there were other factors in operation; that there might be some malignant purpose behind all these topsy-turvy fluctuations, and that there are ready-made panaceas for the cure of these evils.

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Paper Currency.

It would be profitable to enquire whether there are other causes more radical behind (*a*) the rise in the price of silver and (*b*) the fluctuations in the sterling exchange. If there be such causes and, if they can be indicated, then there would be some hope for the Governments to operate upon them so as to reduce the price of silver and stabilze the rate of exchange. The first consideration is that the rate of exchange is a ratio: originally between the *free* coined rupee and the *free* coined sovereign; next, between the free coined sovereign and the restrictedly coined rupee or token rupee; but that since the war this ratio of *values is between a paper sovereign not compulsorily convertible into gold and a paper rupee not compulsorily convertible into silver.* In the first case, Governments cannot operate to change the ratios except as any private individuals might be diverting the supplies or modifying the demands of one or the other metal. In the second case, by restricting the coinage of the rupee at pleasure, the Government of India reduced the rupee prices of commodities at pleasure and that, therefore, they could bring the ratio to 1s. 4d. per rupee and, what is more, *keep it there.* By the provisions of the Act, Government offered to coin Rs. 15 for anybody who tendered a sovereign, or deposited a sovereign to the credit of the Government of India in England. As long *in fact*, as it stood at 28d. per ounce or lower, there was a profit to Government of nearly 45 %, which profit was an inducement to Government to coin as many rupees as possible. By waiting to coin unless equivalent gold was tendered, Government supplied a check on their own greed. They did not coin for *profit*, but they waited to reap their profit till commerce and industry tendered gold sovereigns because commerce and industry wanted more rupees in circulation. Thus by restricting the coinage of rupees, the price of commodities in general in India was reduced so that by comparison with prices in countries using gold, the ratio between the rupee prices and gold prices of the same commodities, allowing for freight and handling, could be not otherwise than 1s. 4d; but the prices would move, and it was necessary to stabilize exchange. Therefore, the mint offered to pay Rs. 15 whenever a gold sovereign was presented; therefore, no holder of a gold sovereign would be willing to sell at less than Rs. 15, while the mint gave Rs. 15 which, as shewn above, the mint was very willing to do when the price of silver was under 40d. The profits derived from the coinage of rupees were kept as a gold reserve which ran into several millions sterling. If gold prices in England fell, or if commodities in India rose in value, there would be a tendency for Indian exports to be checked and Indian imports to be stimulated, and, therefore, there would be a disturbance of prices and there would be need for India to send metallic money internationally acceptable in payment of her enlarged debts; but the Indian rupee, having become of artificial value, would not serve an international payment, and exhange would, therefore, fall below 1s. 4d. that is to say, Rs. 15 would not suffice to attract sovereigns to India. Here the gold reserve would come into operation. If Government had gold enough, they would keep on selling sovereigns at Rs. 15 until the tendency to a higher price for the sovereign be counteracted. The Government of India gold reserve might be sent to England instead of rupees in payment of India's debt abroad; and as long as the movement was of small extent and as long as the reserve was sufficiently large, so long there was really no difficulty in stabilizing.

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Disappearance of Metallic Currency

The War brought new difficulties. Gold disappeared from international currency except as payment for war requirements, and paper currencies took the place of gold and silver currencies of the world. A natural rate of exchange therefore completely disappeared such as there was between freely coined metallic currencies. Paper money might be printed with very little cost in all countries, and therefore, the level of prices in any country would fluctuate from day to day and, therefore, a rate of exchange which is primarily a ratio between the prices of the same commodities in different countries, violently fluctuates from day to day. The most profitable courrency of all is paper currency printed at the least cost. The profits of this paper coinage are enormous, and overbear any scruples of hard-up Governments and Bankers against over-issues. When currency is over-issued, prices fly up like kites, sky-high, but the necessities of issuing Governments being different, the over-issue is not equal and, while prices rise everywhere, they do not rise to the same extent. The result is that the German mark and the Russian ruble have immensely fallen as compared to the French franc which has again fallen compared to the sovereign which again has more or less fallen as compared to the dollar; as between India and England, as India's over-issue of paper currency is comparatively slight, the Indian currency would be appreciated against the English currency *anyhow*; and, while as in India metallic currencies and paper currencies circulate side by side there, within the country itself the metallic coin would have a premium as against the paper currency of the same value. The reason is obvious. Taking the case of India, the rupee has the value of its contained silver and the rupee can be easily and secretly melted down or clipped and if there be any profit in melting it or clipping it, it is useless to expect that it can be prevented. If it is prevented, the rupees will disappear in hoards; they will be buried underground.

A Treble Problem

It becomes then a treble problem (*a*) to prevent rupees from disappearing from circulation, being hoarded buried or melted down, (*b*) to prevent arising a differential premium as between coin and equivalent paper, and (*c*) at the same time prevent exchange from fluctuating violently, or getting fixed at a rate ruinous to Indian interest. It may be found in practice that the remedies for all three problems together are the same; but it is useless for politicians to try to make capital out of the difficulty of this problem which affects both the Government and the country. If the view presented in the preceding paragraphs be correct that a rate of exchange between two countries under post-war conditions is an indication of the ratio of prices of similar articles in terms of paper currencies, which prices fluctuate as violently as the issue of the currencies and that the conditions observed in India to a small degree have prevailed in a much more marked degree all over the world, then the politicians waste breath if they look to malice and racial interest to account for a disease so mild in India, so virulent elsewhere where race antagonisms do not prevail. They might just as will account for the outbreak of influenza in India on the same grounds as they sometimes have tried to account for the outbreaks of famines. Such politicians will learn nothing from the Currency Committee's Report, and it is not for them that we write.

The Price of Silver Must Govern Exchange.

It has been shewn that the rate of exchange must not lag behind the value of the rupee, or rupees will be melted or buried. We may then ask what is the process which prevents exchange from lagging behind the price of silver?

In practice the rate of exchange is fixed by the buying and selling of bills, chiefly in England. Those Englishmen who sell articles to India, write cheques on their buyers asking them to pay bearer so much, as much as their buyers owe their English creditors. These cheques, or bills as they are called, are greedily bought up by importers from India who have to make payment to their Indian creditors and who prefer to send bills by post to sending chests of bullion. In ordinary times and between countries whose currencies are of the same metal, the variations of exchange rates are small. The buyers of bills would not pay a larger value than what it would cost them to send their payments; the sellers of bills would not sell for a smaller value than the cost that would be incurred by their customers if the customers had to remit the money to their creditors. Between these limits the actual rate fixed on will be determined by the forces of the competitions of the buyers and sellers. If Indian exports be higher and Indian imports be lower than the normal, then the rate of exchange will be above par and, if the conditions be reversed, the rate of exchange will be below par.

It is worthwhile adverting thus to normal conditions when coins or bullion can be used for balance of payment internationally in order to see what can be done under the abnormal circumstances now when no bullion or coins can so pass. If England be indebted commercially to India in any year, the indebtedness cannot be settled by England sending either gold or silver, for gold is not available and silver is so dear. Something, no doubt, may be done by selling to India English securities or English holdings of Indian securities; but, if the compulsion be to send silver, those who do not send silver but buy bills cannot escape paying the full sterling price of a tola silver; *hence exchange cannot lag behind the price of silver.*

* * *

The Expedients.

It is merely an accident that the Government of India declares what is the rate of exchange. Let it be understood that it *declares* the rate and does not *make* it. The Government declares the rate because the India Office has the largest and the most regular number of bills to sell, and it is accustomed to say that it will not accept tenders below a certain rate; that is the reason for the declaration. The India Office has these large and regular quantities of bills to sell because the India Office receives large remittances in payments for the stores that it buys in England for the Government of India and for pensions and other charges. In other words, it is predominantly a large exporter; it has a predominantly large number of bills to sell; to some extent, it may refuse to sell and thus *raise exchange.* It may refuse to sell, if it can obtain credit for its payments and delay selling, or it may make use of the gold reserve, if it be adequate. But it cannot lower the rate of exchange, because it is not its interest to do so when the Government of India would have to coin rupees and lose heavily when the bills are presented to the Indian Treasuries for payment, and these rupees would be melted down by the receiver quickly to make profit again to take advantage of the ruling high price of silver. The Government of India and the India Office must not offer at a price lower than what would save the tax-payer from loss—the myriad-minded tax-payer who, we know, thanks to the politicians, is so miserably poor. We have now understood that the Government of India in declaring exchange at a certain rate, is probably not quick enough in announcing these rises, that it follows only the price of silver over which it can have only a very moderate control, and that it cannot help following these gyrations of price without taking the risk of the metallic currency disappearing out of circulation. It, therefore, remains now to consider the expedient ordinarily suggested for reducing the price of silver and for the Government of India bringing to bear such control of the price as it can exercise. The most important of these expedients is the debasing of the rupee. The rupee was already a token coin in one way before the War and it is to be made a token coin in another way after the War. Before the War the rupee was a token coin in the sense that in being made one-fifteenth part and no less of the value of a sovereign, the artificial value of the rupee exceeded the sterling value of the silver contained in it. The currency of the rupee at that value depended entirely upon the power of Government, just as the currency of shillings, in England, depends entirely on the stamp of Government, though the value of the silver in the shilling is less than one-twentieth part of a sovereign; the difference that the shilling is not an unlimited legal tender in England and the rupee in India is, has not affected the merits of the case. When, however, the value of the silver in the rupee exceeded the sterling value fixed for it by Government, the rupee ceased to be a token coin; its acceptability was all too great; it is the holders of the rupee who are unwilling to part with it. The only way in which the rupee again could be degraded to a token coin, would be by reducing the quantity of silver in it so that holders would no longer be willing to part with it provided its general acceptability could be secured once again by Governmental power. There can be no objection to token coinage and even to token coins being made unlimited legal tender; but token coins which are unlimited legal tender, cannot circulate side by side with coins whose intrinsic value exceeds the intrinsic value of equivalent token coins. The reason is obvious. *The undebased rupees in India would be many times in quantity the annual coinage which it is proposed should be debased, and those full-valued rupees would be withdrawn from circulation either by being buried or melted down.* To talk of forcibly preventing hoarding or melting is childish. A Government that has made enormous profits out of the coinage of rupees cannot complain of the holders of rupees making similar profits. Government would have to begin by drawing in the existing rupees, offering in return a larger number of debased rupees or paper notes; but such a transaction seems beyond its powers, and it is a large question how such drawing in of existing rupees, and creating a new universal circulation of debased rupees would affect rupee contracts. Is it fair that the men who have sold goods expecting full rupees should receive in payment debased rupees, while, if they had sold for cash, the rupees which they had held would have by this drawing in of full rupees been converted probably into a double number of debased rupees. The reader then will plunge into the Report of the Currency Committee to see whether it gives a more satisfactory view of the possibility of debasing the rupee than what is here pointed out. The only advantage of it that can be seen is that it will reduce the demand of silver, and that it will anyhow bring down exchange. Bringing down of exchange to the 1s. 4d. level is considered good in itself. Is it so? This point had better be left to the forthcoming Report of the Currency Committee.

The inconvertible Rupee.

In conjunction with this expedient or independently of it, it has been suggested that the demand for silver for India should be reduced by the issue of inconvertible rupee notes: that a currency of wholly inconvertible notes for India could, in process of time, be made acceptable to the people need not be doubted. What is doubtful is whether the currency, partly of full rupees, partly of debased rupees and partly of inconvertible paper, can circulate side by side without a premium being established for the full rupee, or whether even the debased rupee and the rupee note could circulate side by side without a premium for the debased rupee, unless the rupee note be convertible on demand. The same may be said of the proposed nickel rupee note. Into the mere technical aspects of the question whether a nickel rupee note is not more lasting than a paper note and whether it is not less easily forged need not be discussed here. These aspects are best left to experts, and no doubt the Currency Report will have referred to them. We are concerned only with the economic aspects of the problem on the understanding that the technical aspects do not modify the conclusions. What is here pointed out is that the forging of notes convertible and inconvertible alike is already giving concern to issuing authorities. When the forgery is within the country of issue, one presumes to hope that Governmental authority is strong enough to detect the forgery, to discover the forgers and to confiscate the issue: but what if the forger be a foreign Government which can use all the skill that the issuing authority can command and issue notes identical in external appearance with the notes printed at home and whose acceptability by the issuing authority itself cannot be challenged without discrediting the acceptability of the authorised issue at home. If you say to a ryat paying his land-revenue that the note he tenders is a Bolshevist forgery, he will refuse to accept even genuine Indian notes from which he cannot distinguish the Bolshevist substitute. Therefore, a question on which we may seek light from the Currency Committee's Report will be whether, in presence of the spectre of forgeries of notes by distant issuers in well-equipped printing presses on a huge scale, one can complacently consider a further issue of notes, or whether one ought not to contemplate the withdrawal of note circulation altogether. There does not seem any easy solution within reach. Perhaps the report of the Currency Committee will point out some way out of the difficulty.

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The Recommendations of the Currency Committee.

Since the above was printed a telegraphic summary of the recommendations of the Currency Committee has appeared. It is too early to give any opinion, but satisfaction may be expressed that there will be no debasing of the rupee and that there will be no inconvertible paper. Care is thus taken that the paper rupee is not at a discount in relation to the metallic rupee, and the prohibition of silver going out of the country will also help, as well as the full tola of silver in the rupee, to prevent the original rupees being buried or melted. It will require some thinking and a knowledge of the whole report of the Committee to appreciate how far the acceptance of the sovereign as unlimited legal tender at Rs. 10, can be maintained against the price of silver being higher than this ratio would indicate; but it may be at least said at this juncture that whatever effect would have been produced by this unlimited acceptance of gold towards an unlimited offer of gold to India and towards an unlimited export of melted rupees from India, would be at least mitigated by the facts that there is no such unlimited gold to be offered and by the other fact that, to some extent, at least the export of silver will be penalized and may be controlled by the Police. In other words, exchange being linked on to gold and not to sterling, may help to create a situation to fulfil the aim of the Currency Committee and of the Government of India. Once again it is premature, in the absence of the full report, to say whether the Minority Report was right in claiming Rs. 15 to be fixed as the value of the sovereign or whether the Majority Report is right in fixing Rs. 10. There is no question that, if Rs. 15 could have been fixed, it would have been better, but there is no question also that it is easier to carry out a policy of Rs. 10 as nearer the price of silver than the price of Rs. 15 which would be about half the price of silver.

INDIAN CURRENCY TO-DAY.

By Gilbert Slater.

I have been asked to contribute to "East and West" an article explaining in, as simple language as possible, the present position of Indian currency, and the causes and consequences of the phenomenal rise in the exchange value of the rupee. To do so it seems advisable to begin by saying something about previous Indian currency history for the past hundred years.

For a little more than half that period, *i. e.* from 1819 to 1873, Indian currency presented no special difficulties in exchange. Indian trade was mainly with Great Britain; British money was based on gold, Indian money on silver, yet the rupee fluctuated very slightly above or below 2s, and all people concerned could trust to £1 exchanging almost exactly for 10 rupees. What only a very few people realised was that this was an artificial arrangement. This fact almost entirely escaped observation both in India and in England because the artificial machinery for maintaining a steady level of exchange between England and India, was not located in either of these, but in Paris. France, and the neighbouring countries associated with her for currency purposes in the Latin Union, had arranged that both gold and silver should be coined freely up to any amount that might be sent for coinage by private individuals to the mint, and also that debts might be settled to any amount either in gold or silver coin at the option of the payer, one ounce of gold being equivalent for this purpose to fifteen and a half ounces of silver. Hence, if in any country one ounce of gold fell appreciably below 15½ ounces of silver in exchange value, it was open to the owner of the gold to send it to Paris, and he could make sure of getting 15½ ounces of silver for it there; whereas if the value of gold rose to 16 ounces of silver in India or England, the owner of silver could send it to Paris, and there get an ounce of gold for every 15½ ounces of silver. Hence as long as France and the other countries in the Latin Union had plenty of gold and plenty of silver, and nothing prevented the free movement of these metals from country to country, exchange ratios between gold and silver, and between British sovereigns and Indian rupees, could only vary between very narrow limits.

This "bimetallic system" of the Latin Union very nearly broke down after the great gold discoveries in California and Australia about 1849. The world's gold production, which had been only about £5,000,000 in 1848, rushed up to over £30,000,000 in 1853. Naturally most of this gold was sent,—not to London, the mint for the gold using community, but—to Paris, where it could command the same quantity of silver in exchange for each ounce of gold as in the days when gold was comparatively scarce. In consequence there was a period when it looked as though all the silver would be drained out of France, and the Latin Union would be obliged to change to a gold monometallic system. But before this climax was reached, great silver lodes were discovered in America, and the balance was restored. And about the middle of the sixties the tendency appeared for silver to fall in price relatively to gold, so that silver was sent in large quantities to Paris, and gold drained out of France. Hence by 1870 the bimetallic system was again exposed to danger, and whatever chance there might have been of continuing the system, was destroyed by the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1, and by the resolve of the new German Empire to have a gold instead of a silver currency. Hence in 1873 the Latin Union was compelled to close its mints to the free coinage of silver in order to save the remnants of its gold still in circulation.

The next two decades, 1873-1893, witnessed a continual fall in the gold value of silver. Up to 1890 the world's gold production was slightly diminishing, its silver production was increasing rapidly. American and European States were also changing their currency systems in the direction of basing them to a greater extent on gold and to a less degree on silver, so that the demand for gold was increasing while the supply was falling off. As no artificial machinery for regulating exchange values was working, the sterling value of the rupee fell in proportion to the fall in the gold value of silver bullion. The lowest exchange value reached was 1s. 0½d. for the rupee. It is important to notice that the real cause of the fall of the rupee for at least the first 15 years of this period was a rise in the value of gold and not a fall in the real value of silver. An ounce of silver would buy just about as much of the useful commodities of commerce in 1888 as in 1873; but an ounce of gold would buy much more. In other words, during these 15 years, rupee prices of commodities in India were pretty steady, but gold prices in England were falling heavily.

This state of affairs was very profitable to creditor countries like England and France, which were entitled to demand definite sums of gold annually from the countries in which England and France had made investments, as the quantity of food and raw materials represented by each £1,000,000 or 25,000,000 francs receivable in interest, kept on increasing from year to year; but it was a serious loss to the debtor countries, including India, which had to pay out interest in the form of exports of food and raw materials. It was also disastrous that international trade between gold and silver using countries became much more speculative. If a merchant, when the rupee is at 2s. contracts to buy goods in India for Rs. 10,000, and to sell them in London for £1,100, if exchange remains unaltered, he has £100, or Rs. 1,000, to pay his costs and yield a profit. But if before the whole transaction is completed the rupee rises to 2s., 2d. all his profit is wiped out, and most of his margin for the cost of transport of the goods. On the other hand if the rupee in the same period falls to 1s., 10d. the sum of £1,100 received in London becomes nearly Rs. 12,000, so that the gross difference between his buying and selling price is nearly doubled, and his net profit probably quadrupled. Importing merchants have the same speculative risks to face. The results are that—(1) with a fluctuating rupee merchants are compelled to refuse to trade except at much wider margins of expected profit, and (2) the little men tend to disappear, either being bankrupted by bad luck in the movement of exchange, or being converted into wealthy merchants by good luck.

Most of all the fall in the exchange value of the rupee was embarrassing to the Government of India. Upon that Government fell the responsibilities of annually remitting to London so many millions of £ sterling in settlement of "Home Charges". These sums had to be got out of the Indian tax-payer in rupees, and when the rupee fell to 1s., 4d. three crores of rupees had to be obtained in taxation instead of two crores, for every million £ remitted. And to get the extra rupees in taxes was very difficult because the Indian producer was not getting any more rupees for a given quantity of produce. Naturally also the members of the Indian Civil Service, and all other Europeans paid definite rupee salaries in India, were very much disturbed because all the increases in salary to which they might be entitled appeared to be wiped out by the fall in exchange. This was in appearance only, because if they got fewer sovereigns for each hunred rupees remitted England, each sovereign had gained in purchasing power.

In these circumstances the Indian Government in 1894 closed the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver, and resolved thereby to create such a relative scarcity of coined silver in India that the rupee might rise from the figure even below 1s., 4d. to which it had fallen, and henceforward be maintained at 1s., 4d. The machinery for determining just how much silver was to be coined was found in the use of Council Bills. These are documents entitling the holder to demand rupees in Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras and they are sold for English money by the Secretary of State in London. The exporter of Indian produce is glad to buy Council Bills, because he is paid in London in English money for his goods, and he wants rupees in India to settle his accounts and to continue his business. On the other hand the Secretary of State wants the English money he receives for Council Bills to settle the "home charges," and the Indian Government can meet the bills in Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, out of the rupees received in taxes. The rupees paid out are, of course, ordinarily paper rupees, and the quantity of paper in circulation indicated the number of silver rupees that would have to be coined.

One effect of this arrangement was to cause the price of uncoined silver to fall still lower and it ultimately fell to little over one-third of its average gold price (about 60d. per oz.) for the 1819-1870 period. It has been argued that this was a serious loss to India as the wealth stored in the form of silver ornaments was depreciated. But it has to be remembered that the greater part of that depreciation would have occurred independently of the closing of the mints, and that if that measure had not been adopted the silver rupees in which also much of the wealth in India is stored would have shared in the depreciation. The effect of the action taken was to add a certain value to coined rupees, taking the same value away from all uncoined silver. As all the rupees were in India, India got the whole of the gain; and as only part of the uncoined silver was in India, most of the loss fell on other countries. In fact the chief losers were shareholders in silver mines.

The new system, inaugurated in 1894, became fully operative by 1898; and it so happened that 1896 was the turning point in the appreciation of gold. Increased production of gold (quadrupled between 1890 and 1898) began to operate, and also the economising of gold coin by the use of cheques &c. in gold using countries. As the supply of gold was rising in proportion to demand, a given sum of gold commanded smaller quantities of commodities, and prices rose. They were rising from 1896 to 1914, and this rise was profitable to all debtor countries, including India. Also the prices of good and raw materials were rising faster than the prices of manufactured foods, and this too was profitable to India. Given quantities of exports went further both in paying interest and in buying imports. Hence in this period India was able to demand payment for a considerable part of her exports in gold, and, the tastes of the people being what they are, India exercised this power. There has been much mistaken denunciation of the Indian demand for gold and its "hoarding," which means its use for jewellery. In their own interests Indians would have done better to use their resources in agricultural and manufacturing development, but at least they were benefiting and not injuring the rest of the world by giving wheat, rice, jute, cotton, tea and oil seeds in return for the superfluous and depreciating yellow metal dug out of the South African reefs, thereby retarding the rise of prices all over the world.

India was gradually realising the advantages of the restoration of an artificial stabilising of exchange when the war broke out. Simultaneously with the declaration of war, a three days' bank holiday was proclaimed in the United Kingdom; and when the three days had expired, the British currency system was transformed. The "Bradburys," Treasury notes for £1 and 10s, had made their appearance; they were legal tender to any amount in equality with gold; holders of them had no right to demand gold for them in any public office whatsoever; and Bank of England notes were no longer cashable on demand in gold, but cashable, at the option of the bank, either in gold or Bradburys. Similarly each European country as it entered the war also adopted a currency system of inconvertible paper money. Now all belligerent Governments wanted money badly. As long as their money was sold, they were limited in the quantity of money they issued by the gold that came to their mints. As long as their money was paper notes, which gave the holder the right to demand gold, the quantity of money they could issue depended upon the quantity of paper money people would keep in circulation without demanding gold for it. But as soon as their money was inconvertible paper there was no check to the amount they issued except their own regard for the future, and for the honourable obligation to cash their paper in gold ultimately, and their concern at the inconvenience caused by the fall in exchange of their money with the United States and India and other countries which had not had resort to inconvertible paper.

War compels Governments to spend recklessly. Loans and issues of inconvertible paper give them the means of spending; hence prices rise at a speed proportional to the intensity of the effort of the belligerent countries. These buy greedily from neutrals, but have difficulty in paying by exports for the goods inported; hence the scarcity of commodities and abudance of money spreads from belligerent countries to neutrals, and high prices therewith.

The effect on India of the intensity of the war demand in Europe for all sorts of commodities, was to force exports out of India at ever increasing prices in spite of the shortage of sea-going ships and the great enhancement of freights. The effect of the concentration of European effort in the war was that imports could come only in very insufficient quantities to India to pay for those exports. The war has nominally ceased for over a year, but much disorder and bloodshed still continues, and where order has been restored in Europe, energies have to be concentrated a repairing the ravages of war. The effect on Indian trade may be illustrated by the figures for a single month. Last October is a fair sample. Indian imports were valued at £11,000,000, just the same figure as for the last pre-war October 1913, though, of course, the quantities of goods imported were much less. Exports were valued at £19,000,000 as against only £13,000,000 in October 1913, and this in spite of the fact that much of the £13,000,000 exported in October 1913 was in the form of grain, the export of which, last October, was prohibited.

In so far as exports are paid for by imports, Indian foreign trade is carried on without any disturbance of the currency. Also those exports which are required to meet home charges, and those that are paid for by imported gold coin and gold bullion, do not effect the currency. But there has been a great surplus of exports for the past five years far beyond these limits. The exporters of these surplus goods get paid in London in English money: they require rupees in India. They clamour for the sale of Council Bills, and the Indian Government, for fear of stopping an export trade which is vital to both India and Britain, must meet their needs as far as possible. So long as it could be done, Council Bills were sold at 1s., 4d., and cashed in rupee paper money, and the quantity of such paper issued over and above the silver and gold held by the Indian treasury in reserve against the notes, increased enormously. But when the notes circulated in the villages, the villagers wanted to cash them. More rupees had to be coined, and more silver imported in order to coin rupees.

Now even before the Great War broke out, Mexico had fallen a prey to disorder and civil war, and Mexico had previously produced more than one-third of the world's silver output. Another third came from the United States of America, and all the rest of the world produced less than one-third. For some years the silver mines of Mexico continued their production, but by 1914 disorder had reached such a pitch, and the silver mines were raided so frequently by one faction or another, that the Mexican production fell to a minute fraction of what it had been, and it has not been restored since. Hence the Indian demand for greatly increased quantities of silver for coinage came just at a time when the world's stocks had been greatly depleted by failure of production to the extent of nearly thirty per cent. So the price of silver crept up from about 2s. per ounce to 40d. Beyond that price it was no longer possible to coin a 1s. 4d. rupee without loss. The Government of India was obliged to raise the price of Council Bills, and the rupee went up to 1s., 5d. and then to 1s., 6d. and there was every prospect of a rapid further rise. At this point, President Wilson came to the rescue. The United States had vast stores of silver dollars held as reserve against paper money. These had been stored up during the period of falling prices of silver, as the silver producers had had enough influence with the United States Government to secure the coining of those dollars. The greater part of this store was sold to India, and while most of it has been coined into rupees, I believe some is still held in reserve for future coining. The danger of dissipating that stock has compelled the Government to resort to such measures as the issue of Re. 1 and Rs. 2½ notes, and to be careful about the sale of Council Bills and the issue of paper; and as the demand for Council Bills, due to the surplus of exports, has been in excess of the quantity Government felt justified in issuing, the price in

English money of the rupee has continued to rise, and at this moment it stands at 2s., 5d.

What is most remarkable is that the price of silver on the London and New York markets has continued to rise even during the period when India, relying upon its store of silver dollars purchased from America, has abstained from buying. One cause has been the Chinese demand. China is vast and fertile and is supposed to have over four hundred million inhabitants, and uses silver and copper money and very little gold or paper. Communications are slow and bad, railways almost non-existent, high roads almost equally so, transport taking place mainly by means of the rivers and by foot paths, these latter frequently being only the bunds dividing paddy fields. Hence the influence of the very high prices of Chinese exportable goods obtained in the ports, only gradually spreads to the interior, but as it spreads it sucks out such goods, and now shipping is becoming increasingly available to carry them to the hungry markets of Europe and America. All this means much more buying and selling and transport of commodities at much higher prices, and therefore much more demand for silver money. It is also easy to see that similar economic forces have been at work in other silver using countries. And so even with India out of the silver market as a purchaser, the market price of silver has continued to rise in response to Chinese and other demands. It is now just over 75d. per ounce. That means that Indian rupees, if taken to London, would be worth 2s. 4d. as *bullion*. Hence it will be seen that high as the rupee has risen, there will be much difficulty in preventing it from rising still higher.

THE UNBORN.

BY KATHERINE HARRINGTON.

Oh God, this child of mine, I'd have it be
Great soul'd and strong and beautiful and free,
And ever to this end my heart shall be
Fill'd with desire and yearning agony.

My soul shall rend itself to give to thee
Child of my love, child to be born to me.
And we that were but twain shall breathe as three
Nature awaits to make us trinity.

Oh child ! for thee my veins run ecstacy,
I would but give thee all and cease to be
Unless I die 'twere done unworthily
Bring forth and die ! God guard this joy to me.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

BY MAC LIR.

In pre-war days, a strike was regarded as an unfortunate but temporary disturbance in the harmony of capital and labour. The workers demanded higher wages or shorter hours or both, and if they had sufficient strength behind them, their demands were conceded, and peace reigned. There were socialists in those days indeed who said that this was only tinkering with the great social problem, but then these socialists were few; they were besides really all foreigners, and had not the economists riddled their position with infallible arguments, socialism was all right as a subject for debate, but as a work-a-day remedy for social and economic evils it was preposterous! Even when with the great strikes of 1911, Syndicalism as a working proposition threatened for the first time, men said it was but a temporary derangement, that the good sense of the working classes,—"and after all you know there are a good many sensible moderate men amongst the working classes,"—would see its absurdity, would see that the social structure of England on which rested all its greatness, was not to be disturbed by a few evil malcontents. It was in the security conditioned by such thoughts as these that Great Britain went to war, trusting that when the war was over, things would settle down into the old ways, that in a common crucible of suffering the classes would find still greater unity, and that the old order would continue. There are many even now who look upon the almost innumerable strikes, the general economic unrest, the general social disintegration which manifests itself in so many ugly forms, as merely temporary departures from the normal which is going to establish itself on the old lines at some indefinite but not distant date. "The war," says the politician, "has brought a great and terrible strain on humanity, it is no wonder that in the re-action after victory, people should run to extremes; by and by, we shall settle down." With such half truths as these, a great part of the world is being deluded, for if there is anything certain in the future, it is that there will be no settling down. Society is going to be remodelled, and whether the change comes quickly and easily will depend on the extent to which mankind in general are capable of seeing the truth and of compelling the so-called leaders of opinion to see and acknowledge it.

Socialism, formerly used as a term of reproach, has now become quite respectable, its place in the catalogue of abuse being taken by Bolshevism. Every departure from what the ruling parties in European States regard as orthodox, is labelled Bolshevism with the purpose of bringing upon it the odium which attaches to the Bolshevist règime in Russia. It is a dangerous game to play. It may have exactly the opposite effect to that intended. If legitimate social action on the part of the workers is labelled Bolshevism, they will begin to believe that Bolshevism itself is legitimate, and that from which they would revolt if they understood, they will seek, through ignorance and through the misunderstanding fixed upon them by an ill-informed public opinion. We have not sufficient authentic information of the Bolshevist regime in Russia to be able to judge it. We are looking at it at present through the mists of prejudice. It is probably not nearly as bad as it is painted. But what we do know of it is that its social policy is founded on principles which are not only most objectionable to our nearest conceptions of society, but are also economically unsound. Marxian Socialism would not have been established in Russia had not the way been prepared for it by reactionaries who imposed ignorance and slavery on the people. It will not prevail elsewhere except the same instrumentality makes it inevitable. Eager minds are attracted by its specious simplicity and equity while the desponding adopt it as the only way out of chaos. An educated public opinion, a sympathetic reception of efforts intended to resolve social problems, with a resolute purpose to understand and to discuss without prejudice or party passion the worker's point of view – these will minimise the threatened danger of Bolshevism, and will lead to an equitable settlement of the present industrial strife.

On the relations between capital and labour as it is called, public opinion is very ill informed. The man in the street has ideas concerning it which date back to the beginning of the industrial era when capital was derived largely from previous savings, when the capitalist was the employer, and when labour was plentiful, cheap and inefficient. The capitalist employer was a new and significant phenomenon, the growth of wealth brought about by the changed conditions of industry was marvellous, and the capitalist, and therefore capital, gained a prestige and a power which have lasted until this day. Men speak of capital as if it possessed some intrinsic virtue, as if it were something too precious and fugitive to be exposed to the harsh wind of criticism, as if by virtue of having possession of it, a man was exalted above his fellows, granted rights which did out pertain to others and immunities from which none else were free. People who themselves own capital to large amounts in the form of investments and savings speak of it as something remote from them, as a thing which demands respect. The worker himself by the very vehemence with which he assails capital and the capitalist, acknowledge its prestige. And undoubtedly a man of genius in possession of capital can perform wonders. Henry Ford, Lord Pirrie in our day are striking instances of this, and the past century saw very many other men equally successful. But the freedom of action which the present organisation of industry gave to these men while enabling them to perform immense service to humanity while building up huge fortunes for themselves, allowed also others to attain immense wealth at the expense of society. The gains are visible, the benefit to mankind is obvious, but the losses, the hardships, the ruin inflicted by many lords of industry are known only to the few, and even to the few only partially. *Laissez faire* as a principal has no better claim to acceptance in economic activity than it has in politics as any other branch of social endeavour. Freedom of action and enterprise is eminently desirable, but society cannot afford to despense with the policeman at the corner.

The struggle between labour and capital then, at the present time, centres round this freedom of action which the possession of capital gives to the employer. He has the right within limits of determining the conditions under which the labourer works, to regulate output, to speed up or to slow down production so as to ensure a maximum profit. The worker argues, and rightly, that the commodity he offers to society is more precious, more valuable than the capital of the employer: he gives his labour and his life, the latter gives money or its equivalent. The latter is an individual or represents a small group of individuals, the former are many, and although from equal numbers of the employing and working class, a greater amount of talent may be expected from the former than the latter yet the numbers of the latter so preponderate, that any freedom which is given to the capitalist that enables him to weigh so heavily on the worker as to prevent or to arrest the development of that class, is so great an injury to society that no compensation in industrial development can really make up for it. It is but natural that the worker should wish to change his old status as servant of the capitalist to the new one of master of the capitalist. It is a perfectly legitimate ambition, it is moreover equitable since it is obviously better that the few should be servants to the many than that the many should serve the few. But as the interests of society are of more moment than those of any part of it, it remains to be answered whether the proposed change would be in the interests of society. This must remain for the present a speculation, although in the form of guild socialism, the experiment has been tried to some extent in Italy and elsewhere and with fair success. But the English workingman has evidently not sufficient belief in himself to try it, as his refusal to take over dockyards from the Government is evidence, and therefore, he seeks to place the control of industry in the hands of society organised in the State. As the labour party expects to be the ruling party in the near future, this is in reality placing the control of industry in the hands of labour, but with the additional advantage of giving it a State guarantee. It is an exceedingly clever movement on the part of the labour leaders but unless they can produce more efficient ministers than the present coalition there is little hope of the nationalisation of industries being successful.

From the experience which they have derived of State control during the past five years, few outside the Trades Unions are inclined to look with favour upon the nationalisation of Industries, and hence the proposal to nationalise the coal mines has been received with vehement opposition by Parliament. This attitude is reasonable, and well founded. State control has been an ignominious failure, and there is no reason to believe that a Labour Government will be more successful in this direction than the present coalition, granting even that it would work under more favourable conditions with the whole strength of organised labour at its back. But at the same time a change in the administration of industrial energy is inevitable, and unless public opinion is sympathetic and awakened to consider means by which the control of industry can be if not wholly entrusted to the workers at least shared by them, nationalistion as a short cut is bound to come, and it may come in a manner most revolutionary. Hitherto the popular press has been decidedly at fault in its attitude towards labour problems. It has seemed to regard the Trades Union leaders as men who would hesitate at nothing to gain their own class interests. This attitude is both absurd and dangerous. To accuse the workers of self-aggrandisement is but to remind them that in the past they have been sacrificed to class interests. Better to face the facts as they are and to recognise that the best of the workers, and this applies to most of the prominent leaders are directed by motives as altruistic as those of any other class in the community, that if their aims are misguided, it is solely because they have been unable to see the right way out, that while they insist and rightly insist upon a change in the status of labour, they are convinced that this change will benefit not only the worker himself but all other classes. They do not wish to deprive capital of its just reward, but they know as everybody knows that the capitalistic control of industry induces, besides other evils, the spirit of speculation and gambling an inordinate production of articles of luxury in which much of the wealth that would have gone to development is wasted, that true competition is made impossible, and that the tendency of present day business methods is towards trusts and combines which menace both the worker and the consumer. Drastic changes are coming, and if the politician and the press continue to cry wolf instead of dealing with the difficulties of the situation, they may find some day that this creation of their imaginations has materialised.

COMFORT IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Jean Roberts.

A wind-swept wilderness; flesh that perisheth!
What is this cry of one who comforteth?
What comfort where decay and death prevail
And countless woes assail
Men who are born
Into a world forlorn?

A desert swept by Breath of God; flesh that enshrineth
Word that the Godhead's mystery combineth
With valiant meekness of the human will;
Word that doth all things fill
In, and beyond, our reach,
Word uttering Love's own speech.

A desert swept by mighty wind; flesh purified
By this great current of God's Breath and tried
By fire of love, till ear can hear, eye see
Vision that is and is to be;
The mystery
Of Beauty on the rainbow-circled throne
Reigning in unity, Triune, but One.

O wind-swept wilderness of life! O flesh
Quailing at no assault, held but shortly in death's mesh,
Hear now the cry of comfort clear and loud:
Abased must be the proud!
But lowly souls arise
Above Time, Space and Skies
With Christ the Incarnate Word
To Christ our God and Lord.

GEORGE WILLCOX AND HIS NARRATIVE.

(Wherein is traced the origin of the Bombay High Court)

BY P. B. M. MALABARI.

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In Chapter V of *Bombay in the Making*, I have attempted to give from the scanty materials then at my disposal, an account of the administration of justice in the town and island of Bombay from 1670 to 1726. The credit of establishing law and order in Bombay in those early and turbulent days, belongs to that far-sighted Governor, Gerald Aungier. For it was he who passed certain orders at a consultation held on February 2nd 1670 for the purpose of regulating the administration of justice in the locality. The town and island of Bombay was divided into two parts or "precincts", in each of which five justices, *all Englishmen*, being qualified for the purpose, were appointed to administer justice, three forming the quorum. These justices were known as "customers" and their services were purely honorary, though they were allowed certain previleges of trade, probably to compensate them for their trouble. These justices were empowered to appoint their own "Perbes" (Perbhu clerks) and other necessary officers; a register was ordered to be kept of all sentences, resolutions, executions and judgments, and a constable was appointed for every parish within these two precincts. Aungier was fully conscious of the danger with which the experiment of investing "these customers", mostly traders and sublimely ignorant even of the rudimentary principles of law, with judicial powers, was fraught. He therefore decided upon the establishment of a Court of Appeal, consisting of the Deputy Governor and his Council. This Superior Court, besides hearing appeals from the Inferior Court, was empowered to try "all suits and actions whatsoever between man and man for lands, goods and sums of money above the value of 200 xeraphins"; it was also entrusted with the administration of criminal justice in the town and island of Bombay. In this Court all trials were to be by a jury and exact registers of their proceedings were kept "that the equity thereof may appear to all whom it may concern." It was perhaps somewhat presumptuous on the part of the Deputy Governor and his Council to form themselves into a Court of Appeal and to sit in judgment over the decisions of the Inferio Court, for of Law and Procedure the Judges of the Court of Appeal could not have boasted much greater knowledge than that possessed by the "customers." We suppose th Court of Appeal was constituted mainly as a sort of check on the vagaries and illegalities of the "customers", and with the object of inspiring confidence in the heterogeneous population of Bombay in this interesting experiment in the realm of of justice. Both these courts must have attempted to administer justice in accordance with the Laws of England, and we doubt not they also did this in accordance with the dictates of their conscience. In 1670 a special Code was published for their guidance. No trace of this code, probably the first Procedure Code in India, can be found at the present day, but its publication is vouched for by the following entry in the consultation Book for 1670:—

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* Only Englishmen were appointed Justices in those days, probably because no natives were found qualified for such a trust then.

"It is unanimously resolved that those laws which concern the administration of justice and common right, the form of judicature, and the penalties appointed against performances, breaches of morality and civil government, shall be translated into the Portuguese and Kanarese languages and be published, with all convenient speed, and the others deferred till further consideration."

Two years later, another and probably a more elaborate Procedure Code was prepared with the help of certain law-books which the Court of Directors appear to have sent to the Company's servants in Bombay in 1672. For in a letter from Surat, the Governor and Council write to Bombay as follows:—

"Mr. Geo. Wilcox hath informed yt he hath drawne up a forme of Legall proceedings wch he intended to present him wth on his arrival at Bombay wch forme wee would have him send up hither yt wee may debate and consider thereof".

In the history of the administration of justice in Bombay in the days of Gerald Aungier, no document has a more important bearing or can evoke greater interest than this Procedure Code drawn up by Mr. George Willcox and submitted to the Governor and Council at Surat for their consideration. And yet as I have observed in my book, we know nothing about it beyond the fact that there was such a code, and it was with feelings of genuine regret that I then added:—"The loss to the lawyer may not be great, but the antiquary cannot but regret it." Both the lawyer and the antiquary will be pleased to hear that this valuable document has just been discovered, and it is my privilege to bring it to light for the first time, at least in India.

About the end of 1913, Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles, the well-known American and Antiquarian Booksellers of London, wrote to me to say they had in their possession a long and very valuable original Manuscript by Judge George Willcox, dated Bombay 30th December 1672, containing a narrative of the establishment of the English Law on the Island of Bombay on the 8th August 1672, with an account of the grand ceremonial adopted on the occasion of that most interesting event. They were good enough to offer me the sale of this valuable document for the sum of fifty guineas. From the abstract of the contents which accompanied their letter I was well able to judge of its great historical value, and found the temptation to be the proud possessor of this precious Manuscript well nigh irresistible. But the spirit of antiquarianism within me had to yield before the more imperious demands of my purse. I had sunk some little money in the publication of *Bombay in the Making*. I had never expected to make any profit out of the sale of my book; I should have felt more than amply rewarded had it paid all expenses. But that was not to be, and the result of my four years' labour was not such as to encourage me to continue the series of four volumes which I had then under contemplation, the first dealing with the earliest period from 1661 to 1726 described in *Bombay in the Making*, the second with the Mayor's Court (1726-1791), the 3rd with the Recorder's Court (1798-1826), the last bringing the account down to the present day. I was therefore reluctantly compelled to decline the publisher's offer of the sale of the Willcox Ms. A similar offer was made to the Imperial Library of Calcutta but they, too, could not avail themselves of it, probably through lack of funds. I do not know if the offer was made to any public Library in Bombay or to the authorities here, probably none was made, for the Ms. now reposes in the archives of the British Museum, from which I have obtained a copy which has enabled me to write this article. It is a pity, I had almost said shame, that such a valuable document of great historical importance, dealing with the establishment of the English Law in the town and island of Bombay, the Magna Charta, as it were, of our High Court, should lie thousands of miles away from this city, the home of its birth.

In spite of the lapse of two centuries and a quarter, the Willcox Ms. is still preserved in a fine, clean condition. An unbound volume, it contains 12 large folio pages (9¾×13¾ in.), each followed by a blank leaf and a leaf containing the endorsement. It is very legibly yet closely written, 33 to 38 lines on a full page and averaging 14 words to the full line. The outside bears the following endorsement: "George Willcox Narrative concerning the establishing the English Laws in Bombay, No. 31, Rec'd August 1673, p. the "Loyall Merchant". So it seems that the Bombay Government sent a copy of this Narrative to the Court of Directors in England per the "Loyall Merchant" in 1673, though the Narrative itself, signed by George Willcox, bears the date 30th December, 1672. Before setting forth the various clauses of the Ms. in detail, a brief summary of its contents may be found useful. George Willcox thus begins his

Narrative:-"According to the Govrs. command, I have drawn up a Narrative of the Establishment of the Law on the Island Bombay as it is now settled and confirmed by him since his coming upon the place which is as followeth." Then follows an account of Governor Aungier's arrival in Bombay from Surat on which memorable day a Fast was observed, and a proclamation issued agaist the breach of the Sabbath and against drunkenness, profaneness and other like vices. Divers petitions were then brought in by the several castes inhabiting the island, praying for the establishment of the English Law in the town and island of Bombay, whereupon another proclamation was issued "for abolishing the Portugal Laws and all offices from and after the first of August next and establishing the English Law." Willcox was directed to draw up a scheme for the purpose of regulating the administration of justice, which he did "in several three papers". The first of these papers settled the constitution of the Court and the form of Summons to be issued and the manner of serving the same, and a Table of Fees was also prepared. The second paper dealt with the "settling an office for proving the Wills and granting administrations" and laid down the mode of Procedure to be observed in testamentary and intestate matters. Officers were also appointed for the purpose, the fees to be taken by each and other incidental charges were fixed and the method of keeping books and inventories decided upon. In the third paper Willcox described the "manner of keeping a Sessions", dividing Bombay into "hundreds" for the purpose. It also decided upon the form of warrants to be issued and served in criminal matters, established prisons, laid down rules for prisoners and specified the duties of the various officers of the Sessions. The Governor and Council having approved of this scheme, Willcox was appointed Judge of the town and island of Bombay; he was also placed in charge of the Office of Wills, and was to act as Registrar of Mortgages, Deeds &c. The Judge was directed to study the law and to give an undertaking not to engage in any trade or commerce in consideration of the salary of £ 25 per annum. Then follow some remarks on the general conduct of the Law, which we shall have occasion to refer to in the proper place. The Governor and Council thought, and rightly thought, that so great a day as that which marked the establishment of the English Law in Bombay should not pass without due celebration and some favours shown to the people, "for had there been no solemnity", they shrewdly observed, "with this change, the people's disesteem would have been greater than their satisfaction". It was therefore decided to release the prisoners then in jail, and medals were also ordered to be struck and flung among the people on the occasion. Unfortunately, the celebration of that red-letter in the history of Bombay, the 1st of August, 1672, had to be postponed till the 8th owing to the "prodigious quantity of raine" that seems to have deluged Bombay on the 1st. As soon as these preliminaries were over, a solemn Procession was formed and the whole assembly met at the Guild Hall of Bombay, where the Company's Patent and the Commission to the Governor were read and Willcox was sworn in as Judge, followed by other judicial officers in their respective appointments. Then Governor Aungier made a long and most interesting speech befitting the occasion. At the conclusion of the speech, Judge Willcox presented a petition for the release of prisoners which was graciously granted. The

Governor then vacated the chair in favour of the Judge as representing the majesty of the Law. This practically completed the whole ceremonial whereupon the Governor marched on foot to the Fort, and on the way medals were again flung to the crowd, salutes were fired and bonfires lighted. Willcox closes the Narrative by citing a few examples of cases already dealt with before the Court and the sentences passed on the offenders. It is interesting to observe that the sick and the destitute were not forgotten on that memorable occasion, for a Hospital was provided for the sick "that care may be taken of them by the Doctrs and this to be done wth out charge to the Hon'ble Compy". This is the bare outline of the account Judge Willcox sent to his masters in England. Let us now turn to the original manuscript and fill in the interesting details.

The Narrative opens as follows:—

"The watchful eye of our Honble Govr being alwaies open to behold the things that belong to our Place could never be satisfied, but in the prospect of that, which he hath now accomplished, to which end after a most dangerous voiage from Surrat, it pleased the Almighty, that he arrived safe amongst us, signifying, though wee should be blest, yet it might be with difficulties. No sooner had his foot toucht our shore, but God toucht his heart. A fast was immediately proclaimed, and kept, next a Proclamation issued out against the breach of the Sabbath, profanness, drunkenness, and uncleanness; this rejoyet* us al, hoping, when God was in the beginning, a blessing would be in the conclusion".

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* I have followed the spelling literally as used in the original manuscript, even where it is apparently incorrect, *i. e.* "rejoyet" must mean "rejoiceth." No doubt the copyist, probably a Perbe or Parbhu clerk, committed several mistakes through ignorance of the English language.

This was characteristic of Gerald Aungier whose Protestant zeal knew no bounds. He did nothing without putting God's holy name on his lips and he did everything in the name of the Almighty and for His Glory. The son of a Most Reverend father and reverent mother, Aungier knew that "when God was in the beginning, a blessing would be in the conclusion". The Proclamation of a Fast was also peculiarly befitting the occasion and it must have appealed to the Gentus of the period very strongly. Leading a clean and pure life himself he was a staunch believer in the maxim that cleanliness was next only to godliness. A strict disciplinarian, he put down all profaneness and drunkenness, and any breach of the Sabbath, however light it may seem to us in these days, with a stern hand. And let it be said to his credit that he did this with strict impartiality. For if he punished the Indians severely, he was no less severe towards his countrymen and spared not even his own countrymen who trespassed against the laws of God and man.

Willcox then proceeds:

"Having done this, divers petitions were brought in by the several cast for establishing the English laws: upon which his Honr ordered me to bring in the forme and method of proceedings in a Court of Judicature, and the manner of setling at things as neare as possible according to the custom and Constitution of England, which having done in three several papers, he was pleased to issue forth his Proclamason for abolishing (from and after the first day of August next) the Portugal Laws, and for establishing the English, and likewise to make void al Commissions of the Peace in the Portugal hands".

Sir Erskine Perry was, therefore, fully justified in the conclusion he arrived at in the case of *The Advocate General Vs. Richmond*[*] that there was not the least vestige of Portuguese law or Portuguese courts in Bombay after the cession of the port and island by the King of Portugal to Charles II. "The broad fact remains", he observes, "that the English Law was introduced into Bombay at the date of the cession, and has since prevailed". With but one masterly stroke of the pen, Aungier abolished Portuguese laws and established the English law in their stead. We doubt, however, if Perry, C. J., was aware of the existence of the Willcox Ms. when he wrote out his lucid judgment in that case. Indeed, he could not have known anything about it, since the manuscript was unearthed only four years ago.

Willcox then settled the form of the Summons and the method of serving it as follows:—

"A summons to be left by an officer appointed for that purpose at the house of the defendant."

"In case of non-appearance, Oath to be made in open court, that the summons was served by the messenger."

Forme of the Summons.

By vertue of an action of Trespass in the case of damages................at the suit of............you shal summon to appear at the Guild Hal of this Island on......
and in case of non-appearance by his attorney the court wil proceed to judgement on evidence of the plaintiff.

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[*] Perry's Oriental cases, 573.

The next court day after summons the plaintiff to give in declaration.

Two court days after declaration to come to a Tryall without sufficient cause shewed to the contrary".

Officers of the court were then appointed and a Table of Fees was thus settled: –

A court to be held every weeke if there be occasion.

Officers belonging to the Court.

A Judge, Councill, Clerk of the Papers, Tipstaffs and Clerks besides Jurymen.

Fees belonging to the Court.

	Rs.	PICE
Summons and sealing of it	2	00
Entering the Action	0	06
Messenger for serving the Summons.. ..	0	12
Councillors Fee	1	16
Drawing a Declaration	1	16
Swearing Wittness	0	04
Summoning a Jury	1	00
Jury's Verdict	2	00
Subpena	1	00
Joying issue*	1	16
Entring Judgement	1	03
Taking out Execution	2	00

The party imprisoned, if he hath a visible estate, and will not make sale of it towards payment of his debts in six months time, sale shal be made for him and he released.

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* Evidently a mistake for "Joining issue".

Willcox then drew up his "second paper", which dealt exclusively with testamentary and intestate matters. It runs as follows:—

"The second paper was reasons for settling an office for proving of wills and granting administrations which are as followeth:—

"The law cannot have its current without this Establishmt. What law can take hold of an Executor wth out he takes upon him the execution of the wil; an Executor in a wil is only nominal, tis the probate makes him legal.

"If the Testator dies in debt no creditor can sue his executor wth out he takes upon him the Probate; should any bring action against him, how would he ground his Declaration: it must be either an Executor or administrator: how can that be when he never did administer.

"This settlement quiets the mind of al people, they being in a capacity to recover their own; an executor taking upon him the execution of a wil has as much power to sue any man as any man has power to sue him; here the Law has its current, and every man wilinioy* his right, and wth out this the best part of the law signifies little."

Officers were then appointed for the above purpose, fees settled and certain rules framed for inventories and accounts to be filed, which were as follows:—

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*This strange word defies Dictionaries, ancient and modern! But clearly it means "will enjoy." The Parbhu copyist must have failed to make out the word in the original, probably through his own ignorance or perhaps owing to the caligraphy of Judge Willcox.

Officers in the Office.

A Register, Clerks and an Apparitor.

Fees to be taken in the Office.

	Rs.	PICE.
The Probate and Seale and swearing an executor	3	08
Ingrosing of a wil	1	16
For Registring it	1	16

(This to the Register, and he to pay his clerks and to be at al charges, etc.)

	Rs.	PICE
For an Administration & Seale ..	6	00
(he to pay his clerks out of this)		
Entring a Caveat	0	12
For warning a Caveat	0	12
For sight of a wil	0	12
For coppying a wil	1	16

The Register to be at ale charges for Pen Ink, Paper and Bookes.

Al Wils to be registered and bound up and to be kept as records in the office and the original Wil to be there also.

BOOKS TO BE IN THE OFFICE.

"A Booke of Probates, Aministrations, Caveat and a Calendar, these to be renewed every yeare. at the charge of the Register.

"Al Inventories to be brought in the office, or the parties to be fined. The reason for this is because if Inventories are not brought in, Estates will be concealed and so Creditors will be defrauded.

"The charge for an Inventory is two rupees a length, it being twice writt over, one for the parties, the other to remain in the office.

"An account to be likewise brought in, the charge the same wth the Inventory."

This completes the second paper drawn up by the Judge. The third paper thus deals with Sessions, &c.

"The third paper was the manner of keeping a Session, and dividing Bombay into hundreds, which is as followeth, viz.

"Bombay to be divided into three hundreds, the Hundred of Bombay, of Maym, and Mazagan, each hundred to have a Justice of the Peace and Constable.

"A Sessions to be held every month, the Justices of every hundred to be there; the place Bombay, and the Sessions to be kept where the court of Judicature is kept.

"Upon every complaint made to the Justices, they to issue out their warrant, the crime to be inserted in it, the Constable to serve the warrant, if possible, the Justices to make friends,* if not to binde them over to the Sessions taking security for prosecuting and appearing, sending the examination to the Clerk of the Peace and he to draw up an indictment; if no security can be found, the party to be sent to the Gaile til next Sessions, there to be heard before the Judges and Justices.

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*It is not quite clear what is meant by Justices making "friends." Perhaps if they personally knew the party lodging the complaint, they did not enforce security for their prosecuting and appearing at the time of the trial. Or can it mean to reconcile the parties and induce the prosecution to withdraw the summons, though this is not very consonant with modern English ideas of criminal Justice.

"Two prisons to be ordered, one for debt, the other for felons both to be in Bombay, and the prisonrs of each hundred to be brought thither by the Constable. A sufficient person to be chosen keeper of the prisons, he to put in security to the Judg against al expenses, and he to pay the debt of al expenses and to be recovered by Law. Upon al escapes of felons and murders (murderers?) the keeper to be imprisoned or to be severely fined."

So the post of "keeper of the prison" was by no means a sinecure. He had not only to pay the debts of all debtors (recoverable by law) who escaped from his charge, but he was fined and even imprisoned in lieu of those criminals who escaped from their own imprisonment. It is a mercy that Judge Willcox did not ordain that the keeper of the prison was to be hanged if he allowed a murderer to escape! But let us return to his Narrative. He then made out a list of the officers belonging to the Sessions as under:—

"Clerk of the Peace, Clerks, Cryer and Interpretors. A Constable to serve but one year, a new one to be chosen every Easter Monday by the major voices of the Inhabitants, he to be sworne at Sessions. Every hundred to chose their own Constable, in his own hundred.

"Church wardens to be annually chosen and sworn at the Sessions, they to see all people come to prayers mornings and evenings. All defaulters to present them at the Sessions, as also all drunkenness, swearing, uncleanness and other debaucheries that they may be fined according to their crimes."

In this latter ordinance we again trace the hand of Gerald Aungier, the zealous, almost bigoted, Protestant that he was. But then we must remember that in those days of unquestioning faith in many parts of the Christian world, such an ordinance was enforced. Were it attempted to be enforced to-day and the defaulters committed to the Sessions, the High Court would find its hands more than full! The list of Officers continues thus:—

"Overseers of the high waies to be annually chosen, they to act as near as may be according to Law, Custome, and Convenience of the place.

"A Register to be made to register all mortgages, sales deeds, conveyances and alienations, &c.

"A Coroner to be made to enquire after all murders and casual deaths and to return them into Sessions, he to be an able man."

The method of administering the English Law in the town and island of Bomay having been thus settled, the proposals made by Judge Willcox were freely and fully debated by the Governor in Council "when the Governr was pleased, weighing every particular wth the Council, to approve of the whole, and ordered that the Island should be governd according to this forme, and that every one should give obedience thereunto." There still remained the choice of officers to be made, particularly of the Judge, and the passage in the Narrative relating to this appointment is so piquantly worded, that instead of giving it in my own words, I shall quote it in full:

"His Honr after this fel upon the choice of fit presons to act in this great and weighty affair, where like a prudent and wise senator, he discoursed very excellently upon the office and place of a Judg declaring that a prson qualified for that employ should be prudent, knowing, grave and upright in his life and conversation, desiring that they would likewise consider, that the Honr of our English nation depended upon the choice of such a prson. This being so wel performed, and he having received such satisfaction from the method brought in, was pleased to nominate me to officiate as Judge. I was so surprised; knowing my inabllities to undertake so great a charge, desireth is Honr to make choice of another, whose parts were more able to perform so great an employ, but the whole Council approving of the choice, immediately voted me to stand, ordering that I should fit and prepare myself against the time appointed and likewise find out a house, where the Court of Judicature should be kept."

Judge Willcox taxes our credulity too much when, like Charlemagne, he professes to be surprised at the Governor appointing him to that high place. For he must have known that there was probably nobody in the town and island of Bombay at the time so learned in the law as he. It was for his knowledge of law, such as he possessed, and also of practice and procedure in England that Aungier called upon him to draw up "the three several Papers" which together may be said to form the Magna Charta of our High Court. But if his surprise is disingenuous, it also testifies to his innate modesty, and a modest Judge who underrates his own abilities is far preferable to one who is bumptious and fancies himself above all laws. What sort of Judge Willcox proved himself to be, there is no evidence to show. His tenure of office was very short, barely extending over two years, for he died in 1674, followed by one Mr. Nicolls in 1675. Nicolls, however, seems to have proved unworthy of the charge entrusted to him, and in 1677 he was suspended for wilful disobedience to his Masters. Against Willcox, on the other hand, there is not a word or whisper that can detract from his merits as a Judge or his virtues as a gentleman. He seems to have filled this important position, second only to the Governor's, to the entire satisfaction of Government and the people, and with credit to himself. I must here make amends to Judge Willcox for giving the palm of being the *first* Judge in Bombay to Nicolls, as I do in my ***Bombay in the Making*** (P. 153). This Narrative conclusively proves, that Willcox was the *first* Judge in Bombay in 1672, followed by Nicolls in 1674.

(To be continued.)

LOVE IS A ROSE.

(A Song from the Indian.)

BY S. C. GEORGE MANECK PITHAWALLA.

Love is a rose whose fragrance quickens like a kiss
The life that sleeps---he dies who loveless knows not this.
He doubly dies who does not live a life of love,
Love is a scented flower of bliss from heav'n above.

In Life's fair garden here there is one single flower
That smells in heav'n, though rooted in an earthly bower;
It does not die, it does not fade in one brief hour.
In ev'ry park we tread, one lone red rose does rise,
Whose beauty born of earth blooms e'er in Paradise,
Whose charm does never pale, though all around it dies.

Love is a rose whose fragrance quickens like a kiss
The life that sleeps---he dies who loveless knows not this;
He doubly dies who does not live a life of love.
Love is a scented flower of bliss from heav'n above.

ASOKA'S DAUGHTER.

By Charles Dobson B. A. M. R. C. P,

It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

The chariot of the King stood waiting at the palace gate. This splendid equipage, all blue and gold, was not one of his war-chariots, nor one of those he used when he went out hunting with his chosen bands. One of the seven principal departments of his government at the capital was in charge of those hunts, and his hunting chariots were their peculiar care.

The mighty monarch of all India and Afghanistan was then away on one of those elaborately organised expeditions where the hunts ranged from one kingdom to another, and gave him opportunities for personal supervision of his viceroys, in most unexpected ways, and at most unlooked for times. Woe betide the governor who was found wanting! And all the arrangements for these protracted excursions were in the hands of the Hunts Office or Boards, down to details such as the soundness of the wheels of the Imperial hunting cars. But this powerful Department had nothing to do with the regally upholstered jaunting car that was waiting at the palace gate. And yet the driver was a subordinate member of this Office.

The driver, therefore, deserves more attention on our part, although attention was precisely what he then seemed most anxious to avoid. Whenever any one chanced to pass the car, he invariably was at the other side, tightening the linch pin, fingering the buttons or studs of the harness, or stooping to rub down the legs of the splendid pair of nutmegs he was to drive. It was not because he had any reason to be ashamed of his looks that he so carefully kept his features hidden from the passersby. The youngest of the Commanders of 1,000 horse, and Member of the Hunts Office, Chandra Sen, was a remarkably handsome, well-built man, as active as a cat, and as tense as a bow of steel. And what had a man of his official rank to do in the almost menial position of driver of a pleasure car? That was his secret, and that was why he kept himself so carefully concealed. The two guards without the gate were his own men. The inner guard could not see him.

Presently the guards within the gate rose and saluted with their spears the little band of women that approached. None of the party were veiled, although the custom for noblewomen to veil themselves had been partly introduced in the reign of the King's grandfather, the great Chandra Gupta, by his Greak wife, Hermione, daughter of Seleucus Nikator, tyrant of Bactria. However, the most violent opponent of this innovation had been no other than the Queen Mother, one of the two ladies at the head of the party now approaching. This was Lakshmi, the Brahmin wife of

Bimbasara, and mother of the present Emperor, Asoka, the Great. She was a wee, old lady and, in spite of her great age, quite brisk in all her movements, talking and laughing incessantly, but wholly indifferent to what was said in reply, for she was practically stone-deaf to all conversation in the ordinary tone of voice.

And with her came Asoka's daughter, the Princess Sanghamitra, the merriest maiden in the land, all fun and smiles, and sunny laughter, in age almost a child, and yet in every fibre of her dainty figure, in every instinct of her mind, very woman of very woman. It was easy to see that the old Queen and the girl princess were related, for the keen, black eyes of both were wondrously alike, in spite of the difference between seventy-six and sixteen. But the Queen Dowager was darker than most Brahmin women of the north, while the Princess had harked back for her complexion, her nose, and her mouth, to her Greek great-grandmother, Hermione.

White as ivory were forehead, neck and arms. Molten rubies formed her lips, and the rose, in texture, scent and tint, lived in her cheeks. But her hair was black as the raven's wing, and her eyes black diamonds, those most rare, and most lustrous, and most precious of all gems. And youth and happiness transfigured all this beauty into a vision so ravishingly perfect, that to see her was to love her, and to love her was to be mad for evermore, with a madness that was heaven and hell alternately. So thought Chandra Sen the driver.

"Come, you little fidget, come," said the old Queen. "You have kept the horses waiting so long, that they will bolt away when once outside the city-gates, as happened, I, remember to the Iavan, Megasthenes; but I was younger by much than you are now; indeed, I was only some four years old, and my great father told me how it happened, and—" and so on and so forth.

The tide of reminiscences that set in full flood from that moment, bore the little Dowager Queen away, away to that past that is always so much better than the present. With a quick glance at Chandra Sen, the Princess lost no time in obeying, and hurried the little old lady so quickly into the car that she was almost breathless. With a leap the charioteer sprang into his place, and away they went, before the old Queen had found words or chance to protest.

With clattering hooves and rumbling wheels they went along at a smart trot over the stone slabbed streets of the mighty town to the main eastern gate of the city. Ten miles along the river Ganges, and two miles deep from he banks, stretched Patalibothra the head and heart of the great Magadha Empire. In a minute or two, they were the gate, for the palace was not far from the eastern end of the town. Two lofty towers flanked the road, where fifty tall bowmen in each kept ceremonial watch and ward, for who would dream of attacking the capital of Magadha. A moat, almost a hundred yards wide, ran all along the town, filled deep from the Ganges, and on either bank of the moat were fortifications. Inner and outer walls were alike; first a terrace of earth, then brick walls ten feet thick, then topping that, a palisade of stout, close-set logs of tough *sal* wood, behind which the archers stood. The way across the moat was over an embankment or dam, that in time of war would be dug away, but of war brought home to the capital there was no fear.

This double wall was pierced by sixty-four gates, of which four only gave admission to heavy traffic; and at each of these gates, the moat was crossed by a solid causeway, as described above. At the other gates, foot passengers could cross the moat by means of ferries. A chain was stretched from bank to bank, and a boat was drawn either way, by the ferryman pulling at the chain, hand over hand.

"Chandra Gupta built the inner wall, and dug the moat. Bimbasara made this *bund,* or embankment, and Asoka the outer wall, and placed, by the gates, these stone images of the kings who niggard-wise denied him tribute. He slew them, took their lands, and made their effegies his door-keepers for ever, for my son is a fierce man, and a mighty conqueror, as my sainted father prophesied, and as I taught him he should be from his babyhood—".

The chariot was now in the open country, and, as it was made for cross country work where roads were mostly tracks, it wound its course easily between stubble fields and mango-groves. The Princess, silent in the city, was now as talkative as her guardian, but she shamelessly talked to the driver, after starting the Dowager Queen on a fresh track.

"What did your father prophesy, Queen Mother?" screamed the roguish girl to her companion; and then, in her natural voice, asked the handsome driver:

"Do you dream with open eyes, oh Chandra Sen, or would you dream with open ears?"

"I know not what your question means, oh Princes?" said Chandra Sen.

"Nay, look to your horses and not at me, and I shall explain."

"And my learned father took my horoscope, the hour, nay, the minute I was born, and he read from the stars that my son should be a mighty warrior".

"Yes, and then?" nodding to her grandmother, and still looking at her, she added: "If I set you dreaming with my words, will you not dream with open ears, oh Moon of my love, and Light of my life? Nay, look to the horses! This is nothing true; it is all *Maya,* illusion, and a dream."

"Sweet dream, live for ever," stammered the charioteer, as he trembled where he sat with the might of the love that shook him at her loving words, though said, perhaps, in mockery.

"And so, my saintly father taught me to read and, day by day, we read the mighty deeds of the heroes of the Mahabharat, to fill my mind with war-like fancies, such as befit a woman destined to be the mother of a conqueror. But he would not let me read the Bhagwat Gita. He told me I should read it in mine old age only. And that was a prophecy also, and I shall not die till I have read that Holy Book; and so, I do not read any more. Thus do I know that I shall not soon die," and she chukled with the simple cunning of age, as one who had discovered the secret of immortality.

"How clever you are!" the Princess cried as loud as she could; then, quietly continued: "We live in dreams, oh handsomest of men, and my arms are round your neck, and yours around my waist, and your eyes and my eyes see nothing else but themselves, for our lips are sucking in life and heaven and, perhaps, death and hell, from one another. But do we fear? These are only dreams, oh charioteer, look to your- "

"My Princess, in pity spare me, or I die; for I love Sri Mahadeoji! how I love you, love you, love you!"

"Would you have me dream now, and at your bidding, Driver? Yes, and what about the first prophecy, Mother?"

"And when my years were your years, and I was ripe for marriage, my father stayed the chariot of the wise and just king, Bimbasara. He had just succeeded the old hero Chandra Gupta, his father. And he said to him, that is my father said to Bimbasara, 'The stars, oh King, foretell that my daughter's son shall rule all Bharat from the mountains to the three seas, but only if she wed a king!' And Bimbasara said, 'If you give that Brahmin maid to me, she shall be the queen of all my queens, and her son shall rule after me all Bharat from the oceans to the home of snow'".

"Oh, Moon of charioteers! What think you? Are the dreams you send me, or those I send you, better? These dreams that enter at the ears, but still both dreams, alas! That sigh was your sigh!"

"I taste heaven, and I suffer hell in other dreams than these, Princess---continual dreams,---and they are worse and better than the truth and, for their sake, I dare, as now, a real hell; that hell the king has built.

"Of what hell do you speak?"

"They were building it when last you drove out through the Eastern gate, and you may see it as we return; but that real hell is less than the dream-hell that sees you wedded to some foreign king!"

"All men are selfish. A king is better than a Viceroy, and a Viceroy better than a Commander of a thousand horse, and all are better than a charioteer. Why should I not have the best?"

"Ay, why not? Save that the best is not more worthy you than the worst. Your worth degrades all beside. Be blind, love, and call me 'Prince,' dream-prince and dream-king---My life is now all dream, and selfish truly; truly, for I desire more than all the heavens for myself."

—"And one crore of silver pieces were scattered among the citizens of Patalibothra on the day of our marriage.---"

Some sentences of explanations are here necessary. Asoka's Narak, or Hell, was a torture chamber and prison for criminals under capital sentence. None who entered there ever left the place alive. Crime had become very prevalent, owing to the almost continuous wars of the preceding reigns, and the fratricidal conflict, that ushered in the accession of Bimbasara Amitraghata, largely aggravated the evil. His easy-going and pleasure-loving disposition prevented him making any serious and regular efforts to put a stop to this epidemic of crime. It was thus at its worst when Asoka Vivardhana came to the throne. He faced the problem firmly, and determined that the evil nature of crime should be brought home to the imaginations of the citizens of his capital at least, and as vividly and graphically as possible. The Brahminic and Buddhist creeds agreed in the descriptions they gave of the horrors of the hells to which criminals were doomed after death. As far as limited earthly means could reproduce them, these hells were realised in Asoka's Narak. And still further to complete the similarity, the hideous ministers of Yamaraja, the Pluto of the Hindu Pantheon, were imitated by employing, as torturers, all the deformed monstrosities that could be gathered together from all parts of his vast empire. The more hideous, the more suitable were they considered for employment as State executioners.

This prison building consisted of two enclosures, one within the other. The outer was bounded by a wall quite fifteen feet high, through which admittance was easily had through four open archways, one in each of the four walls. The space between this wall and the inner enclosure was open at all times to the crowds whom morbid curiosity, or innate cruelty, brought from the city to witness the executions. They sometimes filled the space between the inner and outer walls. The former was rather a boundary line than a wall, being only three feet high, so as to allow of an easy view of all that went on within. Finally, the hall of torture was open on all sides. It was a long pent roof on a double row of pillars and provided a veritable hell for the prisoners who were sent there.

Chandra Sen had not really intended taking the Queen and Princess past this Hell, but having talked of the place, and being preoccupied by the part he was playing, he, mechnically drove by the high walls of Asoka's Narak, and pulled up at one of the entrance arches. Without descending, the Princess had a glimpse of the Chief Warden who appeared at the entrance. His lips flapped forwards on to his chest, his ears hung drooping to his shoulders, and one eye had been gouged out of its socket.

The Princess sank almost fainting on the Queen's shoulder, and the old lady, furious and alarmed, soundly rated the charioteer for daring to bring Royalty to a place of such ill-omen. Sanghamitra said nothing, but her look of shocked and pained reproach sent Chandra Sen dead pale to the lips.

Indeed, that was a visit of ill-omen to all three. From that moment everything seemed to go wrong. To begin with, the fountain of Sahghamitra's joyousness was frozen with the horror of what she had seen.

"Away! Away from here at once, oh fool!" cried the indignant Dowager. "Hast thou not yet learnt what sort of an evening drive we want? Then, where is Charu, my old driver? I did not notice the change before. Drive on. This must be enquired into."

"Nay, Mother, let be. I told him to come this way."

"Yes, Child, how did he dare to come this way?"

"I told him to come!" screamed the girl in desparation.

"Well, well next time I shall see that Charu comes. My poor child, how you tremble, and how pale and ill you look. See, there is a holy-man, and he is reading. We shall go to him that the sacred words may drive hence the ill-omens of that hell my son has built. Oh driver, halt, and we shall hear the holy words."

The man she had noticed was one of those ascetics who symbolized their entire rejection of the world by always remaining naked. Gymnosophists old Megathenes has called them. In our day their successors are in all probability those known as Digamber Jain Thakurs.

"My father was a Jyotishi—astrologer—and if this man is also of that order, he may tell us what the stars have in store for us. Oh, Holy One, what readest thou?"

"And Krishna said unto Arjun, 'He is the perfect Yogi to whom the fruit of his work is naught, but he works for the work's sake.'"

"Arjun? Say that again. I know the Mahabharat. Read louder. Holy man, your daughter is deaf."

"And Krishna said &c." And the pleased ascetic repeated the text. "Yes, oh Incarnation of Saraswati, that, as thou knowest is from the Mahabharat, and from its holiest part, the Bhagwat Gita."

"The Bhagwat Gita! I have read the Bhagwat Gita!" said the Queen sadly. "My father's prophecy is true, and I am old, and now there is nothing left me but to die?"

She came back to her surroundings a different woman to the self-involved talkative person she had been. Her tongue had been effectively stilled. Hence, the young lovers had not even the consolation of a mutual interchange of looks, of forgiveness asked, and pardon given.

Finally, just as they were entering the city by one of the main south gates, two splendidly mounted horsemen came cantering lightly up to the royal pleasure car.

"Ah! here come your brothers," remarked the Queen Mother.

Mahendra, the brother, and Dhama Vivardhana, the half-brother of the Princess, the latter, heir apparent to the throne, were both remarkable men. They were very different in appearance. Mahendra, dark and thin, a man of strong passions, strong imagination, and a will stronger than either, was a loyal supporter of his half-brother's claims. He had a strong religious bias, and was known to favour the tenets of Buddha, the Enlightened. At least, he was an earnest student of that form of belief. A sternfaced but a kindly man was he.

The character of the other young prince was very unlike. Indeed it was more similar to the disposition of his half-sister. He was handsome, unusually so, very merry, and popular with all classes. He plays no part in the history of the fortunes of Asoka's daughter, and so drops out of her tale here.

His own tragic fate, however, calls for record. His lot was that of Hippolytus, son of Theseus. His father's youngest wife became enamoured of him. As he recoiled from her advances with horror, she falsely accused him of attempts against her chastity. Asoka, a judge of men, openly questioned the truth of the charge, but thought it wiser to send the prince to Taxila, as Viceroy of the distant province of the Punjab. The enmity of the slighted Queen was not so easily satisfied. By means of letters forged in the name of the King, Prince Dhamma was put to death some eight years later than the events now being described. His death was *the* grief of the life of Asoka.

The Princes rode on either side of the chariot, and accompanied it back to town. But the return journey was very quiet. It was not made in complete silence, however, owing to the kindly remarks of Dhamma, as he pointed out objects of interest to his sister and grandmother.

On nearing the palace, Dhamma rode away on some business of his own, and shortly after Mahendra followed his example. As he left, he said to the charioteer:

"Come to Mahendra Mahal an hour hence."

With a start of fear, both Sanghamitra and Chandra Sen understood that the disguise had been detected. As soon as the rider was out of earshot, the Princess said clearly, but looking back at her brother so as not to be seen talking to the charioteer:

"My messenger will meet you at dawn at the Palace River Gate. May you succeed better as a fisherman."

"If alive and free the fisherman will come."

A few seconds later, the chariot rolled up to the palace gate, put down the ladies, and drove off. The pale and troubled looks of both Princess and Queen Mother showed that that evening's drive had given matter for serious thought to both, and not very pleasant thoughts either.

An hour later, Chandra Sen was led by a spearman to the flat roof of Mahendra Mahal, the Prince's palace, where the Prince was waiting for him. Looking out over the broad Ganges which flowed at his feet, the Prince did not turn his head as the young man was ushered in, but with a motion of his hand directed the spearman to withdraw.

When they were alone, he said:

"Chandra! What does this madness mean?"

"That is was it is, oh Prince, madness! With open eyes, with full understanding, for a dream I have dared Asoka's Narak."

"What dream?"

"That the Princess be my wife: if not, Narak is not in the power of Asoka alone to bestow. The gates to the kingdom of Yamaraja are 33 crores in number. I shall find one of them."

"But how could you hope for that? The baby Rama cried for the moon, but not the grown man."

"Whom can the Princess wed? Asoka rules all Bharat except Kalinga and the far South. There are no suitors from Kalinga or Bactria. Whom can she wed but a Viceroy? That I might be a Viceroy some day is, therefore, my dream."

"You are twenty. Are boys appointed Viceroys? And how long must she wait till you are Governor, Chandra?"

"It is a dream, I tell you."

"And while you dream, I must safeguard my sister's honour."

"You cannot more carefully than I do!"

"Chandra, that wily old Greek, Megasthenes, I have heard my grandfather say, was astounded that we of Bharat never said the thing untrue. Are your words true?"

"I am no Greek, Prince."

"You must meet her no more."

"If alive and free, I must meet her messenger."

"When?"

"Will you hinder me?"

"I can."

"I know that. I know well that at a command from you, or, at most, at a word to Prince Dhamma, and I should enter the inner enclosure of the great Emperor's Narak. But will you hinder me?"

"No."

"I am to meet the messenger at dawn to-morrow."

"Where?"

"At the Palace River Gate."

"Are you in disguise again?"

"Yes, as a fisherman."

"I shall accompany you. Let me see. Yes, as a fruit seller from the other bank. I am anxious to see this messenger, the slave girl, to whom my sister ventures thus to trust her good name, and the honour of the royal house. Mark me, Chandra, if a word is breathed against either, I swear by all the gods, that I, so calm now, will slay thee with mine own hands. I must see my sister, too. What would the wise Asoka have me do? You shall stay as my guest this night, in this my mahal. An hour before down we shall go forth together. I shall see that all needed for our disguises is ready. I shall attend to that myself. And now, Chandra, we who were friends as boys, have drifted apart as men: I to my palace and to studies, you to war and the camp. Still, I know enough of you to be willing to trust my sister to you as your wife. But the Emperor's household is for the furtherance of his plans. What these are I know not. Hence, after to-morrow's message, all this intercourse must stop. You are not yet Viceroy: till you are, the honour of the Princess demands that all this shall cease."

"If the welfare of the Princess requires this, it shall cease."

"'Tis well. We meet an hour before dawn."

Two hours after midnight, the boat with these two young men pushed off from the *ghat*, or steps of the Mahendra Palace, and made its way directly to the opposite bank of the Ganges. In midstream they changed their clothes, and went ashore. Here, the Prince's most confidential agent, an old Buddhist monk, provided them with two baskets, one of fruit, and the other of fish, as he had been ordered, by letter, the previous evening.

Well in advance of what could be called the dawn, they were lying off the steps of the Palace River Gate, both eagerly on the watch for a glimpse of the messenger. Presently a young woman was seen walking down the steps, and looking about her.

"You go alone, first," whispered Mahendra. "I shall join you almost at once."

The girl walked, with water-jar poised on her head, with that graceful elegance of movement that no other feminine occupation can impart,—a fine figure of a woman, but dark. As if in allusion to this, as soon as she saw the fisherman, she sang softly:

"Black is the sweet-voiced Koel;
And black eyes brightest gleam.
Does the black of Krishna show ill,
Of whom black-haired milk-maids dream?

If shapely I
To true love's sight,
Why should I sigh
Though dark as night?"

With a sudden shock, both the fisherman and the fruit-seller realised that this slave girl with the water-jars was no other than the Princess herself. She, too, in a moment, saw and recognised her brother, and understood that he had insisted on coming to her tryst, uncalled. A rush of dangerous anger sent the hot blood surging through her face, burning and humming in her ears.

"Mahendra, you have come to guard mine honour! Can you prevent, if I choose to dishonour myself? Or if I, and any man, should decide to walk, hand in hand, into this stream, how could you baulk us of our will? But your coming has its consequences. I am glad you are here. This is our last meeting for some months. Had you not been by, I should have kept this hot-headed, blundering, lover of mine at an honourable distance. Now, with you to guard mine honour, foresooth, I am free as I have never been."

With that she calmly lowered her water-jars, and stepping up to Chandra Sen, flung her arms around his neck, and turned her face up to him for his caresses, with the most perfect self-surrender.

"My lord, my lord," she murmured lovingly. "I have learnt what horrors you dare for my sake. Forgive me. Show me that though disfigured thus, you love me still, for in your home I yet shall rule, or lie in the cold embraces of Mother Ganges. Let your kisses show your forgiveness."

Mahendra looked on helpless, and could but ejaculate, "Sister! Sanghamitra! Shame!"

"Shame!" she echoed. "No; proud am I that he deigns to love poor, pale-faced Sanghas."

"Nay, come, enough, for if Asoka come to hear of this night's work, there will be more than one to suffer."

"Bah! Mahandra, the end of all life is but death, and I have lived to love, and be loved. No death can ever end that fact."

Chandra Sen, after the exclamation, "These kisses are no dream," had said nothing, but his caresses were unrestrained, continual, and passionate in the extreme. At length, Mahendra said:

"Enough of folly! Come, the daylight brightens, come away!"

At this, Sanghamitra, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, shrank back, as fearing that, in her anger, she had gone too far for modesty, and had perhaps shocked even her lover. This separated them. As she turned to go away, she said:

"The message Princess Sanghamitra sent to the fisherman by her slave girl, was that the Emperor returns at midday to-morrow. Rejoice because he comes, and have no fear. Farewell my brother, and farewell my love!"

It was in almost complete silence that the two young men put off from the stairs of the Water-Gate. After getting into their clothes, and just before arriving at Mahendra's palace, the Prince said, with a sigh:

"Chandra, matters have gone too far, I fear, and Asoka must be told!"

"So be it!" answered the youth, with a smile. "I have been in heaven, and fear no more--not even the hell Asoka Vivardhana has built."

But it was not through Mahendra that Asoka learned these facts. Just as it was by no means strange that news of the Emperor's return should first be known at the palace, and by the women of the household. The entire management of all within the palace was in the hands of women. There were, indeed, no men at all in the palace properly so-called, either as servants, stewards, cooks, or guards. It was only in the outer halls of audience that men were admitted, and where the guards and sentinels were men.

The Maurya kingdom, or empire, made large use of its Amazon legion, and traces of this Indian custom existed well into the period of Moghul rule, as far instance, to the reign of Shah Jahan, with his body-guard of Tartar women.

These Amazons, as also all Asoka's workmen and navvys, his guards, all that we would now call his police, and a great part of his army, consisted of Kolarians, *i. e.*, Hos or Mundas. These aboriginal tribes were a source of strength that Chandra Gupta had been the first to utilise, and much of his success had been due to their bravery. His mother is said to have been of that race. It must, however, be noted that by employing Kols to form a great part of his infantry, Chandra Gupta set free his picked men to form the largest cavalry and elephant corps that had ever been seen in India. Historians note the preponderance of these latter in his army, and ascribe his victories to the use he made of them.

It was to the mixed races, that resulted from this importation of aborigines, that the rapid spread of Buddhism over all Magadha was due. Brahminism never more than merely tolerated the Mlechchha as a necessary evil. On the other hand, grateful for justice and consideration, they idolised the Emperors who treated them as human beings, and not only fought and died for them gladly, but also accepted their religion from them as whole-heartedly. At any rate, the people of Behar at the present day use Kolarian idioms, and verb-endings that prove conclusively the widespread fusion of races that took place.

The following account of Asoka's entry into his capital is adapted from the Greek of Magasthenes, as a fairly correct picture of what must still have been the usages in the time of Asoka, although, of course, the original description is of the days of Chandra Gupta.

For hours before mid-day, the road of approach was marked off with ropes by Kolarian sentries. These men were bare-bodied save for a scanty loin cloth, and they were armed with a small axe, or hatchet. It was death for the citizens, men and women alike, to pass within the cordon. First came a hundred men and more with drums and gongs marching at the head of the procession. The next in order were a large troop of spearmen on foot. After these were the famous Amazonian body-guard of 500 women. These immediately proceeded and followed the Royal elephant. Of these women some were in chariots, some on horses, and some even on elephants. And thus the Emperor came home.

For two days he remained within his Persian palace, and rested. It was on the evening of the second day that

Princess Sanghamitra went into his presence, with all the privileged boldness of a favourite daughter. Frankly, clearly, fully, she told him the whole story of her love, carefully making it clear that her encouragement alone of the young man had led him into the dangerous position in which he then stood. At the end she looked her father in the face, and asked his commands.

"And if I brush aside this impertinent youth, what then, oh daughter mine?"

"Then the Ganga is near for me, or, if that be denied, there are many other ways."

"But he is a nameless, unknown boy!"

"Those who are known are toothless grey-beards. He can surely make a name for himself before he, too, is grey? But it would be long to wait till then."

Asoka was pleased with his daughter's frankness, and fully understood that her threat of suicide was not idle talk. Yet, as matters stood, he was unwilling to take the step of consenting to the marriage.

"I go to war, shortly, to add Kolinga,—Orissa—to my domains. Let him distinguish himself in the war. It is a proud chance for a young man. Then I shall re-consider this matter. You will also, perhaps, have changed your mind before then, for I doubt whether my daughter is less fickle than other woman."

Pinching her ears, he sent her away well pleased with herself.

This is not a history of the reign of Asoka, except in so far as necessary to give a clear idea of the times and circumstances amidst which lived and loved his daughter, Sanghamitra. Before the end of the year, the entire standing army was mobilised, 60,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 9,000 elephants, a formidable force, and the whole of it was hurled against the one corner of the peninsula that dared to prefer remaining outside the empire.

With Asoka went his daughter. The presence of the Amazonian body-guard made it an easy matter to provide her with suitable attendance. He was not unwilling to have so enterprising and independent a daughter directly under his own supervision, so that when she begged permission to accompany him, he had not refused. She begged for some share in life and movement. She was, she said, dying of the monotony of existence within the palace walls. Indeed she was no bird to live caged, but her experience of life was to be purchased at a terrible cost.

In those times and long after, and, to a great extent, even in our humanitarian days, an army marching through hostile land, lives on that land, and leaves behind it a waste. These were very remote days, be it remembered. Everything fell before the advancing force. Fields, farms and homesteads were laid waste. Is it any wonder that the glad light of youth and mirth died out of the eyes of Sanghamitra? Was even her own union with Chandra Sen, blessed hope though it was, worth paying such a dreadful price for to secure?

One advance guard of the enemy after another was beaten back on to the main body. At last came the final engagement. After a desperate battle lasting from dawn to dark, the brave Kalinga army was practically annihilated, not without terrible carnage among Asoka's forces.

The pale light of the moon had mercifully spread a misty veil over the battle-field, as if to hide the horrors of man's hate and pride from the face of heaven. Mahendra lifted the flap at the entrance of his sister's tent, and said to her sadly:

"Come, Sister, Chandra Sen is sore wounded. Come, if you are brave enough, and will trust me to protect you."

Trembling and pale, but mastering her emotions, she rose and followed him, simply saying:

"I come."

Across the blood-stained field of death, where dead and dying lay unheeded, undistinguised, guided by her brother, the once glad-hearted child went on with the strong and purposeful steps of a despairing woman, hoping against hope. Half way up the slope of a ridge that had formed the centre of the Kalinga position, and where the fighting had been fiercest, they found the man they sought. He was dead. The grief of Sanghamitra was too awful, too sacred to describe. She took her lover's head into her lap, and sat, dry-eyed, looking at it, wiping the face clean of blood-stains with a fold of her veil, smoothing out the hair.

From there she refused to move, and Asoka himself came out to her. Then she rose. With her eyes blazing with the fury of a tigeress robbed of her young, she saluted him with terrible irony.

"Hail, Asoka Vivardhana, Emperor of Bharat now from sea to sea, and Lord of all the Hells on earth from Narak in Patalibothra built by thee, to this thy Narak of Kalinga by the sea! Lo! this boy has died to help in winning these new honours for thy name. Nay, not so, the fool has flung away his life for love of me, and that love of his for me, you employed to make of him, too, a creator of hells. See he has died in the Hell he helped to make."

She fell fainting at her father's feet, and for weeks after was raving mad.

The strong—willed but emotional Mahendra was deeply affected. He renounced war then and for ever, and became a declared follower of the mild Buddha. At that time he occupied himself tending on and consoling his sister as best as he could. The closeness of the bonds of sorrow that then drew them together lasted all through life.

On Asoka, the effect of his daughter's grief was not so much emotional as a call to the intellectual side of his character to examine more seriously than he had hitherto done the graver facts and problems of life. The news of the death of his mother, Lakshmi, was brought to him out here. Her last request was that he should pull down his torture chamber. It was a further incentive to the serious turn his thoughts now began to take. What was the ultimate result of these reflections on his naturally thoughtful mind is seen, literally, cut into living rock and carved on pillars of stone throughout the length and breadth of India, from Mysore to Kashmir, from Peshawar to Orissa. History knows him now as Asoka the Good, the Humane---Asoka Piyadasi, Beloved of the Gods.

The son and daughter of Asoka are said to have entered the monasteries of the Buddhist ascetics, and a deeply rooted conviction of the Cinghalese attributes the conversion of their island to the preaching and missionary zeal of this brother and sister.

ABOUT BOOKS.

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"LIVING ALONE." By Stella Benson. Macmillan & Co., London.

The "Times" reviewer of this book says that "Beautiful is none too grand a word for "Living Alone." The book teems with beautiful ideas, beautiful imaginings, best of all, beautiful feeling. There are things in it which those able to see what Miss Benson is after, will recognize as inspired." An author who has already achieved a reputation, starts with a great advantage in writing a fantasy. Nine-tenths of the reviewers will describe it as brilliantly clever for fear that their failure to grasp what it is all about will be put down to them for stupidity. We prefer to belong to the more honest one-tenth which has no hesitation in admitting that it does not understand what Miss Benson is after and that it considers her book an ambitious failure. To us the magic which came to the War· Committee in the shape of the witch and her broomstick, Harold, seems as much out of place as it did at the outset to the Chairman of the Committee who, in addition to being the Mayor of a London borough, was also a grocer. To us, Lady Arabel Higgins, the most prominent member of the Committee, seems merely mad, whilst her dream child "Rrchud" savours rather of the conjurer than of the magician. Witness the story of the sergeant and the cigarette as told by Rrchud himself.

"In France, the smallest kind of magic seems to make the N. C. O. sick and that's why I never got my stripe. To keep my hand in, I once did a little stunt with the sergeant's cigarette. It grew suddenly longer as he struck a match to light it and went on growing till he had to ask me to light it for him and then it shrank up and burnt his nose. Of course, he couldn't really bring the thing home to me but, somehow, well, as I say, I never got my stripe." To us, it seems that Rrehud, in spite of being a magician, was not above human weaknesses and that, although Miss Benson makes an heroic attempt to idealise the incident, Lady Arabel's fairy godson was merely the result of a vulgar intrigue between him and Peony, the drunken guest in the house of "Living Alone." But, of course, anything vulgar is "really never done" in a fantasy and it is doubtless we who are wilfully blind. There is much that is undeniably clever in the book, a little that is beautiful but nothing that is inspired. Had there been more inspiration and less cleverness, the fantasy would have been more convincing and Miss Benson might have succeeded in stilling the critical faculty of her readers. No fantasy can be regarded as successful unless it puts that safely to sleep and Miss Benson is not able even to send it into a doze.

"The Ivory Trail." By Talbot Mundy, Indianopolis. The Bobbs Merrill Company. 1 dollar 75 cents. net.

We must confess that we took up this book with some prejudice. The statement on the wrapper with reference to one of Mr. Mundy's Indian stories that no one knows his modern India better than he does, not even Rudyard Kipling, was calculated to "raise the dander" of a Britisher in spite of the reflection that Rudyard Kipling has been so long absent from India and conditions in this country have changed so rapidly of late that the claim does not amount to so very much after all. We had not proceeded very far before the prejudice completely vanished. Whatever may be the case in regard to India—and we propose to judge for ourselves shortly by a perusal of some of Mr. Mundy's other books—there can be no disputing his claim to an intimate knowledge of East Africa or his ability to write a rousing story of adventure. The encounters with men and beasts, of the four friends who successfully tracked down Tippoo Tib's hoard of ivory, are described with a wealth of realistic detail which will rejoice the heart of the young and furnish a welcome distraction to many "grown-ups" who are weary of the literature of war and reconstruction. Particularly well drawn are the villains of the piece, the rascally mongrel Greek, Coutlass, and the English adventuress, Lady Saffron Walden, though the latter's name could only have been chosen by an American author. Something is left to the imagination. We are not told how the four friends came together and we should have been glad to see more of Lord Montdidier, the typically nonchalant British peer as seen through American eyes, who only appears at the beginning and end of the search. Mr. Mundy's description of pre-war conditions in German East Africa is unpleasant reading but his testimony to the brutality of German rule, coming as it does from an American, is valuable evidence that British accounts have not been over-coloured by prejudice, more especially as he does not spare the officials in British East Africa. But he evidently considers that the faults of the latter were merely the outcome of stupidity and casts no reflections on their honesty or kindness of heart.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

By Gurmuk Singh Suri.

Lovers of serious, elevating, ennobling drama in England, were being driven into a hopeless rage, or forced to fly abroad (like Mr. Galsworthy to America) by the war-bred desire for frivolous and vulgar farces, when John Drinkwater came to their rescue with a play at once inspiring and topical. "Abraham Lincoln" was first produced in Birmingham on October 12th, 1918---about the time the Germans were beginning to cry for peace; and it was running in London at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, simultaneously with the sittings of the Peace Conference. While the Supreme Allied Council was discussing the problems of nationality, liberty, and unity, the Birmingham Reportory Company was demonstrating in a practical form how these things were achieved in America by the hero of the Civil War---Abraham Lincoln.

The story of the American Civil War has been made the theme of many books before now; and the managers of Cinema companies have not been slow to film it and display it on the screen. But these earlier presentations do not

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* *A Play. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson.*

detract anything from the merit of Mr. Drinkwater's play; on the other hand, by their contrast, they enhance its value. "The Birth of a Nation", for instance, though it is marred in cinematography, is a cruel and mean looking picture besides 'Abraham Lincoln". He must be a hard-hearted person indeed---especially if he is coloured---who can sit right through the length of the film and yet not feel injured and agrieved at the treatment meted out to the American negro. Mr. Churchill's novel, "The Crisis," which has also been filmed, is no doubt a charming book to read, but its charm lies in the conflict of passion that goes on in the minds of two persons---a boy and a girl---who are joined together by love, but are torn asunder by the war.

The beauty of Mr. Drinkwater's play lies in the masterly representation of the character and personality of Mr. Lincoln and in the skilful selection---may be invention---of incidents that throw a flood of light on modern events, problems, and persons. The two chroniclers who say a few lines to introduce each scene, speak:

"So kinsmen, we present
This for no loud event
That is but fugitive,
But that you may behold
Our mimic action mould
The spirit of man immortally to live."

The picture that Mr. Drinkwater paints of Mr. Lincoln is not a creation of idle fancy but is the result of true historical study. Lincoln of the play is the Lincoln of real life---a man with a somewhat odd figure, standing quite erect with a certain stiffness and appearing as if a twist has been given to the body; a man careless of appearances and fond of old clothes, especially of his ancient, crumpled, greenish top hat; a man of high principles and noble sentiments with a love for truth and freedom hard to beat; a man of fixed determination, courage and faith fighting to the last in support of his convictions; a man full of compassion, fellow-feeling, humanity and heavenly justice; a man stern as steel, hard as nails, kind as a shorn lamb and generous and forgiving as the Lord Himself.

"Two years of darkness, and this man but grows
Greater in resolution, more constant in compassion. He goes.
The way of dominion in pitiful, highhanded fashion.

"And one denies, and one forsakes;
And still unquestioning he goes,
Who has his lonedy thoughts, and makes
A world of those."

Whether Mr. Drinkwater meant it or no, the play is a most illuminating commentary on the facts brought to light during the Great War (1914-1918) in England. Who can help comparing the Asquith-Lloyd George race for mastery with Lincoln-Hook rivalry—and to the detriment of the former? The whole of Scene IV is well worth study from this point of view. But to the student of war and of human psychology, Scene III has a special significance and importance.

Two ladies—Mrs. Blow and Mrs. Otherly came to see the President. Mrs. Blow is the wife of a war profiteer, fit for military service. She is growing fat both in body and wealth (not to speak of the head) by the war. She is full of hate and talks a great deal about duty but does absolutely nothing. Mrs Otherly believes war to "be wrong under any circumstances, for any cause" but her son has gone to the front and she has just received news of his death. And how does the President treat the two? He grieves for Mrs. Otherly and asks his wife to see her off when she goes, and declines to shake hands with Mrs. Blow when she departs, and says to his servant: "Susan, if that lady comes here again she may meet with an accident." And the advice he gives Mrs. Blow is well-worth quoting:

"That poor mother (Mrs. Otherly) told me what she thought. I don't agree with her, but I honour her. She is wrong, but she is noble. You've told me what you think. I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that is near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken clearly, and in a great name. It is you that dishonour the cause for which we stand—it is you who would make it a mean little thing."

England had her Mrs. Blow and Mrs. Otherly. But how different to Mr. Lincoln did she treat them? The perpetrators of hate were proclaimed patriots and the poor conscientious objectors were put into prison like common criminals!

The same scene deals with the question of reprisals. How nobly does the American President speak: ..."How can I kill man in cold blood for what has been done by others? Think what would follow. It is for us to set a great example, not to follow a wicked one."

Mr. Lincoln persued the same humane policy in the treatment of the fallen foe. "Be generous" is the only advice he gives to General Grant in connection with the terms of armistice and peace. And when Captain Meade raises the question of what to do with the rebels, the President bursts forth: "No, no. I'll have nothing of hanging or shooting these men, even the worst of them."

Hook in his jealousy and envy criticises Mr. President's policy:

> Hook: "We are fighting treason. We must meet it with severity."
>
> Lincoln: "We will fight treason. And I will meet it with conciliation."
>
> Hook: "It is a policy of weakness."
>
> Lincoln: "It is a policy of faith—it is a policy of compassion."

Let those in power in this country take special note of these words. They are noble words, spoken by a great man—not by a hopeless dreamer or an inexperienced idealist, but by a practical statesman who won the Great Civil War and relaid the foundations of the United States of America.

THE LAND THEY LOVED. *

BY MAC LIR.

Love for the Land and for some whose affection she had not formerly appreciated, recalls Kate Carmody from New York to Droumavalla after an absence of five years.

"Dennis, Michael, Steve, and Eugene! A glow of tenderness filled her heart. Oh, it would be good to be seeing those five men again. There had been none like them in America, none to match them in their clear blue eyes, fine shoulders, great strength and weight. Her eyes filled with tears of pleasure at the thought of seeing them and joking with them, at the thought of going back to the old free life on the farm."

Michiel and Steve Turpin had sought her hand in the old days, but she had not wished to be married. Now she was returning with the intention of choosing one of them and of settling on the land. But five years and the great War had brought many changes. Prosperity had come after a long struggle to her brother Denis, but Steve and Michael were both dead. They had died enemies, too, estranged by political differences. Steve had died fighting against the British in the Sinn Fien rising; Michael fighting for the British had found death in France. Love of the

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By G. D. Cummin's—Messrs. Macmillan. & Co.

Land had brought them to the same end by different routes, *and the same passion compelled the third brother*, Eugine, to suffer the tyranny of a harsh disappointed father, and to cling to a home which had lost all joy and comfort. Kate sees in this last of the brothers something of the charm which belonged to the dead, but she revolts at what she considers his weakness and cowardice in submitting so tamely to the ill treatment of his father. Despite the comforts of his own home, Droumavalla becomes distasteful. Her former playmates and friends have all gone, the young men have died in the War, the girls have left for the great towns. She might have married Eugine had he been other than he is.

And she loved this man who had the soul of a slave, loved at any rate, that part of him that was Michael and Steve. She had schooled herself into believing he was their perfect reflection, that she had found them in him. The deception was a cruel one. A little mist had passed across the glass, and when it was clear again the image of the two brothers was gone, and in its place was a misshapen furtive creature that horrified her.

She leaves Droumavalla, seeks and obtains work in Dublin. But the land calls her, and this and a better understanding of the character of Eugine, carries here back to Droumavalla and happiness.

The author has undoubted gifts. In the novel the speech of the peasant is living and beautiful.

"Then all of a sudden it came over him that his son was in the big ship fighting the Germans and a great fear fell on him and he ran and he ran till he came to the sands. But no one was there.....................…"Oh, no luck nor grace will follow them that see the Little People and they drawing in the falling nets." The characters are individual, descriptive passages are not lacking in vividness and appeal and the power of exciting interest by keeping the reader's attention taut through suspense is possessed by the author. And nevertheless in spite of all this the novel is disappointing. The first five chapters describing the return and the early experiences in Droumavalla are by far the best, partly because the heroine seems to fit into her environment, and partly because the author has been able to create an atmosphere so that although the canvas is lightly filled, the reader hopes that he is going to see it crowded with life. But as if the author had found the possibilities of this environment disappointing, the scene is changed suddenly and without sufficient reason, to Dublin, and the new canvas gives us the kitchen of a bourgeois establishment through which flit figures of the policemen and others who are not interesting in themselves and are quite irrelevant for the purposes of the story. The promise of the early chapters remains unfulfilled. Even when the heroine returns to Droumavalla, the interest of the reader cannot be re-awakened. The denouement is, true to expectation, aroused in the early chapters, but it is singularly unconvincing. Irish peasant life has been ploughed by the playwright but the soil has by no means been exhausted. In turning aside from the design of the earlier chapters of this novel, the author, it would seem sought to avoid the well-worked ground, needlessly we think. A generation has brought a fresh change in Irish life, and this change is perhaps more decided in the country than in the town, and there is splendid material for exercise of talent such as the writer of this novel possesses. There are striking inconsistencies in this novel which are difficult to explain except on the assumption that the author felt that for commercial reasons it was necessary to throw a sop to Cerberus, to play to the gallery of the great British public. Thus love of the land means in one case patriotism, in another, desire for possession. The author would seem to argue that a well-tilled farm and a co-operative creamery are as expressions of idealism superior to death on the battlefield, and yet this book was written in the midst of a war on which millions died for ideals, leaving the creameries and the farms and the factories to weaker brethren. The anomaly can be accounted for by the author's desire to satisfy her public which regards patriotism in Irishmen as treason. If the assumption is correct, it accounts for the many irrelevancies, and the lack of continuity in development. But it does not justify them and if the author is, as it may be presumed, a young writer, it is a singularly, inauspicious omen. No writer can become great without sincerity, nor can anything but evil result to literature and to society from the degradation of talent to mere money making.

This novel is an important contribution to fiction not so much for its interest value as for the evidence of future promise which it gives. Future work by this writer will be welcomed with interest.

THE SARASWATI ANNUAL 1919.

Mrs. Richards is the soul of the Saraswati Society. She conceived the idea of writing and staging Punjabi plays and the idea prospered under her inspiration and direction. Now comes the Saraswati Annual, a new venture of the Saraswati Society. See in what terms she defines its aims: "The seed which we desire to produce and scatter is the seed of a particular kind of artistic effort, that of the composition of plays, tales and poems which shall treat of contemporary Punjab life. While our main purpose is plays and tales, however, we consider it our duty to appreciate intelligently the handicrafts and all the other forms of artistic expression which characterise the beautiful creation of which this part of India is capable. Mud cottages, mosques, mandirs, the vessels of clay or of brass which are gathered round the well or the chula, the white or coloured fabrics and the folds of them in which the figures in the village and the bazars are wrapped, these are the first articles of our affection. Carved wooden house fronts, balconies, shamianas, stamped curtains, spinning-wheels, garlands of flowers, everything which human hands here have made immemorially to serve purposes of use or delight —these things are part of our pride. The music of instruments, whether stringed or struck or blown, vernacular songs, dances, the crowded assemblies which listen to the competitions of living poets, or to the inspirations of the past—all these things are proofs to us that our object is not an impossible one because they persuade us that we belong to an artistic province."

We wish the annual full flowering and fruit and Mrs. Richards all the satisfaction which comes from seeing one's dreams translated into realities. Art is expression of life and now that life in the Punjab is becoming keener, more intense and more romantic, art should take a new lease of life.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER,*

After the distressing details of the Punjab disturbances, it is refreshing to read something of the heroic deeds of Englishmen and Indians and their comradeship in a great cause. It is they who give their lives on the North-West Frontier to guarantee peace and prosperity to the millions. It is a story of love and war and sacrifice, of elemental passion and lonely search for truth, representing East and West; the former seeking salvation from the burdens of life and the latter facing them. Mr. Leigh's pilgrim to Kedar Nath with Sir Thakar Dass is illuminating in more ways than one. Incidentally the book brings out the beauty of character in the two races. The Englishmen leading the battles and the Sikhs and the other Indian soldiers giving their lives for glory. One cannot help feeling a sense of pride in his own link with those who can so dare and so achieve. The English officials, Civil and Military, have done not a little to raise India to a sense of nationhood. Nor have the Indians refused to follow the lead even unto death. The heroic stand of a detachment of 21st Sikhs at Saraghari is thus described by Mrs. Diver:—

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* *By Maud Diver. William Blackwood & Sons, London.*

All the sepoys in Saraghari were Sikhs, of Jerry's Company; and surrender is not of their creed. The Khalsa race, while it lasts, will glory in the memory of that seven hours, stand---twenty-one against five thousand. But for the fatality of a wooden door and weak flank defences, they might even have held out till Desmond arrived. As it was, their comrades in the larger forts were compelled to watch, with hands tied, the progress of a heroic struggle which could have but one end; and well they knew that end would never come till every man among them was either dying or dead.

For the first few hours, the surging mass of fanaticism dashed itself, in great concerted rushes, against the little post, like waves against a rock; and with about as much result. Officers and men, at Gulistan, kept anxious watch from the ramparts, in the intervals of repelling lesser attacks designed to hinder any attempt at relief. Soft-hearted Jerry went about his work with a face of tragedy: and Eden---a transformed Eden---sought distraction in the imperative task of completing their own dispositions to the best of their limited ability.

It was while they were completing arrangements for their precious water supply, that Jerry dashed in upon them, desperation in his round blue eyes.

"Eden, I say those fiends are undermining the north-west bastion at Saraghari," he announced with a break in his voice. "I can see them through my glasses. And our fellows haven't a notion what's up. For God's sake, let's signal them a message of warning."

The heroic twenty-one were, in a special sense, Jerry's own sepoys. He knew most of them personally. "We'll try signalling. But there can't be many left now; and they're so hard pressed, I doubt if we can catch their attention."

The event justified his doubt. That message, signalled again and yet again, elicited no response: and all the while those two sinister figures crouched under the bastion, shielded from discovery and from rifle fire by a fatal defect in the construction of the fort. The inevitable end could not, now, be long delayed; and then---it would be their turn next.

Jerry, with glasses glued to his eyes and curses on his lips, saw the undermined angle totter and fall; saw the wooden door hacked down and thousands of turbaned figures scrambling over their own dead and wounded into the serai. What he could not see was that, even there, a stubborn remnant held out, till all were dying or dead save one solitary sepoy who locked himself into the guard-room and blazed away at the yelling crowd, till they set fire to the place. And that one unconquerable died a Norman's death, after killing a Pathan for each of his own dead comrades.

It is of such events that union between India and England has been born, the link may be shamed, but will not break, as long as the Englishman remains the loveable silent idealist he is and the Indian retains his love of glory.

THE MISSION OF DEATH.

BY

B. G. Bhatnagar, M. A.

—:0:—

Last night my sleep was suddenly broken by the wail of a woman. It was so shrill and tragic that it made me uncomfortable, and I began to toss in my bed. At last I got up and, to know the reason of the heart-rending cries that were coming from an adjoining house, I approached a neigbour, who told me that the son-in-law of the *malikin* had died in the hospital.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I came to my bed again and tried to sleep; but I could not. Thought after thought worried me. Once I tried to persuade myself to sleep by philosophysing. I attempted to argue: "Well, death is a usual thing. One born must die. It is no use crying." But next moment the terrible nature of seperation with all its indefiniteness and uncertainty came before me and made me still more uncomfortable. I was so overpowered with grief that I began to cry, and would have indulged in that pastime, I can't say for how long, had not a sudden outburst of bewailing voices, tense with agony, roused me out of my pathetic mood.

I got up again and walked towards the house of the dead. On approaching there this met my eyes:

There lay on the floor the dead body of our departed friend covered with a white shroud, its face uncovered. It was the face of a young man of twenty, once bright and radiant with life and vigour, now pale and ghastly; but it had a flickering smile on its lips, and the eyes were half-opened an emblem of death in peace. I was so lost in the contemplation of that serene, though lifeless face, that for moments I saw nothing beyond it, although my eyes were open. Question after question was coming into my mind, and they gathered so fast that I could not answer even one. Something, however, roused me out of this philosophic stupor, and I saw and I heard. What I heard was the same old chorus of bewailing voices, but what I saw was terrible. A little removed from the corpse and the chaotic circle, stood a girl of sixteen or seventeen, her heir dishevelled, her face livid with subdued pain, her eyes fixed on the face of the dead, and her hands encircling her heaving breast. Not a muscle seemed to move of that lifeles form. Not a tear fell from those fixed eyes. For minutes I stood waiting. She might move, she might once say "Ah". But no, my waiting was in vain. Oh, it was then that I saw the depth of her grief, the intensity of her sorrow and the extent of her loss, and the utter helplessness of her cause. Her's was a grief that knew no words, knew no tears, being inexpressible. A few moments more, her hands fell by her side, and she seemed to move, her eyes still fixed on that lifeless face. Yes she moved and fell like a withered flower close to the corpse. Her head broke, the blood gushed out of it, and I heared her say: "Nath, you left me, but how I could I leave you? Lo, I come." These were her last words.

As she fell and passed away the cries became so terrible that I could not stand it any more. I rushed home and wrapped myself up in muslin covers.

But the folds of muslin could not prevent the voices from coming in, and I had to attend to them. Thus while I lay musing on the instability of human happiness my ears were drawn to music in another house not far from the house of the dead. Oh, terrible world! thus was the stern reality of life broken upon me in all its terrible force; we when submerged in our own grief or buoyed with our own happiness often resent the display of opposite moods by others, forgetting that the daily affairs of life continue unaltered; tables are served, curtsies exchanged and the wheels of society revolve at their accustomed pace.

Although I could realize this truth, yet could not but resent this breach of neighbouring obligation. But weightier issues occupied me soon, and I began to ask: "Oh Death, why art thou so callous? Why so careless of what the human heart endures when the object of his love is detached from him?" To these suppliant invocations of mine, he simply seemed to say: "Could you not take a happier view?" "What? Is there hope beyond Thee? If yes, what hope? A chance of meeting, nay of getting for ourselves those we love and lose in this world, where thy undisputed sway seems to reign?"

"Oh, ye slow-witted fool, dost thou know my mission?"

"Oh yes, I do. For ages Thou hast envied two in love, and Thy only work in this world is to part, to part. Thy heart, like Thy face by fire of envy black, does only like to see two hearts broken."

"Is that my mission? Yes, so it seems to men like thee, who while they have eyes refuse to see, who while they have ears refuse to hear. Yes so it seems to those who in their self-complacent wisdom refuse to attend to the voice of Nature the material manifestation of His immaterial self, the one thing in this illimitable universe through which we can see God and realize His supreme greatness. Oh, man could you not take a happier view? Could not your intellect break through the upper crust of sorrow and suffering and see the beautiful prospect that lies hidden beneath it?"

"Ah", I seemed to say, "do not tire my patience by these thy invectives, but answer me: Is there hope beyond Thee?"

"Yes there is. Have you ever lost a dear friend?"

"Oh yes, I have, but why these counter questions to evade my point?"

"Patience. Has not that loss kindled in thee the fire of Love, which the choking plants of Sin had begun to smother, a fire which seems to consume thy very frame? Dost not thou find thy soul enflamed, thine heart aburning? Yes, thou dost, then know by parting I raise the smothering flame of love to a red hot fire, and in it burn sin and suffering, so that in life hereafter, when you meet again, life is pure and purified more fit for love. Know thou that is my mission".

GREETING.

We have sought thee, Peace,
And shall seek; and shall find:
When in ourselves shall cease
Unrest and strife and the blind
Failure of faith that separates
Man from man, and creates
Disunion. Then shall come Peace.

Eric Hammond.

In mid-summer we are warm and glad, but it is in the dark and cold of mid-winter that we see our STAR.

N. M. Hammond.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

By Ethel B. Beauchamp.

Perhaps I have pondered too much on this present day, huge, nation absorbing war; perhaps I have sorrowed about, and rebelled against the calamities it has brought me and mine, too long.

God works everything in his own wise way---I own, unfalteringly---so perhaps he sent me this strange vivid dream to comfort me; to make me understand.

As a being from another sphere I looked down upon the world; and the world lay dying.

I could see by the death agony that lay upon the faces of the men and women of every nation of the earth that the end was very near.

And yet, looking close, and still closer through the mist that seemed to partially enshroud me, I could see that the world still fought fiercely against its Maker and its fate.

The world was divided into two parts, as it were: it was as though huge seas and mountains divided one vast plain from another.

On one plain, that which lay farthest from the setting of the blood-hued sun, the men, the last of every nation of the earth were fighting.

In hundreds they lay dying; and it seemed that as they fell and lay, then died, that one beam from the sinking sun settled, almost carressingly, for an instant on each face—be it black or white or yellow or brown---and in that instant, seemingly as the tired soul fled back to its Maker, the cruel hardness, the pain, and the fierce fighting against God as He ordains things, died out of the poor hurt faces.

And I watched.

Unnaturally, the sight seemed to have no affect upon my feelings: only great overwhelming curiosity seemed to fill my mind.

I removed my gaze, then, from the ghastly, blood-soaked plain, where man fought man, to the outskirts that were fringed by tall dying trees. A warm, soft breeze gently stirred the gaunt branches, but among them no birds sang, serenely content; no roars or howls of wild animals from the neighbouring mountains greeted my ears.

It was the awful ghastly stillness, the palpitating calm, that comes before the end!

And a voice near, a voice as of God Himself, said: "Look ye: I who gave can take into myself, again. And that which I make can I unmake."

And I looked strangely unafraid; and as the last man fell, the sun sank, blood red, beyond the hills, and the vast manstrewn plain was blotted out in deep calm darkness.

My dream changed then---and when I next looked down upon the world I seemed to be gazing upon the plain that the vast seas and hills divided from the one which God had wiped away.

There were houses, here, and streets, and great bridges and churches and domed buildings of curious architecture that had been built hundreds of years before.

There were tents, and beyond, curiously shaped bark and mud huts; the dwelling place, as it were, of a strange and alien people.

Beyond, a ragged forest whispered eerily, as it lifted great blackened arms to the sun, that was riding high and triumphant in the Heavens.

Women walked abroad in the parched untilled fields, in the streets, and some, the inhabitants of the fantastic huts, wandered aimlessly, waiting for they knew not what, it seemed to me, in and near the forest.

No where did I see a man, old or young; but it was the absence of little children I noticed most.

There were children, certainly, as far as I could judge by size, but it was the pinched oldness of their faces that gave me my first real pang of sorrow since the beginning of my strange dream.

It was as though a woman's mind, and a knowledge of the world as it is, lay behind the hardness and the cunning of the tiny faces.

No childish laughter and fun made eyes dance with roguish naughtiness: no little child, all tired with play, crept lovingly into fond mother arms.

There was not a child but seemed an old woman, capable—yet strangely unhappy in its capabilities—of taking care of itself.

It seemed that each of these women, these children with their old hard faces, knew that the end was soon to overtake them.

I saw it in the furtive expression of their eyes, in their erratic, undecided movements. Yet, with all their seeming knowledge, there was the same unreasoning fighting against fate, and the contempt for their Maker, depicted on each face, as it had been depicted on the faces of all the men who had died.

The churches were empty. No woman prayed.

It seemed as though each resolved to rely upon her individual strength until the end.

It seemed, almost, as though they were afraid to call on God.

A woman, a very old bent creature, who sat on the steps of a church, spoke, suddenly, to a small crowd that grew as she continued speaking.

"No longer do I wish to live," she said. "The war has taken my three sons; my husband did not live long after they had gone, and I—I am old, and bent, and tired! Up there" she pointed to the glaring, pitiless heavens—"I was told, as a child, that there was peace and rest from all the labours of this life. And I believed it, then, my sisters, that the God who they told us had created these frail bodies of ours had given His only Son to take away the sins and sorrows of such as you and I. As years went on, strange new customs, new faiths, new prophets came my way. I delved in Science and wild Eastern fables and beliefs. I married, not for the sake of companionship and protection. Oh, no! I was a modern, flighty, educated, cultured woman! But I wanted strong children like my own being to whom I could pass on all the strange new knowledge I had acquired. My children came, and grew to strong manhood. War claimed them, and they died; their father soon afterwards. Sisters, hundreds of you, with stories similar to mine own, can you tell me—the once strong, self-reliant woman—where our men are this day?"

And a woman, younger, hard-featured, spoke cruelly, derisively: "Gone, every one; rotting in the cold damp earth, as each of us will be as time goes on. "Act, live only in the present. I know nothing lies ahead when these frail bodies wear out. You say past generations spoke and wrote of a Christ who took away our sorrows. Was their God all they professed, would the have allowed these wars, pestilences, famines, and the horrors of poverty and sickness to reign everywhere?"

"Sisters," the old woman answered, meekly defending the chilhood's teaching that was now so dim, "have we not brought much of what you mention on ourselves?"

An emphatic denial broke faith simultaneously from the lips of the assembled crowd.

"How?" another woman asked, "when each of us have striven only to do what we like best? All my time has been given to different societies for the advancement of women. I have simply always pleased myself!"

"And your children?" the old woman asked in a new quiet voice, "do they love you?"

"Love!" the youger woman almost shrieked. "Love! Who ever hears of Love, now a days? What old generations called Love, was merely the name given to a sentiment that only choked all their progress; indeed, their pleasure! Assuredly, I know my children do not love me!"

Satisfaction gleamed in the woman's hard, plain face. The hard words seemed to give fresh spirit and courage to the aged creature.

"Love, the most beautiful thing in our lives, you jeer at!—I have done the same myself: there was a time, long years ago, when I knew it for what it is worth, as I know now, when everything is too late! I blame my environment, the spirit of the Times, but I blame myself most of all!"

She cried, fiercely.

A few of the women smiled, many turned away.

"Stay," she entreated. "I will not be with you much longer to speak, but I know that the tender simple childhood's faith is the only thing that can help us. I have seen God's most precious gift, his word, cruelly jeered at, entirely disbelieved. Because of this general disbelief, women, the tender flowers of God's flock, grow cruel, hard, and—plain. Their own peculiar, gentle beauty slowly and surely passed away in the passing of their love for little children. We have striven only for self-advancement, self-glorification. We have tried—and failed miserably—to keep pace with, and outwit man's intellect and strength. We have spoilt, not only ourselves, but all the noble chivalrous feelings of our men. They have come to look upon us not as mere delicate creatures needing protection, but merely as rivals. When the War came, we took little notice—we went our own way. Our men, and the men from every nation of the earth were gradually drawn into the urmoil. They fought and died—and died until God had let them all be killed. Perhaps He has forgiven them now, and gathered their tired souls unto Himself. I think, because of his own mother He has given us longer to prepare. "Sisters—ask his forgiveness."

A beam of light fell softly on the old woman's face then, and she slipped down, a pathetic huddled old heap, on the church steps.

Some women jeered; a few smiled; but the majority exhibited only supreme indifference.

For the first time since these strange dreams had swept across my brain, I grew afraid, for as the woman fell, the whole scene was blotted out in thick, murky blackness. It was as though I felt, rather than saw, the terrible agony, the supreme compassion on the face of the Maker of the World as the sweet, sad voice said: "And I gave them my only Son."

Then—I awoke!

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Peace Treaty.

Upwards of a year is gone since the representatives of the great Powers met in Paris to arrange the peace programme of the world. President Wilson seemed to dominate decisions and at last a treaty was signed but peace seems to be still-born: the United States have not signed the treaty and now comes President Wilson's note threatening withdrawal. The Entente between England and France seems strained, the middle East and Russia are in a state of ferment; the Turkish settlement remains on the knees of the Gods; and, to speak mildly, affairs of the reconstructed world are in a fluid state; production has decreased; money has depreciated; the channels of Exchange are choked and trade cannot be revived without restoring international stability. No one can forecast the future, but when the story of peace-making is told, it will not add much glory to the statesmanship of the great Powers. The departure from the chivalrous traditions of ancient days when peace meant not only cessation of hostilities but renewals of friendship, has not been a success. Forces beyond human control are forcing a revision of the peace treaty and the great Powers will be well advised to re-cast the terms and to make permanent peace.

* * *

The Turkish Settlement.

The terms of the Turkish settlement are awaited with very keen interest in India. The Mahomedan world cannot be expected to approve of the breaking up of the last remnant of the Moslem Empire. It is argued that Turkish integrity was guaranteed during the war. The allied Powers, on the other hand, now that they are about it, are anxious to do away with future troubles and reap to the full the rewards of the victory. In the meanwhile the whispering galleries of the East are ringing from one end to the other with murmurs of dissatisfaction, and the discontent of the Mahomedan world is growing. Before taking up new commitments, the Government would have done well to examine the perils and responsibilities of these new undertakings. The English governing class is growing out of traditions which made English Colonial Empire such a success. New extensions and annexations can only add to the strength of the Empire if England can send out Governors who can win the consent and contentment of the governed. Administration which rests mainly on strength, will need larger revenues than some of the new provinces or the Empire can conveniently spare. It will be wise even now to leave Turkey alone, to make over the administration of Mosopotamia to an Indian Chartered Company such as we suggested in our last issue. The world is never deceived as to the ring of the true metal and will not accept for long any unrighteous settlements from unrighteous motives. The staff of the Prophet is bent, it is not broken. As he wished it in his last sermon, there is a brotherhood in Islam.

The Red Russia.

Since Russia rid itself of its Emperor, it has been in the hands of dazed mariners with no pole star to guide the course, vainly hoping to find a new haven in the end. The peasantry, freed from the rapacity of great landlords, the once loved and then hated aristocrats who retained ownership without recognising its responsibilities, without any energy or leadership seem to be enjoying their new found freedom in spite of the red terror which has usurped authority. They are a simple, patient, reliable and trusting children. Count Tolstoy saw their suffering and preached his doctrine of passive resistance. The Soviet Russia is an endeavour to establish a simple form of Government, though it has neither been inspired by love nor has it been passive in combating the forces which opposed it. People used to the thick stick and superstition have found themselves suddenly free and have taken license for liberty. The future is dim and dark. Will man ever accept the truth which Buddha preached and, after him, Christ promulgated and learn to love his neighbour and in loving him end wars and the misery of wars? Russia has only secured starvation and tyranny and even its leaders call the new order a great experiment leading to a promised land beyond.

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Sword Versus Pen.

Mr. Elbrige Colby, writing in an American paper, draws attention to the strong objections which the West Indies have to be transferred to the United States. Lord Rothermere's recent suggestion in the House of Lords that the West Indies should be transferred to the United States, has found no favor with the people of the West Indies. He points out how discriminations and distinctions between various people under the United States built up in the British West Indies a powerful feeling against the United States, while British fairplay and even-handed justice have won the people as citizens of the British Empire. Incidentally he shows why British Colonial policy has been such a success and that of other Powers a failure. England won and retained colonies because she endeavoured to administer them fairly, and enacted laws inspired by justice and equality. Other nations failed because they tried to rule by the sword. The governing class in England must save itself from the contagion of coercion if it is to retain and extend its Colonial Empire. There is a growing tendency to cavil at liberal and equal ideals and to preach short and swift methods of control. There is a tendency to defy discontent and to wield power to the fullest possible extent. The Empire builders, with all their shortcomings ,were alive to the main realities and kept in touch with the European ideal of Reform and the Oriental tradition of fairness and control.

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The First Fruit.

The first fruit of the Reform Scheme is the formation of the Moderate party with a constructive programme concerned with some of the vital problems of the country. The new party held a very successful meeting at Calcutta and defined the articles of its creed which, if carried into effect, will help materially the moral and material progress of the country. The first item on the pregramme is the placing of Land Revenue on a legislative basis. So much has been said about the Land Revenue policy that often the real import of this tax has been lost sight of in a dust storm of words. The Land Revenue is admitted to be a tax on agricultural incomes and, according to the accepted standard, 50 per cent. of a landlord's assets can be claimed as tax, which means that land can always be taxed up to 50% of a landlord's income. Then again the land tax is inequal from district to district and province to province. If the Moderate party succeeds in placing the land tax on a more equitable basis, at the same time raising the requisite amount of revenue for the growing needs of the country, it will earn the gratitude of millions, and incidentally provide for the prosperity of the people, which means the prosperity of the Government. The other important items of the Moderate programme, are irrigation and railways. The Inspector General of Irrigation is confident that irrigation in India can be doubled if money can be found. In the Punjab alone there are three great projects awaiting sanction which will take, under ordinary conditions, at least three-generations to reach maturity. If the new Minister, helped by his party, can find funds, all the three projects can be completed within the next fifteen years, adding enormously to the food produce and prosperity of the Province. The scope for railway development is almost unlimited. The new Government, if it starts with a constructive programme of land, irrigation and railway development, social and educational advancement, will quicken the pace of progress and justify reforms and may yet earn the approbation of many who, to-day, have only misgivings as to the future.

* * *

What is Liberty?

"Liberty" says Mr. George Peel "is that spirit which in politics repudiates obsolutism, respects the minority and weighs the protest of a single conscience with care which, in jurisprudence, favours the common limits the canon and rejects the civil law, suspecting those iron maxims to be weapons of Imperial wrong, that spirit which in the judgment seat assumes innocency and gives the benefit of the doubt which in social life sides with weakness against strength, with the outcast against the oppressor, and which in all conflicts of authority against reason inclines to follow the inner guide". It is this spirit of liberty which took its birth in the West that has been seeking freedom from all authority, religious and temporal. In the first place States dethroned the authority of religion and now in its turn States are called upon to resign their sovereignty in their own particular spheres. Nature seems to abhor any perpetuation of ascendancy. The same spirit of liberty is invading India which hitherto was the land of acquiescences and acceptances. What changes it would bring if India were left alone to steer her course can be foreshadowed from the world experience. Fortunately Britannia is at her helm and the only possible peaceful course for India is to co-operate with the future of England. There must be equal partnership and large understanding between the two peoples. It is not part of Britannia's future to become the Indian maid of all work on a starvation wage, nor is it the part of India to be the placid milch cow: the two together must work for a larger happiness for mankind.

* *

The Rights of Labour:

Work is salvation; labour and leisure combined make the most satisfactory life. All great men have been workers whilst idleness has been the aim of the lazy who dream away existence by the lotus leaves of anticipation. Labour in olden days enjoyed an equitable partnership in the fruits of labour. The coming of power-driven machinery upset the balance and allowed the power and capital to accumulate in the hands of the few. It was an unholy arrangement and out of it labour unrest was born. Labour will not be satisfied until it secures a real patnership in the business and reduces the organisers, who are now called capitalists, to be its chief representatives on an adequate remuneration.

* *

H. E. H. The Nizam's Firman.

The constitutional movement in India is bearing fruit. His Exalted Highness the Nizam has issued the following Firman:—

"The next important move in the direction of Reforms I have in contemplation, is a thorough and complete investigation of the conditions most favourable to the enlargement of the Legislative Council and the expansion of its usefulness as an integral part of the Government machinery. I, therefore, direct the Sadar-i-Azam, Sir Ali Imam, to take immediate steps to collect all necessary material on which a liberal scheme for the attainment of the above mentioned objects may be based. It is my desire that, with due regard to the social and educational advance made by my people, particular attention should be paid to the following points in conducting the investigation:—

(*a*) Substantial introduction of the Elective Element.

(*b*) Direct Voting,

(*c*) Representation of all important Classes and Interests.

(*d*) Effective protection of Minorities.

(*e*) Conditions of Franchise.

(*f*) The Official Element.

(*g*) Powers and Functions.

"The Sadar-i-Azam is authorized to appoint special officers and constitute Committees on whose reports a comprehensive scheme with definite proposals shall be drawn up for presentation to my Executive Council for opinion prior to its submission to me for consideration and orders." His Exalted Highness is to be congratulated on his initiative. Sir Ali Imam will make his ministry memorable if he can work out for the great State a new constitution providing for the voice of the people to effectively influence the policy of the State.

George Willcox and his Narrative.

"George Willcox and His Narrative," Mr. P. B. M. Malabari's excellent article, originally appeared in the Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation in a slightly abridged form, and by kind permission of the Editor of that Journal it has been reproduced in "East and West." Part I. appeared in the February issue of "East and West."

THE MESSAGE OF ROBERT BURNS TO INDIA.

BY FRANCIS WATT.

The following anecdote appears in the "Life of Samuel Johnson." The learned doctor in reading a book on Ireland, was much amused by a chapter on snakes. The chapter was of the briefest since it merely contained the statement—"There are no snakes in Ireland." So here our first impression might be—there is no message from Robert Burns to India. The poet's life had no concern with the East. He was born near Ayr in Scotland on the 25th January 1759. He died at Dumfries on the 21st July 1796, at the age of 37—the age fatal to genius, it has been said. He was hardly out of North Britain at all; he was never on the continent; he was never in London; once he made a tour in England as far as Carlisle. Moreover he had not seen much of Scotland itself. He made an excursion to the Western Highlands, also paid a very famous visit to Edinburgh. The river Yarrow is so famed in Scot poetry as to be the sacred theme of the Scot muse. He sang "the hills whence classic Yarrow flows," yet he never saw the river itself. Once in the darkest hour of his life he made every arrangement to emigrate to the West Indies, but his fortunes took a turn for the better, so the project was abondoned. Circumstance tied him to the soil of his native land; from first to last he was never free from money difficulties yet his short life was in one sense a full one: he was intensely occupied with the business in hand, sufficient and more than sufficient for his day was the evil and the joy thereof.

Posterity is most concerned with the work he left behind him. The amount is considerable but not large since one moderate volume contains the whole of it. Then we have to deduct a good deal which is not of the highest quality and of merely ephemeral interest. After every deduction what remains is enough to rank him with the choicest singers of all time. A good part of his best is given to songs in praise of love and wine. With what is probably the majority of his readers, this part eclipses all the rest. It would be interesting to compare him as an amatory poet with the native singers of India. He abandons himself to the passion of the moment; many women are enshrined in his verse, but the one actually in hand completely fills the stage for the time being so that she is the sum and end of all existence for him. I do not know enough of Indian poetry to make a comparison. As for his drinking songs, India is a temperate country while the Scotland of his day was not and his most passionate songs on this subject would leave the Indian cold, nay he would not be able to understand them. Again, Burn's life was passed in rural Scotland whose scenes and incidents are commemorated by him in some of his choicest verse. Things have changed greatly in the North so that much of what was best in the old order exists for us now only in his poems. He was intensely local: that gives depth and force to his writing, but it obviously limits its application. These subjects are not kept distinct. His pictures of the old order are continually mixed up with passionate invocations to the women who were part of it—

the heroine of the day or the hour whom he has made immortal. The song is always of the lover to his mistress, like Anacreon to whatever note he tuned his lyre, the result was a passionate love song. I give one striking example. When ill and dying his last days were tended by Jessie Lawers, the daughter of a friend. She was really his nurse as he was her patient and he rewarded her with a gift of song and two of these are of his choicest. These are "*A health to one I love dear*" and "*O! wert thou in the cauld blast*": in both the sick man appears as the impassioned adorer. Cowper had written an ode of grateful thanks for service rendered and Burns no doubt meant to do the same, in fact he did so, but it took another form. You have to know the facts of the case before you appreciate this. Yet when all substantial deductions have been made, something real and pertinent remains. Burns also celebrated the universal brotherhood of man. He voiced the aspirations of nations struggling upwards in the path of progress. Like Heine he was a fighter in the great cause for the liberation of humanity. It is here that he speaks what is in reality his message to India His precious words on such subjects may be studied with profit by the Indian student and thinker, by all who can grasp the essential meaning underneath a diversity of expression.

One of Burns' most striking traits is not merely his universal humanity, but his universal sympathy which embraces not merely mankind but the brute creation—nay even the inanimate things of the earth. Here are some examples taken at random. It is not merely the good man overwhelmed with unmerited misfortune who calls forth his love.

Ev'n you, ye hapless crew ! I pity you ;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin ta pity ;
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turned o'er to ruin.

Again, the inequalities of life press upon him.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd ;
How best o'chirls are whiles in want
While coofs on countless thousands rant
And ken wa how to wair't.

Again he looks on the bright side of the humble life. Even the poorest have their pleasures and consolations.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think,
Tho constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi'the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided :
An'tho' fatigued wi' close employment
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

His finest effort is to be found in his famous song, "*A man's a man for a' that,*" the Marseillaise hymn of all the poverty stricken on the earth. Well known as the verses are I cannot refrain from quoting the first and the last:

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that ;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the gunine's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That sense and worth, over a' the earth
Shall bear the gree, an a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

There is a direct message in that song of consolation and hope to the toiling, poverty oppressed millions of India.

Through the whole of his life Burns was in intimate contact with the soil of his native land. He ploughed her fields and gathered her harvests year after year. The products of that soil almost took sentient existence to his loving eyes. When he turned down a mountain daisy with his plough, he lamented that he was crushing it in the dust, and he turned his weeding clips aside to spare the thistle because it was the emblem of his country and he could not endure its destruction. When we go a step higher and come to the animal creation, we expect that his sympathy will go forth in large measure and are not disappointed. The animals that he reared, that helped him in his care of the fields, that were pets in his home or those wild in the woods and the meadows, were ever the objects of keen attention and kindly thought. In many a humorous and pathetic line he has touched on their lives and fortunes. Thus he turns up the nest of a field mouse and has some moving lines on its destruction; it affects him with pain that the little animal should run away from him.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth born companion
An' fellow mortal!

He enters into the feelings of the mouse building against the blasts of winter, making all warm and comfortable; he laments with it over the catastrophy that a turn of the ploughshare has caused; he compares the lot of the mouse with that of his own, so that the two are joined together by the sympathy of a common grief. Again in the character of an old farmer, he addresses, on New Year's morning, his old horse that has served him so well for many years. He gives assurance that its last days will be made comfortable and joins himself to it in feeling as he had in work.

> We've worn to crazy years thegither
> We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
> Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
> To some hain'd rig,
> Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
> Wi' sma' fatigue.

It is a winter night, and as he hears the wind rattling the doors and windows, his thoughts turn to the cattle and the sheep shivering in the open fields. How do the birds feel, in all this weather, he asks. He forgets even the misdeeds of the fox and its robbery of the hen-roost and the sheep-cote.

> While pityless the tempest wild
> Sore on you be[illegible]'

It strikes him with a pang that when by chance he scares some waterfowl in Loch Turit they fly from him as if he were their enemy. With keener sorrow he sees a wounded hare limp past him. In fancy he follows it to its retreat in the thicket, and heartily curses the man who has thoughtlessly brought about this pain and suffering. There are numerous other illustrations which I have no space to quote. Here there is a lesson and a message to all whose daily life brings them in contact with animals. According to Goethe, the highest and most ennobling kind of reverence is that for the things that are beneath us. With this ennobling reverence, Robert Burns was richly dowered. In one remarkable passage the poet goes even beyond this. In the Scotland of his day, the personality of the devil, the arch-enemy of mankind, ever bent on evil, condemned to endless punishment, was a matter of intense conviction. To what extent Burns shared this it is hard to tell; perhaps he could not have told it himself. However, in his *Address to the Deil*, he has a half humorous half regretful reference to the evil fate of this evil spirit.

> But fare-you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake;
> I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!

Burns was a passionate lover of his native land. This might seem a narrow and local feeling but it is not really so: it is really the expression of a just and universal sentiment expressed in a particular manner for, as Tennyson has well said, "That man is the true cosmopolite who loves his native country best." I will not further burden my page with quotations on this head, for these have obviously direct reference to Scotland though their application is, as I have tried to show, much wider.

The natives of India always seem to me remarkable for the strength and sincerity of their home affections. Burns, it must be confessed, sometimes forgot what was due to his family life, yet one loves to think that his aberrations were but slips of a passionate nature and that his heart was in the right place. No one has ever described more forcibly what was due to these things—

> To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife;
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

I do not wish to make this article a mere string of quotations though there is much more that I should like to set down. The Fates were against him and perhaps he was reckless and thriftless though I am by no means sure that these charges are well founded. We have seen that he has defended poverty, at the same time no one has ever written wiser and truer words on the proper value and just use of riches. No one, in his time at any rate, thought of him as a deeply religious man, yet he has written truly devout words as to the beauty of holiness and the feeling of humility that is proper to man in presence of the Unknown. Enough has, I think, been said to prove my point that Robert Burns had a real message to India and its millions, even though the message was not directly addressed to them or for them alone.

GEORGE WILLCOX AND HIS NARRATIVE

BY PHIROSE R. M. MALABARI.

Part II

The testamentary & intestate jurisdiction of the Court was also vested in the Judge as appears from the following passage:—

"The next thing that offered was setting the office for proving of wills and granting administrations; the Gov^{r} was pleased to confer that upon me, which I accepted as having been breed three years a clerk in the Prerogative office. His Hon^{r} after thus endeavouring to leave nothing undone that might make the place happy, produces the Hon^{ble} Comp^{as} orders for settling a Register, for registring all Mortgages, Sales, Deeds, Alienations &c. which Registry I have also accepted as belonging partly to the Law, as likewise the establishing a Court of Conscience, (*i. e.* of chancery)."

In those days all the officers of Government indulged in trade and supplemented their income, slender as a rule, by this means. The leaves of the Pagoda Tree in the East were just then sprouting, but even at that time the possibilities of the infant plant growing into a mighty tree, giving shelter to thousands under its shade, were clearly visible. But Aungier was cute enough to see that the Judge at least should be above all trade and all the favours trade brings in its train. To allow this functionary to indulge in commerce would seriously jeopardise his independence. The following embargo was therefore placed on the Judge:—

"This being done, the Gov^r^ & Council tooke me off of al manner of trade and commerce, appointing me wholy to the study of the Law, and to spend my time in reading such bookes as might advantage me to performe my duty in so high a place. This disinabled me from improving that little stock wh^ch^ was spared from (for?) my wife and children. I must be no merchant, so that I can neither serve yo^r^ Hon^r^ in trade, nor advance my fortunes by commerce. I can expect no riches, but what my salary wil make, and truly 25 £. p. annum wil be but little. A penny improv'd may turn to a pound, but when that is denied, it wil be just like the man's talent in the Gospel; it was the same when he took it out of the ground as when he put it in. This applied, wil be just as I came out, so I returned. I hope I shall not gain your Hon^r^'s displeasure by this; I humbly throw myself and concernes at the Hon^ble^ Comp^as^ feet, not questioning, but if anything be done to make myself and family somewhat happy, their Hon^rs^ wil not be displeased w^th^ it, especially when their Interest is no waies prejudiced."

From the above passage it is clear that Judge Willcox was reluctant to give up trade and thus lose the opportunity of improving the penny which "may turn into a pound." He was evidently not a prosperous man, and the salary of £25 per annum certainly did not err on the side of liberality. But Willcox, wise man that he was, admitted the force of the Governor's contention, that the Judge should be above all trade and above all favours, and accepted the situation cheerfully, throwing himself at "yo^r^ Hon^rs^. feet."

unfortunately, however, his faith in the generosity of his masters was not well-requited, as we shall presently see. Next came the question of the Judge's salary and his perquisites, which was settled as follows:—

"My salary came next in debate w^{ch} before anything like a proposal came, several things were offered. It was thought convenient I should keep house, and my table should be so furnished that their Hon^{rs} should have creditt, and strangers entertainment; this took up some time, for the Gov^{r} debating the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a}'s interest, tooke care they should not be charged, yet something was to be done, that a creditt might go along wth this new settlem^{t}, and it was agreed that I should have an esteeme put upon me, by living somewhat answerable to my place; things standing thus, a sume was pitcht upon, which was 2,000 rupies annually, and that to be paid out of fines, provided they were sufficient, if not to be made up out of the Treasury; this past wth some little difficulty, because y^{r} Hon^{rs} were wholy considered before the sume was concluded. I hope, as the Law has a repute upon the place, so it wil not be chargable to yo^{r} Hon^{rs}. The Island is so poore that forma pauper have been most of our client, but hitherto al officers, as Clerks, Tipstaves, Messengers, Interpreters of the Portugal & Cannary language, and al charges belonging to the monthly Sessions, have been paid by me out of fines. As to myself I would rather have yo^{r} Hon^{rs} favour wth a little, then abundance wth displeasure, but question not, as the Inferior Officers have their being from the Law, myself wil not be excluded. This being so, I humbly beg that what hath past, yo^{r} Hon^{rs} wil approve, & that yo^{r} great wisdomes wil be satisfied, that nothing was done, no (nor?)

acted, before yo^{r} Hon^{rs} concerns were debated, w^{ch} being truly considered, I am verily persuaded that where yo^{r} servants are made happy through honest means, yo^{r} Hon wil rather encourage them, then be dissatisfied".

The most interesting point in the above passage is the liberty given to the Judge to keep his house and table in a manner worthy of his high position and to entertain strangers at the cost of Government. The provision made for the purpose, Rs. 2,000 per annum, seems almost extravagant compared to the miserable pittance allowed to the Judge as salary, *viz.*; £25 per annum. It would be interesting to know whom the Judge entertained at his table and what was the actual annual cost. We may be sure that the charges must have been defrayed out of the Treasury for the now prosperous Island of Bombay was then so poor that, as the Judge quaintly puts it, "forma pauper have been most of our client". As regards the Judge's salary, we have seen that it had been fixed at £25 per annum, a by no means munificent salary to pay to the highest judicial functionary who was debarred from the privileges of trade. But Willcox seems to have been a singularly contented man, for though he felt that his salary was miserable, he assured his masters that he would "rather have yo^{r} Hon^{rs} favour wth a little then abundance wth displeasure". He expressed the hope, however, that his services would be better requited if his masters found him worthy of such requital—a hope, alas! that was never fulfilled, for in 1677 the Bombay Government sent "a petition of the Widdow of y^{r} late Judge Mr. George Wilcox, he having received no salary here for the time that he was Judge here. She therefore begs yo^{r} Hon^{rs} to consider her condition and order her y^{e} paym^{nt}

of wt convenient salary yor Honrs shall deem her husband to have merited."

Why no salary was paid to Willcox while he was Judge in Bombay, it is difficult to say, nor are there any means of ascertaining if his unfortunate widow's petition was granted. For the credit of Gerald Aungier and for the good name of the Bombay Government, let us hope that it was. Aungier himself must have felt that the Judge's salary was niggardly, for in a letter written by him from Surat, dated December 18, 1675, we find the following interesting passage:—

"As to ye Judges Sallary, having respect as well to or Mrs. orders as also to his present condition and ye quality of ye employmt, wee have ordered that his salary be £120 to be paid him quarterly and to begin from his entrance into office, and yt he be allowed a horse or Pallankeen with a Sumbrera boy, as also a Gowne yearely at the Compas charge".

This substantial increase in the Judge's salary from £25 to £ 120, had a curious effect on the man who succeeded Willcox as Judge, for it seems to have turned his head, and Nicholls J. behaved himself in such an arrogant manner that he had to be suspended in 1677. Soon after his suspension, the question of reducing the Judge's salary came up for consideration. In an interesting letter dated November 11, 1677, the Bombay Council observe:—

" Wee doe not see ye absolute necessity of allowing 120 pounds to a Judge, not that wee would have ye Island distitute of a person invested wth authority to determine the weightiest causes, but ye very name sounds too great for ye place. It looks like the great Gate of little Pendus that made Diogenes afraid ye citty would runn out at them. Those who come out to these parts are commonly mean persons or young men but very little skilled in our law, and ye name of the Judge does fill y^m with such a pride that they loose y^r reason in the contemplation of their greatness and think no man y^r superior, scarcely y^r equall;* and if he that is ye principle Justice, be invested by ye same power and act by a full commission, why is it not the same thing. It is not ye name that makes any difference".

Mr. Justice Nicolls must have conducted himself shockingly to drive the Bombay Council to write in such terms of disgust bordering on despair. Indeed, they would appear to be so thoroughly scared that, instead of reducing the Judge's salary, they appointed no Judge whatever for some years, with the inevitable result that lawlessness was rampant in Bombay towards the end of the seventeenth century and great disorder prevailed. Matters came to such a pass that the Court of Directors hastened to grant another charter in 1683 in order to put an end to the many "disorders & inconveniences which have happened & been committed" in Bombay, and they resolved to send out a man well versed in civil law direct from England, presumably with the object of over-awing the mutineers & other mischiefmakers. In the Despatch they sent to the President at Surat on April 7, 1684, they wrote: "We have chosen Dr. St. John, Doctor of the Civil Law, to be Judge of the Admiralty Court in the East Indies and of all our maritime affairs there, to be erected in pursuance of His Majesty's additional charter of the 9th August last (1683) at the salary of £200 a year, and to have the accommodation of his own diet at the Governor's table at Bombay, but all other accommodations for himself & his two servants are to be at his own charge, and to take place at the Governor's table as second".

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* The late Mr. Chamberlain, it will be recalled, had some bitter words to say about a Chief Justice of the Bahamas, couched on exactly these lines.

We have lingered long over the question of the Judge's salary. Let us now return to the Narrative.

"The first of August drawing nigh," Willcox continues, "the Presid^{t} and ^{ca} council thought fit that so great a day should not pass wth out something of honor, for had there been no solemnity wth this change, the peoples disesteeme of us would have been greater then their satisfaction. Medals were ordered to be made and flung among the people, and this to let them see that what was done, could as wel be maintained. The management of this great business was wholly left to our prudent and worthy Gov^{r} whose great wisdome appeared in this, that there was so great a Grandure wth so little expense. The day being now come and everyone in a readiness to attend the Gov^{r}, there fel so prodigious a quantity of raine, that his Hon^{r} was forct to put of the solemnity til the eighth day. The order of our going to the Court of Judicature and the works of the day be pleased to take as followeth, *viz*:

Fifty Bandaries in Green Liveries marching two by two.

20 Gentues
20 Moormen
20 Christian
Each representing their several caste or sect marching two by two.

His Hon^{r}'s horse of state lead by an Englishman.

Two trumpets and kettle-drums on horse-back.

The English and Portugal secretary on
horse-back,
carrying his Majesties Letters Patent to
the Hon'ble Compa and their commission to
the Govr tyed up in scarfes.
The Govr in his Pallankeen wth fower
English pages on each side in rich liveries
bare-headed and surrounded at distance
wth Peons and Blacks.
The Clerk of the Papers on foot.
The fower attorneys or common pleaders
on foot.
The keeper of the prisons and the
two Tipstaffs on foot bare-headed
before the Judg.
The Judg on horse-back on abeduct *
foot cloath.
His servants in Purple serge
Liveries.
Fower Constables wth their Staves.
Two church-wardens.
Gentlemen in Coaches and Pallankeens.
Both the Companies of foot (except
the main-guard) marching
in the Reare".

What a picturesque procession this must have been, to be sure. We, too, have our processions, but while retaining all the solemnity of the old, they sadly lack those features that have always appealed strongly to the people of the East. Our Governor no longer goes about in a palankeen, nor our Judges on horse-back: they all rush about in motor-cars. Somehow, the working-day seems to have shortened considerably since the days of

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* "Abeduct" probably means "a bedecked", *i. e.*, ornamented.

Gerald Aungier, and we cannot now afford to move about in leisurely palankeens or waste time in putting on rich liveries. Nevertheless one cannot but regret that the picturesqueness of bygone days has become a thing of the past. "The whole procession," continues the Narrative, "marching through a Guard of the Militia into the Bazar neare two miles in circumference, came to the Guild Hall, * where the Gov^{r} entering the Court tooke the Chair, placing me next to him, on his right hand, and the Gent: of the Council and Justices tooke their places accordingly. Proclamation being made and silence commanded, the Clerk of the Papers read his Majes^{ties} Letters Patent to the Hon^{ble} comp^{a} for the Island of Bombay: then the English Secretary read the comp^{as} Commission to the Gov^{r} w^{ch} being done, he was pleased to give me my oath as Judg as also my Commission w^{ch} was likewise read, afterwards I swore the several Justices of the Peace, the Gov^{r} giving them their Commissions w^{ch} were also read; next I swore the Public Notary and Coroner, then the Clerk of the Peace swore the Church-wardens and constables, and their staveves (staves?) were delivered to them by the Gov^{r} wth a charge to execute their respective offices honestly and uprightly".

Then follows perhaps the most interesting passage in the Narrative, and that was the speech made by the Governor on that memorable occasion. Aungier's oration is so statesmanlike and admirable that I offer no apology for quoting it also *in extenso*:—

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* We wonder where this Guild Hall was situated at the time. If it was in "Mapla Por", the Fair Common House, which was designed by Aungier himself, then we must confess there is very little of *gilt* left in it to-day!.

"After the Gov^{r} standing up (and the Court also rising) was pleased to make a most excellent speech in commandation of the English Laws w^{ch} afterwards was interpreted to the Portuguels in their own language by the Portugul Secretary. The speech is as followeth, *viz*: 'My worthy countrymen and you al good subjects of his sacred Maj^{tie} and of the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a}. It is not unknown unto you that the first of August was intended for the celebration of this solemnity, but it pleased God to send on day and time soe great and almost prodigious quantity of raine that I was forced to suspend it to this day; it seemes Providence thought good to order some great and extraordinary accident to attend so great and extraordinary a worke to render it the more remarkable to the advancem^{t} of his Glory. And seing it is now soe happely p^{r}formed, I cannot doe less then in so solemne a day of Joy to close up the Ceremony wth a few words of consolation and advice.

"In al great and publick alterations of Law or Governm^{t}, wise men have observed that the minds of the people receive impressions of satisfaction or disgust according as their passions or interest doe incline them to like or dislike the change.

"I nothing doubt but in a body composed of soe many castes of people as are on this Island, some, though very few, disaffected persons may be found, who more in regard to their owne ends then to the publick good doe privately wish this change had not bin, but that the old customes had bin continued. However in the maine I dare boldly affirme that the best and most sober part of al the several inhabitants, nay even of the Portuguese themselves, are exceedingly satisfied and receive the establishm^{t} of the

English Laws w^th much assurance of happiness and security therefrom.

"Two things have caused some admiration in the minds of wise and considering men as wel among ourselves as of our neigh^rs.

"First, why the English having possession of this Island now seven years have not in all this time governed by their own Laws.

"Second, why this Fort and Island hath not thryven in trade and repute according to expectation, seeing the English are known to be a nation soe happy and successful in their enterprises that wherever they plant their foot, through the blessing of God on their Industry, Trade, riches doe attend them, as not only India but most parts of the habitable world can beare them witnesse.

"To the first consideration I shall say nothing at this time but to the last I am free to declare my judgm^t that the only chief reason why this Island of Bombay hath not increased in trade and splendour, hath been for want of the English Laws.

"But in this my asseration (asseveration) I would not be misunderstood, for I speak not this in degradation of, or dishonor to, the Laws of the Kingdome of Portugal, for I know and declare them to be excellent, wise and pious Laws, but as it is manifest that al Country and Kingdomes are governed by Rites, Customs and Constitutions in the execution of the Laws peculiar to themselves, soe tis an undoubted maxime that those constitutions may stand w^th the good and publique benefit of one nation, w^ch will not square or beare proportion w^th the interest of another.

"This is the true state of the case wth us; the English interest on this Island Bombay I may wel compare to an hopefull child fed wth forreigne milke wch not agreeing wth its natural constitution hath hindered its growth and increased evil humours. But now being restored to the breasts of its own mother, there is no question through the Providence of God it wil in time grow in stature, good fortune and in favour with God and man.

"And wee may reckon the series of its good success from the commencement of this happy day. I say this happy day, for it is a day of Joy and no mean consolation, a day of praise to God and wch wee ought to have in remembrance, and truly amongst many blessings wch the Divine hath pleased to confere on mee, I owne this with a just devotion as a most remarkable Providence over me, that God hath preserved me to this day to be a faithfull though a mean Instrumt of soe good a worke.

"Formerly the name of the English nation was knowne to these pts only by the honesty of their traffiqs; but now, I trust in God, through the just execution of these Laws, that our neighbr nations wil have cause to say of us, as Moses discourses of the children of Israel and there (their) Laws in his excellent speech in the 4 chap: of Deutery. The nation, saith he, wch we are about you, hearing of your statutes and judgmts will say:—'Surely, this great nation is a wise and an understanding people, for what nation is there soe great wch hath Statutes and Judgmts so righteous as all these Laws wch I set before you this day.'

"Many nations have bin famous for just and wholesome Laws, as the Jews, the Athenians, the Lacedemonians, the Persians and Romans and others. As to our Laws, I shal not enter into a large encomium of them, but in briefe tell you, that these Laws, the National Laws of England, as also that excellent abridgem^{t} of them recommended by the Hon'ble Comp$^{a.}$ are grounded on the Laws of God written in his holy word, and on the Laws of Nature stamped on the heart of man, and they are compiled from the quintessence or best part of al other Laws, especially those of the Roman Empire w^{ch} in their time are held as sacred, but herein ours seem to have the advantage in that they are free from the laborius Ceremony^{s} of the one, and from the Tricacy and Corruption of the other.

"I do therefore pronounce you the Inhabitants of this Island, of what qualitie soever, to be most happy in them, and I do require you all in the name of his sacred Majes^{tie} and of the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a} to acquiesce therein, assuring yourselves of justice, and security in y^{r} lives, in your liberties, in your families, in your states, goods and prosperities and whatever you can in equity pretend to or call your owne.

"But Laws though in themselves never so wise and pious, are but a dead letter and of litle force except there be a due and impartial execution of them. I must now, therefore, address my discourse to you, worthy S^{r,} who are appointed to be the Reverend Judge of this Courte of Judicature and the faithful administrator of these Laws. I need not tell you what a great and important trust is committed to you, nor need I bespeake yo$_{r}$ care and integrity in your discharge of your Duty, for you are fully sensible of the one, and I am sufficiently convinced of the other: I shall only tell you that you have the charge of God upon you, the command of his Maj^{tie} and the Hno$_{ble}$ Comp$_{a}$ and by their order and authority from me to deale impartiall justice to allth twuo feare, favour or respect of person.

"The inhabitants of this Island consist of several nations and religions, to wit, English, Portuguese and other Christians, Moores and Gentus, but you when you set in this seat of justice and judgm^{t} must looke upon them all wth one single eye as I doe without distinctions of nation or religion, for they are all his Majesties and the Comp^{as} subject as the English are, and have all an equal title and right to justice, and you must doe them all justice even the meanest person of the Island, and in particular the Poore, and the Widow and the Stranger, in all matters of controversy of common right of Meum and Tuum; and this not only one against the other, but even against myself and those who are in office under me; nay, against the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a} themselves, when Law, Reason and Equity that require you soe to doe, for this is your Dutie and therein wil you be justified, and in soe doing God wil be wth you to strengthen you, his Majes^{tie} and the Comp^{a} wil commend and reward you, and I in my place shal be ready to assist, countenance, honour and protect you to the utmost of the power and authority entrusted to me. And soe I pray God give his Blessing to you."

We doubt if even Gerald Aungier ever made a more weighty, well-reasoned and statesmanlike speech than the above. It was worthy of the great man who delivered it and of the great occasion on which it was delivered. It was simple and direct, there is a ring of sincerity in it that came straight from the heart. It could not but have impressed the vast concourse of the different castes that met on that memorable occasion, and it must have appealed strongly, and in an equal degree, to the European, Portuguese and native inhabitants of the town and Island of Bombay. Notice the conciliatory tone that runs through it. Aungier knew that such a radical change in the administration of laws could not but give rise to some disappointment, nay even resentment, in certain quarters, particularly among the Portuguese whose laws were swept away by one stroke of the pen, as it were. He was wise enough to recognise the necessity of placating wounded feelings, even wounded pride. For this reason he extolled the Laws of the Kingdom of Portugal which he declared "to be excellent, wise and pious laws"; at the same time he laid due stress on the right of every country to be governed by its own peculiar laws, customs and constitution, for though the constitution of another country may be for the public good, it may not "square or beare proportion with the Interest of another". Aungier could lend picturesqueness to his words by an apt phrase or appropriate comparison, and this he did in his speech when he compared the English interest on the Island Bombay to a hopeful child, fed on foreign milk, which not agreeing with its natural constitution had hindered its growth, but, he added, "now being restored to the breasts of its own mother, there is no question through the Providence of God it wil in time grow in stature, good fortune and in favour with God and man." No prophecy was made with greater confidence and none fulfilled with ampler success.

Aungier spoke with the authority of an able justiciar, well versed not only in the laws of his own country but in those of other nations, when he discoursed on the excellence of the Laws of England which, he declared, were "grounded on the Laws of God written in his holy word and on the

Laws of Nature stamped on the heart of man." He also rightly pointed out that the Laws of his country were compiled from the quintessence of all other laws, especially those of the Roman Empire but, he added, with justifiable pride, that the laws of England had this advantage over the Mosaic and Roman Laws, in that they were free "from the laborious ceremony^{s} of the one, and from the tricacy and corruption of the other". Then he turned to the worthy gentleman who was appointed the Reverend Judge of the Court of Judicature and impressed upon him the necessity of discharging his duty with care and integrity, and dealing equal justice to all, "wth out feare, favor or respect of persons". The sterling independence of Gerald Aungier comes out in bold relief in his charge to Judge Willcox. He pointed out the heterogeneous character of the population of Bombay and adjured him to look upon them all with one single eye, "for they are all his Majes^{ties} and the Comp^{as} subject as the English are". He did not even spare himself, for he directed the Judge to mete out justice to even the meanest person on the Island, "not only one against the other, but even against myself and those who are in office under me, nay, against the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a} themselves." But if he had a heart of adamant, it was not devoid of the milk of human kindness; for he committed "the Poore, and the Widdow and the Stranger," to the especial care of the Judge. We can well imagine the profound impression these noble sentiments must have made upon the population. If the introduction of the English Laws assured to the people security of life and property, Aungier's magnificent speech must have secured for Government the good will and willing acquiescence of the people.

Let us once again return to the Narrative which is continued as follows:—

"The Gov^{r} having ended his speech, I delivered him a petition on behalf of all prisoners that they might have the benefit of this happy day by enjoying their liberty. His Hon^{r} was pleased to grant me the petition, and immediately liberty was proclaimed with great acclamation, an prison doores set upon; this being done, our worthy Gov^{r} rises out of the chaire and was pleased to put me in, commending that obedience should be given me by the Court and al else in that place of Judicature, w^{ch} concluded the ceremony and worke of the day wth great shouts and acclamations of God Save the King of Great Brittaine; and the Hon^{ble} Comp^{a}. His Hon^{r} foreseeing that the concourse of people might hinder his passage in marching, appointed a Master of the ceremonies to keepe good orders, and where he saw a great press, to fling the medals amongst them w^{ch} was coyned for that purpose. The Gov^{r} was pleased wth the whole Court to march afoot to the Fort where he was received and saluted by the two Comp^{as} drawn up with three vollies of small shot and one and thirty great ordinance, and at night great bonfires were made and the whole Island filled wth rejoycing".

Willcox thus sums up the effect which the introduction of the English Laws produced on the Island of Bombay:—

"I doubt I have troubled yo^{r} Hon^{r} in this tedious relation, but the time that is now spent, I hope wil prove happy, because yo^{r} Island is soe. Never was there a joyfuller day, the whole Island is become English, we are incorporated and our Interest is al one; nothing strikes them into a greater admiration then our justice, the sound whereof remains not only wth us, but hath reacht our neighb^{r} eares, many being willing to come amongst us; there is no question but God who hath done this, wil give his blessing to it, and those who know him not, in little time may be brought to fear his name, for al kind of vice is discouraged, swearing and profanning the Lord's day punished, and al uncleanness severely chastised."

Willcox then gives to his masters the following graphic, though somewhat gruesome, account of a case of rape which was tried at a then recent Sessions in Bombay:—

"I cannot omit to give yo^{r} Hon^{rs} an acco^{t} at what passed at our Sessions. Upon the account of Rape, the manner thus. One of your^{r} private Centinells, a Dutchman, enters a woman's house, and offers incivilities to her; she refusing, he puts her forth by the hair of her head, draging her towards the sea amongst a company of rocks; she made a great outcry calling out for helps, but he drawing out his sword put it to her brest, swearing terrible oaths he would have his will, or he would murder her; some of the country people hearing a voice came to see what was the matter, they were no sooner espied by this fellow but he makes to them wth his sword drawn, and makes them all flye; the woman by this had meanes to run away but he left pursuing the people and overtooke her, draging her by the hair and gags her, puting his sword to her brest, swearing being* she would not consent to him willingly, he would make her by force, or he would kil her; she could make no further outcry, he having ramed his handkerchief in her mouth and he stil using this violence by drawing her amongst the rocks wth his sword to her brest, overcame the poore woman (being tired with strugling) and satisfied his bestiality. The woman and her husband complaining, he was comitted, an Indictment was drawn up against him, and the Jury upon the woman's and witnesses' oaths brought him in guilty, and accordingly had his sentence to be hanged, but execution day being the day after the agreemt was made between yor Honrs and the people of the Island, they begged his life wch the Govr was pleased to grant, but banished him immediately of the Island. This gave a general satisfaction to the people, and had brought such a repute to our Justice they think themselves happy under our Governmt. And that the Honble compa may not be-unacquainted wth the whole proceedings of their Island, be pleased to pardon me if I troubled yor Honrs with what hath passed at our private Sessions."

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* Being If so be.

No wonder the manner in which this case was disposed of and the punishment meted out to this bestial Dutchman who owed his life to the clemency of the Governor, gave general satisfaction to the people and brought repute to the administration of justice in Bombay. For it must have convinced the people that as between Europeans and natives, the Judge would always hold the scales of Justice evenly and with the strictest impartiality. Willcox then recounted a few more examples of the manner in which the good government of the Town and Island of Bombay was carried on under the beneficent rule of Gerald Aungier:—

"A Frenchman had his house pul'd down for selling drink and permitting publick gaming on the Lord's Day in time of prayers, as also for harbouring lewd women and suffering al kind of debauchery, and al this after warning given to him to the contrary.

"Several persons fined for their contempt and obstinacy in refusing to come to church, spending their time in publick house to the scandall of our Christian Religion and contempt of Governm$^{t.}$

"The butchers and fishermen warn'd in to supply the markets wth fish and flesh at moderate rates, that housekeepers may not be at a loss to provide for their families, nor Europe ships for fresh provisions at their arrival.

"An Hospital to be provided for the sick that care may be taken of them by the Doct^{r} &c, this to be done wth out charge to the Hon^{ble} Comp$^{a.}$

"Several publick drinkinghouses put downe for permitting al manner of debauchery and wickedness and selling drink wth out license."

We have now come to the end of this most interesting Narrative. Willcox closes it with the following prayer:—

"I shal not insist further for fear of being tedious. My duty commands me to a just acco^{t,} if in that I have been troublesome, 'tis my Zeale to yo^{r} Hon^{rs} service; w^{ch} as it requires my faithfulness, soe I hope it wil beg my pardon. My conclusion shal be my prayers, that God that hath made yo^{r} Hon^{rs} famous here, will likewise make you happy hereafter."

The shade of Gerald Aungier and George Willcox will doubtless feel happy by the assurance that the fame of their honourable masters, and their successors, continues undimmed to this day. May that fame always abide, and the happiness of the people continue to grow, for many more centuries!

SONG.

By Katherine Harrington.

The Heav'ns are spacious and glad,
The Ocean is boundless and free,
And Earth is fair beyond compare,
Is fair for you and me.

But Earth may be stricken and die,
And Ocean may give up her dead,
And Heav'n go with all things, so
That I have you instead.

ONE ADMINISTRATION FOR MANKIND.

BY BEJOY KUNWAR.

Here and there people are talking of world co-operation, advocating that States and countries should no longer be self-contained but should co-operate with each other politically and economically. It is being realised that "Countries can only benefit by one another's prosperity, and that injury to one spells injury to another. One of the outstanding lessons of war is that the world is really a village and that whether Governments desire it or not, nations are interdependent on each other and cannot escape, without injury to themselves, the observance of this truth." Let this interdependence be practically recognised by all; let the political co-operation and amalgamation of interests be thorough and systematic, let the principles of Government actually followed within limited geographical boundaries, extend to the whole of the inhabited land, and we have one administration for mankind, the commonwealth of man.

The strength of Kingdoms and Governments, be they of the Aryans or of the non-Aryans, has hitherto been force, and now the question has been raised to make justice the basis. What is the world now? It is for practical purposes much smaller than India or China, or even Great Britain and Ireland of former days. Some people say that the idea of a commonwealth of man is not new or original.

It may not be so, and I do not know when the idea was first mooted; but the idea is not certainly in the same state as it was when the two Americas were not discovered to the old world, when a white man was unknown in Africa, and men used to be bought and sold as slaves, and it required months to travel from one end of India to the other. The great primitive divisions of the human race, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Negro, etc., have come together and become familiar with each other. Progress of knowledge, facilities of communication, the art of printing, the necessities of trade, commerce, and colonisation, as well as past wars, conquests, and annexation, have made all men neighbours; and if forcible advancement of separate interests continue, every party or combination of men formed on the basis of common geographical boundaries of a river, hill, lake or sea, on the basis of participation in gain and loss or on the basis of any slight difference from others in language, ancestry, colour, religion and culture, is now ready or willing to take up arms for that purpose; and as power, intellect, and culture have no fixed limit or abode and must vary between man and man, neighbours must be ready for continuous and vigorous fighting at the cost of virtue, safety, welfare, peace and progress, or should co-operate with each other and amalgamate their interests under a common administration. Under the present circumstances of the human race, no country can remain self-contained, and the cry for independence, self-determination, and Home Rule will be suicidal and prejudicial to the best interests of mankind. No individual can claim immunity from paying taxes for the general revenue, nor that the amount of his contribution should be spent strictly in his interests alone. No individual can claim that he should be permitted, under public sanction, to kill and rob his neighbours. Then why should people still persist in political separation when the course of events and human destiny are drawing all men together.

A supreme Government for mankind based on mere force, may be imagined, but such a Government will contain all the deficiencies and weaknesses of the present Governments and will centainly fail to excuse itself from being broken up. What is more desirable and urgently called for, is that the various States should voluntarily co-operate and amalgamate their interests under a common administration of mankind in which all may share. A well constituted League of Nations represented by all countries may very properly form the Supreme Government for mankind, all local Governments being directly subordinate to it just as provincial Governments are under a central Government. All separate armies, navies and war preparations must disappear, only the Supreme Government having some military equipment for police-work. All Legislative authority must rest with the Supreme Government representing the interests and welfare of mankind. Then there will be no foreign affairs requiring public duplicity, diplomacy, and war; all the energy, sagacity and intelligence of statesmen will be employed in promoting commonweal, in encouraging virtue, education, science and art, in exercising check and control as well as initiative in matters of trade, commerce, production and distribution of food, emigration and immigration from and into different local areas, and in other respects having regard to the condition and necessities of every class of people and every part of the world. A Lloyd George, a Wilson, a Poincaro, charged with the administration of the world and responsible for the interests and welfare of mankind, will not be guilty of any deliberate bias or partiality, and as a safeguard against the possibility of any class of people usurping power for selfish ends, there should be very clear and strong safeguards by providing direct representation to all the countries of the world. Considering that the Europeans have contributed in a great measure to the progress of knowledge and science, and to the cause of democracy, and as they are the most experienced people in the art of Government they, along with the representatives of the two Americas, should form the majority in the League of Nations and lead the Supreme Government for a considerable time till universal education, freer intercourse with each other, freer intermarriage, freer emigration and immigration, and a share in the common administration of the world, make any fundamental distinction between various races impossible. Under a commonwealth of man an Englishman or a Chinese will not care, nor be able, to advance the special and separate interests of England or China any more than what a Londoner or a Berliner does in the British or the German Governments with regard to their particular constituencies. In one administration for mankind the test of ability as a statesman will be how far he can adjust the interests of all men and to what extent he has an eye upon every corner of the earth and every class of people—rich and poor, wise and ignorant.

Geneva, selected as the seat of the League of Nations, may be the capital city of the Commonwealth, or a new capital worthy of the occasion may be built in a temperate climate. An advisory Congress, elected from all parts of the motherland in order to direct and control the executive, will also be necessary, also a Supreme Court of Justice to adjudicate upon international differences.

The question of language for the League of Nations is, I believe, not yet settled. English may well be taken as the language of the Supreme Government. A recent statement of M. Clemenceau that English is the most widely talked language, is in suport of my view. The Commonwealth should of course make provision for the culture of different languages in public schools and colleges and by making it a condition of holding public service in different parts of the world.

The Supreme Government may decide how far national debts and obligations, vested interests, kingships, the Law of Primogeniture and similar laws, permanent land-settlements on a big scale, excessive profiteering and labour problems may gradually and satisfactorily be adjudged in the interests of mankind and the smooth working of the Commonwealth.

AN AWAKENING.

At break of dawn eyes thirsting for a sight
Caught straying sunbeam wandering in the sky.
I asked the sunbeam why the rippling life
Like liquid silver moved ever restlessly.
"Art thou a little lightning which the sky
To youth is nursing for nations of the world?
Is it thy beating heart? Or from all times
Is it thy nature? What is it—
A dance, a wandering madness, ceaseless search?"
The sunbeam said: "In silence of my life
Sleep mighty ventures, nursed in lap of morn.
Nature keeps me restless from all Time;
Search illuminates my bright path of life.
I am not lightning though I am of fire;
I am the message of the world lighted sun.
I will enter like the eyes of the world,
And what the night hid guilty will bring to light.
The blades are blunted, the mailed fist is gone,
Awaken, for the day of self forgetfullness is gone.

THE DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

"Je n'impose pas; je ne propose même pas; j'expose."

BY JASHAND SINGH BISHT.

——:0:——

Listen, O Reader. What is that sweet voice from afar? Listen, how attractive, and alluring, it is! In the shambles of Europe, even the warrior stands amazed at that sweet voice. The noise of the clash of arms, the burning of towns, the booming of howitzers, the thunder of mines—even these, even the clamours of the "blood and iron" doctrinaires have all suddenly subsided to listen to that alluring voice. What is it? Is it the voice of freedom, or is it only an enchanting siren song? Whatever it be, its accents are spreading far and wide, echoing and re-echoing round the world. It appeals to the hearts. Humanity struck, looks up to heaven with hope and admiration. Is it then a new hope to the hopeless, and helpless, a messenger of liberation from the shackles of Imperialism and its concomitant militarism? It is the voice of the American President: has it not allured even the demon of war? Lo! The great President has preached his gospel of liberty, equality and fraternity to all mankind irrespective of race, colour or creed, and millions are cheering, as he pertinently asks: "Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force? Shall the strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purposes and interests? Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?" Lofty sentiments, high ideals, it is a grand vision of humanity as a united brotherhood: the world organised would be a great commonwealth. What could be higher and nobler than this? Is it any wonder that it has captured the heart of humanity?

There he stands on high preaching his famous fourteen points to friends and foe. There, in the midst of loud cheering, says he: "Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now for ever discredited, of the balance of power. Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival States; impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favourites and knows no standards but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned. No special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all."

Friends accept his points and point proudly to him as their spokesman. See, the enemy, too, falls: lofty ideals of this great man have conquered him from within. There is a sudden bloodless revolution, the people discard the most beloved of their monarchs at the bidding of this great man. Crowns are tumbling, military organizations are swept away and whole humanity waits expectant for the birth of a new world.

All acclaim him as the saviour of mankind. Friend and foe welcome him, swords are sheathed, the howitzers boom no more. There is an armistice they say. A great conference of the nations of the world will be held at Versailles to decide the fate of humanity on the basis of these ideals. And the President of the United States comes to Europe to fulfil his great mission, determined to bury militarism and despotism in the great Hall of Mirrors.

Proudly the "George Washington" enters the port of Brest amidst booming guns and the clatter of the presentation of arms? An ocean of human heads is surging to and fro, cheering, acclaiming, welcoming the great saviour of distressed humanity. There is universal joy, the world is to be made safe for democracy. Proudly he enters the metropolis of France, the vast multitude cheering him.

The whole of Versailles is beflagged; millions are there to catch a glimpse of the statesman of the world. Amidst a thundering of guns and loud cheers, and showers of flowers, and presentation of arms, the great man enters the historic hall with all the paraphernalia of power and position! Honour to whom honour is due! Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, the dwarf Japs, the dark Italians, the picturesque Indians---all come here with a sigh of relief. The Conference is declared open by President Poincare of France. The statesmen have set to work, busy night and day, and the world outside waits.

Months slip by and nothing is yet known as to the decisions reached. Finally, a 'Parliament of man' is proposed by the great President. It is, with a slight hesitation, accepted in the premable of the Peace Treaty. Then again brooding silence settles over the great assembly. Russia is plunged in chaos, Austria-Hungary and Germany are in the throes of famine and revolution; England and France are faced with labour troubles and still the peace discussions continue slowly. The Paris Conference proceeds and occasionally the curtain is lifted revealing the fetters of penalties and deterrents which are being forged to safeguard the peace of the world. The great President is thinking, the great Conference is deliberating solemnly, most solemnly over the destinies of mankind. Patience then! You say what right have these Big Five to decide the fate of the world so secretly except the right of force? Nay, they have the most sacred force behind them--the force of moral ideals, the fourteen points, and a most sacred mission to fulfil: to make the world safe for democracy. Wait and see!

It is a good augury that Mr. Lloyd George is supporting the fourteen points against the opposition of France. But be careful. Mr. Lloyd George talks of compensation and justice and punishments, pressing the victors' rights to the extreme limit. And the statesmen of the world talked justice as it is understood in the Criminal Courts or by the border tribes who inhabit the frontiers of India. Tthe result was an anticlimax to an heroic episode in the history of the world. The dream of a world peace found no support from the Imperial statesmen who foregathered to realise it.

Expectant man, thy doom is sealed, wait no more at the gate of Quai d'Orsay, take thy weary way home, plough the land of thy landlord, weep with thy ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed family, drag on thy miserable existence. Victory has been robbed of its fruit and the gates of world-peace effectively closed. The old ideal has survived: "survival of the strongest and best organized in the struggle for existence!"

Imperialism has won again a losing battle; it has imposed its will on weak and conquered nations. Woodrow Wilson has gone back to meditate on the futility of things, but world forces which sought a solution through this great war and moved the minds of men to see the truth are racing in full blast and will only sleep when peace is found, and the ideals which emerged out of the war are realised in however small a measure.

THE LAWYER'S DILEMMA.

A Study of the Law Student and the Practising Lawyer.

By "Sula"

The Lawyer in India, as in England or America, has been much abused, not altogether without reason, perhaps, from the standpoint of the discontented majority in other walks of life. I have no grudge against him and I freely allow him his privilege of the world's virtues and vices in equal degree with the rest of mankind. I do not grudge him even the excessive influence and authority he wields in the realm of the State, for in civilised society it is but inevitable that power should be entrusted to whosoever has leisure and competence and intelligence and there is no doubt of the abundance of these in the class of people known as lawyers. I may also say it (aside) that they can take care of themselves sufficiently well without a word of vindication from strangers, for they are adepts in the art by which they thrive.

But nothing can prevent us from studying the psychology of the lawyer's mind which, in these days of historical criticism, can best be made by tracing its evolution from the mind of the mere student. In a spirit of platonic curiosity and with no malice to any, we shall observe in the following pages various types of the legal mind and accompany the law student in his devious meanderings till he settles down as a full blown lawyer.

The bond that holds all graduates in the Law College is a mere mural affinity! Like water they take the shape of the vessel and find their human level in the college. There one finds the mere B. As, the non-popular honours man, the Master of Arts—all of them graduates in subjects ranging from Algebra to Aranyakas, from frogs to Philosophy, from Physics to Free Trade. It is not a petulant or childish destructiveness that makes me cavil at a necessary divergence of taste in the choice of their subjects. I am aware that it would be adduced that each one had to follow the line of least resistance. Just so. I only want to add that not only in the choice of their subjects, but also in the choice of their professions, they have followed this philosophy of the line of least resistance. It is the Law's serious call that has attracted the majority, and once such a call is seriously obeyed, it has its own lively compensations. The rush to the legal profession in India can only be compared by a consideration of the consensus of reflections that makes a man consign himself to the Church in the West. The easy going life it offers, with that other huge temptation of independence and leisure, not to speak of the social respectability and importance it promises in any Crawford the young man may pop into, make it pre-eminently the avocation for the typical middle class unit, which maintains and is willing to maintain the urgent business of this world at its own monotonous and comfortable dead level. I must take up the student of law in all his picturesque and philosophical aspects for the sheer hilarity of hunting him to a hearty historicity. The mere graduate is boyish enough, flushed with the intoxication of recent academic honours, wearing his feather jauntily and jeeringly but, with all his enormity of vanity, not an unlovable or unclubbable fellow, still able to talk with zest and profit about his literature or science, philosophy or political economy. The Biologist and the Mathematician rough it out, I am afraid, being evidently the wrong Jacks in the box. The honours men and the Masters of Art are shrinking and seclusive; perhaps "they are little Catos' who give their little Senates laws, and sit attentive to their own applause" .The malcontents that are sucked into law finally, after many a storm in pedagogic or official tea-cups, are of varying age, humour and experience. They cannot even live back the eerie irresponsibilities of their old school boy days. The experience of life has sobered though not exactly soured their perception and judgment of their Augean rust and disuse. They have come to law, after finding the Jacob's ladder business a wearisome and thankless job, to brave chance in the open, rather than sit in ambush and hope for occasional windfalls.

The mere graduate lives probably in hotels and private boarding establishments; he is by far the most efficient of his compeers, first in as much as he has that purely scholastic abandon, with its attendant leisure and larkiness, for the mere persuit of study aided, of course, by informal discussions, mutual readings, comparing of notes and the numerous inconsequential though, in bulk, valuable helps of a communal educational life. Not so the man who in addition to his studies has to fend for himself by working at odd hours in the week as tutor or demonstrator (an arid and abject business), having to correct pupils' exercises or prepare scientific experiments, informal lectures and the like. When law lectures used to be given in the evenings, as some years ago, almost all the students were employed elsewhere as clerks or schoolmasters and were taking the law course as their last cartridge in case they could not bag anything worth the name in their present avocations. Even now a number do the same kind of thing but they are all low paid clerks or teachers on a year's furlough or leave. It is almost pathetic to see these men study without break or variety, saddened with the thought of voluntary exile from home and oppressed with a fear of being superseded, or entirely forgotten in their own red-tapedom during their absence, should their legal excursion prove inefficient in the end. These men also live in the same hotels or private establishments, but they share none of the purely animal enthusiasm of the mere graduate for whom the papa has flung wide the gates of the Law College with a low obeisence. Then come the pampered uppish pups of the aristocracy, the lads with the blueblood, gold watch, starch-prouts motor bikes, pretty wives and influential god-fathers and, in short, all that wealth and rank could make or unmake. I have no particular grudge against this lounging set of beaumondaines, but that is how they appear to our track-demonstrator-student and the clerk on furlough. I have noted the hard-worked students look up to these young-devil-may-care Johnnies, and sigh at their unkempt horizons and persons. For aught I care they may be the source of much sunny cheeriness and wholesome optimism to a care-besodden and cowardice-ridden commonwealth book-worm. But a man must be described both as what he appears from without as from within.

Having known these men more with regard to their rank and resources, let us, discontented, spy on their studies, eavesdrop on their secret ambitions and still more secret vanities and weaknesses: all of course in the kindly humour of an Addison and the philosophic curiosity of a Plato. The mere graduate who finds himself at home in the Law College (and whom it is convenient to Christen as the "student") is, to give him his due, the typical middle class unit in the making. By this time surely he has a son or daughter and a brood of relations with their attendant interests and anxieties---all of which conspire to settle him into a complacent mediocrity.

Of the clerk on furlough and the try-a-luck Johnny of various callings, one talks with a hush and a whisper. Probably the whims of the litigant public and the pittances of their prospective briefs are less cruel or even more kindly and less bestrewn with chance] than their galley masters and inquisitors elsewhere. "Ambition must be made of sterner stuff," seeing that they get into the lowest of the law courses, the most crowded, nerve shattering and hazardous one year course. When taken at close quarters, they will cheerfully confess with a stern, though sad smile, that their pursuit of law is a choice of the lesser of the two evils; and for their own, and everybody's sake, it surely was the lesser and not the greater.

But there is the man of mediocre talents and moderate resources who believes in his versatility as something epochally significant and his resources as something fancifully inexhaustible. He is flattered to find his name in print on contributions, pseudonymous reviews or notices, correspondence, or comments on contemporary journalism. I do not object to a healthy interest in current events in life and letters but this interest does not stop there. He thinks he is a class by himself, the literary or leading class of the country as though an editor's correspondents are a class by themselves any more than his subscribers; as though by the padding to the soulless and unsocial journalism of the times a man were augmenting communal happiness or contemporary perfectability. This cheap self-conceit, apart from thwarted talent and totally blighted abilities, is another and fertile cause of mere suicidal complacency.

There is again a fourth, the sheer opportunist, the perfect gambler, whose evasive mobility is shockingly mercurial. He is in the Law College for fear of wasting a year, and from there is all the while trying for a position in the Salt, the Police, the probationary Deputy Collectorship, influential private secretaryships to Estates or Maharajahs; the chance vacancies for fever-runged Jacob's ladders in the Board of Revenue, Secretariat, the accountant's competitive, and in short for any loophole which opens a position with a tolerably tempting starting salary. He is a philanderer of the professions, a man who disgusts us not merely by the want of a romantic imagination or a philosophy of life and conduct (which lack, as Shaw says, is a merit) but by the revolting infidelity of his pursuits, the inconsistent character with which he will go into society, with that fatal perversity of his to jilt and dissemble for money as much as for anything equally low and corrupt.

There is a fifth whose ambitions, though not high, are equally neither low nor entirely chastened or sobered. He will not object if he were offered the judgeship, though he does not want it and, in fact, does not expect it. A tiny munsiffship will just fill his daisy's little cup. He is not a jobber and he shall be given quarter though he does not ask it. He has not much resources, yet he risks his little to put himself on the safer side. He cannot afford to step into private practice and keep the wolf from the door till the expected sky falls and the expected larks along with it. And so, after passing, he enters Government offices, —a pathetic specimen of imbecility.

But what is to be said of the already opulent middle class, the uppish pup, that wants to wallow in the vulgar visions of the aristocracy; the younger son nobility of our land, the satellite of the sodden bureaucracy, who starts with a premium of leisure and godfathers, domestic joys and freedom, having absolutely no need to throw himself into economic copetition, yet does and will throw himself into it with a rapacity and greed, and cunning, and cruelty to be met with only in the oldest and wildest of wild cats. I am aware that a man of birth and breeding, culture and college distinctions, is the one fitted for positions of responsibility and power in that for filthy lucre he would not do anything, seeing, indeed, he has already been wallowing in it. Just so. As Mr. Chesterton has said somewhere, the aristocracy is born with the silver spoon in its mouth in order that it may not be found afterwards with one in its pocket. If nobility of character is born with nobility of birth, let us start with the notion that every son of man is a Duke. I am Lycurgus enough to forbid even the independent professions for these younger sons, seeing the iniquitously unjust way the careers of their less efficiently godfathered compeers, even in the open struggle for existence called "private practice," are blighted. Let them graduate themselves by all means, and after that let them look after their property. If they complain that they have nothing intellectual to do, let them read Shaw's Socialism for Millionaires, and be content.

Of that minority of elderly men, are the effete stragglers of the vanishing generation who, as teachers or clerks of a decade's standing, will still, without shame or stint, study (perhaps with their sons). Let us give them the same charitable judgment as in the Merchant of Venice. It is not the love of battle and life but the colour and smell of money that have drawn their tottering steps to the Law College. Any pittance is a Derby Sweep; any brief, however low in character, a boon and a Godsend. If the adventure of growing old has made their life sour instead of sweet, if they have aged like a Tithonus rather than a Ulysses, if at their final reckoning they have lost or gained nothing except money and if, in short, their old age was one of toil and no honour—well, mine is not the blame, nor the gods who gave them each their just share of light and leading.

There is again a separate and serious charge that not many of our University men feel in after life, as they ought to, any of those sentiments that made Gray break into that ode on a distant prospect of Eton College or

> Forty years on when far and asunder
> Parted are those that are speaking to-day,
> When you look back and regretfully wonder
> What were you like in your work and your play.

That may be, perhaps, because our Universities are not exactly what Newman would have intended them to be, or it may also in a large measure be due to that sword with which they fight the battle of life, cutting their own hands as much as those of their adversaries. Tennyson-Hallam friendships are broken before they can be said to have formed to the depth and range of at least an "In-Memoriam". Woefully belated platonic discipleship frittering away round pseudo Socrateses, abortive epics, undigested prolegomena to Ethics or Economy mark, like the ruins of Pompeii, the domain of Indian Post-graduate life. The stubborn spirits that vowed to rise above parental tyranny or contemporary Jeffreism have all vanished as by sorcery, while the subtle charm of following eventful and glorious "varsity careers" (wherever it is possible) has almost always resulted in gruesome official pamperings or living stolid portraits not far removed from the commercial dignity of "I sold for cash!"

The lawyer after taking his degree or license, is confronted with a tormenting puzzle whether he is to stay in the Metropolis or tramp out elsewhere. Judging by his indecision, one finds a parallel to this Trojan vacillation in the Greek legend of Paris and the golden apple. With some of, course the question had been settled long ago. They must leave Madras because they must and they are the clerk on furlough, the elder man, the Munsiff larva, the opportunist. But the man with literary pretensions and moderate means, the younger sons of the upper ten, and the mere graduate with his parents or near relatives or father-in-law in the city, these are the men who are confronted with Jund, Aphrodite, and Pallas Athene. And the Trojan war into which the legal Paris is thrown is unheroic beyond endurance and hence it is I chant his Iliad in a series of Homeric nods.

The uppish pup is efficiently god-fathered, lives dangerously, becomes the autocrat of the clubs, the ubiquitous orator, amateur chaffeur, cricket or tennis champion the cosmopolitan diner, and, in a nutshell, an *obermench*, but unlike him not a just man made perfect but a wealthy man made powerful which in Madras merely means maintaining the Mount Road Firms. But the men with the Parnassian swagger and moderate means, piteously whine for all this from all the back lanes and alleys of all the suburbs. They have vowed to keep up pretensions that must at once be progressive and prosperous, and even if it comes to "eating his bread in sorrow, weeping and wailing for the morrow," it is not like Goethe to know the Heavenly powers but the earthly ones. He has to avoid the pitfall of getting apprenticed to hack-vakils; and instead goes to some big gun and for that end buys recommendations "dearly hired". And after that having been taught "his manage" he must slave away as a Junior, preparing the briefs for the said big gun for a cheerless eternity, like another Sidney Carton. The exhibition of real talent may, in some cases, keep him a Junior for life. When this stage is passed and he has argued his maiden brief he must live up to what little mark he has made by not making a *faux pas* in going to lesser courts than the High Court, *viz.* the Small Cause Courts, the Presidency Magistrate's, the Police Court. To do that, even at the extremity of the wolf at the door, is to irretrievably shatter the terrible make-believe of half a decade. And then he must take, not an active but a condescending part, in social and political movements, must serve as a foil to that Juggernath of his chief, even write his addresses, moving or seconding resolutions, and at the end adequately thank and enjoy his opportune observations. Further, he must ceaselessy pillory (or be pilloried) and ubiquitously wallow in the correspondence columns on matters of all sorts and sundry. In short, he must behave as though money were not his Golden Fleece, but an accidental encumbrance which he would (though he dose not) place on the altar of public utility. Clearly his chief's fad. But Christ, the unbamboozleable, keeps up to his dictum. Unto those that have little even that little shall be taken away and unto those that have more, more shall be added.

And the upshot of it all is that in the legal world there exist two hierarchies of varying opulence and penury: the moffussil and the metropolitan. Taking the metropolitan (for sheer local patriotism) there comes the prosperous, west-end Vakil with a palatial residence, "transcendental tailoring," liveried equipage, horses and motor, and a retinue of poor relations, clerks, Juniors, apprentices, and servants. Next comes the boss returned from the moffussil, usually the solicitor for litigant zemindars, rajahs, and maharajahs. He has come down to the city not so much for practice which he gets somehow but for its metropolitan pleasures, motorable roads, crowded platforms, electric lighting and fashionable restaurants, and of course public life.

The third in this hierachy is the one with the non-improvable income of Rs. 300-600. He has exhausted his wits to bring it to four figures and has left it hopeless at that. And so he has vigorously thrown himself into riding some petty hobby of his, which is one of the following histrionics, social reform or some others equally diverting and equally easy *viz*: Rationalism, Theosophy, Vedanta, Sanskrit literature.

The fourth is the dogged, matter of fact, bustling lower court advocate, jeeringly termed the "Police Court Norton" by his foredoomed successors still in *statu pupillary.* He makes up a decent Rs. 300 and is neither discontented nor ashamed of that. He counts on windfalls at occasional excursions into the moffussil and so is not seldom out of the city. It is even true to say that he lives in Madras solely to be called away from it. Mere metropolitan doggedness and pluck have come to be looked upon in the moffussil as a criterion of legal determination, and hence the superior, at any rate the equal, in point of efficiency and glamour to any available in the moffussil. God knows how far this is true. But if true it explains, though it does not excuse, the hazardous necessity that makes even the most precarious metropolitan life a legal speculation well worth the trial of a decade. The last in this hierarchy is the proved weakling who has neither the practical genius of the Police Court Nortons nor the average abilities of the unambitious amateur-actor. His feet are slipping away. He finds that he is pretty poor at the bottom and so the pretences of prosperity are an irksome and cruel joke. He runs away to the moffussil and as often as he runs away another adventurer from the moffussil steps into his shoes. The moffussil hierarchy is insufferably parochial. Its distinctions are as invidious as they are crude or low. Its highest is the Municipal Chairman. All sorts of conveyances serve to mark moffussil vakils into classes; and the man with the largest number of clerks and the least and, lastly, the new arrivals—it would be very interesting to review these two hierarchies but that is another story and I shall not weary you with it now.

A word or two said in passing about the Bar-at-Law and on going to England will not be amiss. To state in a nutshell, the Bar-at-Law's position is one of fear and distrust. He is generally in affluence and so at liberty to follow the "higher culture." To his profession he beams as a sort of superman, to his relations and immediate circle of friends, attitudinises as a heretic of the most uncompromising type, being romantically redolent with reminiscences not a little shocking to orthodox taste and convictions. He is feared because he could easily have freer and more frequent relations with the Ruling class. Unto himself he is an unacknowledged autocrat on matters of social reform in view of the established fact that he had been to two countries and knows at first hand two civilizations. Whether he had seen and known with eyes or no eyes is quite another matter. But at present he is a common enough commodity and not such a wonder as he used to be when many didn't go to England and foreign travel was visited with much stricter social ostracism.

But here one must digress for it is not many months since these England-returned men wanted to form a club all for themselves. On the placid and even sheepish journalism of our day it came like a bolt from the blue. But for once the press rightly pointed out the inadvisability of such a sinister and invidious distiction, not only from a professional but from a social point of view. The avowed objects of such a club would be just those of any other vakils' Club, Bridge and Billiards, papers and iced drinks, talk and tennis, smoke and social reform. But the understood objects, what were they? They of course did not betray what they were but they did as much by their confession of the necessity for a separate club, since the ordinary clubs could not fill some aching void in their cosmos. One has to perform some vivisection to get at them, to see gradually unfolding that such an association would in the first place facilitate intermarriages specially amongst Brahmins, seeing that ostracism, though less severe, is still bad enough. This is desirable enough, for that is how the progressive class in Japan gradually replaced the bigoted ones. But what guarantee is there that such a body would be free from the club-evils that have begun to tell upon even their home-keeping brethren in purely Rip-Van-Winkle circles. The giddy-go-round of accidental addictions which no doubt these England-returned men have seen too little not to be dazzled at, will enter into the projected body not insidiously but with welcome and giant strides. Being in a clique one can sow his wildest oats under the screening shadow of club-unionism which may easily evade or entirely suppress public opinion; especially the peeping alertness and even abusive but well intentioned gaze of orthodox criticism. No man wants the Riviera and Monte Carlo of popular fiction to be enacted in the clubs of any land, least of all in India, and these young England-returned gents could have at best seen clubs in the West, all of them tainted with wine and women, baccarat and browning pistols to a nausea loathsomely lurid. Already the Moffussil Bar Unions where the hours look like those at a Sunday School have provided in our homes the parallel to the English wife, waking late in the night to put to bed her inebriate spouse. Indian women do not desire their husbands to be inebriate any more than they desire them to be clinging to their apron-strings. But what is all this male lawlessness when compared to the public mischief such an association will do. It will create in India lounging ideals in politics, with its parties and party funds, electioneering and rottenness, peevish depressions and delirious exaltations which as Shaw says are but changes from Tweedledum to Tweedledee. Such institutions when once they begin to spring up like mushrooms will mean the very negation of that ascetic and adorable self-discipline of social service which is the true Eastern Hall-Mark of the leader born of the people and for their urgent errands. But, as John Morley says, we shall not say good morrow to the devil until we meet him.

INDIA AS SEEN BY FA-HIEN.

By Ganga Prasad Mehta M. A.

There would have remained many spaces of darkness and centuries of silence in our knowledge of Ancient India, but for those occasional glimpses afforded by the records of foreign observers, into the internal condition of the country. Among such sources of historical information, the Greek notices of India are extremely valuable; and it was fortunate, indeed, that about the time when the light from the classics began to fail, light was vouchsafed to us from another source, the narratives of the Chinese pilgrims who visited India, the fatherland of their faith, between the fourth and eighth centuries A. D.

In the whole range of human history there is nothing more thrilling than the story of the arduous journey of these devout pilgrims. towards India. "Never," says Mr. Beal, "did more devoted pilgrims encounter the perils of travel in foreign and distant lands; never did disciples more ardently desire to gaze on the sacred vestiges of their religion; never did men endure greater sufferings by desert, mountain and sea than these earnest Buddhist priests." To follow Fa-hien from his home in China, while toiling through the barren waste to resume his march again across the wild mountains and precipitous gorges is, as it were, to pass through the thrilling scenes and exciting incidents of romance in the course of which we often hold our breath in suspence over the pilgrim's fate. If ever man walked by faith, not by sight, it was Fa-hien.

Fa-hien's account of his travels in India is of special interest for the ecclesiastical history of Buddhism. He gives a vivid description of the stately pageants of Buddhist ceremonial and of the countless stupas, viharas and monasteries with which India then abounded, and which a pious posterity had erected either to enshrine some relic of the Buddha or of a Buddhist saint or else to commemorate some sacred spot. Fa-hien found Buddhism very flourishing in the North-West region of India and in a satisfactory condition more eastward. He does not mention the college at Natanda which, in the 7th century, was the chief centre of Buddhist learning. The Buddhist kings had lovingly lavished their wealth upon raising such memorial edifices throughout India and Ceylon.

There are explicit indications in the record of Fa-hien that relations between Buddhists and the various shades of Hinduism were generally peaceful, while bitter enmity only raged between Hinayanists and Mahayanists, the representatives of the two great schisms in the Buddhistic Church.

Fa-hien admits that he was accorded a most cordial reception at each monastery as he moved from Taxila and Peshawar into the interior of India. He speaks of the large-hearted hospitality and charitable disposition of the Indians in glowing terms of praise. Fa-hien's record bears authentic testimony to the astounding achievements of the Religion of Pity and Peace in effecting a profound change in the spiritual perspective of India. In those far-off times *we find a noble catholicity of spirit, enriched with those five touches of nature which make the whole world kin, a particularly prominent feature of Indian character---a feature* which stands in such marked contrast to the later exclusiveness and self-isolation of the Indians.

The pilgrim's observations on Indian life and manners reveal a very high level of civilization in India. But we notice, with regret, that he has not recorded with his graphic pen very many particulars about the political condition of India. However, his incidental notices on the secular, as distinct from the religious aspects of Indian life, have furnished us with a valuable picture of the Gupta Empire during the fifth century A. D.

The brilliant reign of Samudragupta, the Indian Napolean, had probably closed about 375 A. D. His numerous military exploits, combined with his intellectual attainments of a very high order, not only made him the Lord Paramount of India, but also the pioneer of the Renaissance of Hindu culture. He was succeeded by his son Chundragupta Vikramaditya. In Fa-hien's record we have a contemporary account of the administration of this great king who, according to a foreigner's testimony, seems to have bestowed on his people the benefits of law and order in sufficient measure to allow them to grow rich in peace and prosper abundantly.

"In the Middle Kingdom" says Fa-hien, "the people are numerous and happy. They have not to register their households or attend to any magistrates and their rules. Only those who cultivate the Royal land have to pay a portion of the produce of the soil. The king governs without capital or other corporal punishments. Criminals are simply fined. Even in cases of repeated attempts at rebellion, they only have their right hands cut off. The king's body-guards and attendants all have fixed salaries."

These facts point to the justice, clemency and efficiency of the Imperial Government which, besides achieving many splendid victories of peace, imparted new impulses to Indian Art and Literature.

Fa-hien throws some light on the social life of the Indians when he says: "Throughout the whole country the people do not kill any living creature, nor drink intoxicants, nor eat onions or garlic, excepting the Chandalas who are fishermen and hunters, and live outside the town-limits. They do not keep pigs and fowls nor sell live cattle; in the markets there are no butchers' shops and no dealers in intoxicating drink". The Chandala or out-caste tribes whose touch is pollution to a Hindu, did not fare better in ancient than in modern times. It is surprising to note that Buddhism with its cosmopolitan sympathies did nothing to reclaim these depressed classes.

Although, according to Fa-hien, cowri shells formed the ordinary currency, there is evidence enough of the prevalence of gold and silver coins. The Buddhist Church was in possession of extensive lands, the revenues of which were assigned to the Order of Monks for their maintenance. These church lands were guaranteed to them by copper-plate grants which could not be resumed by the State.

The Buddhist monasteries, so lavishly endowed by princes and people alike, were tenanted by thousands of monks whose devout and virtuous lives evoked the enthusiastic admiration of the pilgrim. Few things in all history are more attractive than this peep into India's Golden Age when the law of piety was actually carried into practice. Fa-hien found Buddhism at the crowning point of its meridian splendour, and was specially delighted to see that the leaven of the Lord's Gospel had leavened the whole life and temper of the times. With the ardent devotion of a pilgrim he visited several sacred spots, listening 'with a hearing ear' to the legends and incidents associated with Buddha's mission.

From Mathura Fa-hien went to Kanauj, whence he betook himself to Sravasti, in modern Oudh, which, though flourishing in the time of Buddha, was now in a desolate condition. On the occasion of his visit to Patliputra, Fa-hien gazed with wonder at "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples" centuries after the death of Asoka, which, he says, exist now as of old, and which were all built by the spirits which piled up the stones, reared the walls and gates and executed the elegant carving and inlaid sculpture---work in a way which no human hands can accomplish. Such is Fa-hien's eloquent testimony to the artistic splendour of the Maurya Age.

He again observes that the cities of Magadha (Bihar) are the greater of all in the Middle Kingdom; the people are rich and prosperous, and vie with one another in the practice of virtue. Charitable institutions were numerous; rest-houses for travellers were provided on the highways; free hospitals were endowed by benevolent citizens for dispensing charity and medicines to the poor, orphans, widows and helpless patients. The traditions of the benign Government of Asoka seem to have gone down the stream of time intact.

Fa-hien, in the course of his pilgrimage, visited Rajgriha, Gaya, Benares and Sarnath, the radiating centres of the magnificent Empire of Buddhistic belief. The pilgrim acquired the manuscripts of his faith at Patliputra where he devoted three years to the study of Sanskrit. Instead of going to the Deccan, for the road to it lay through perilous paths, Fa-hien left for Tauralipti at the mouth of the Hoogli where he devoted another two years to his Sanskrit studies. Thence he took ship for Ceylon where he found Buddhism in a flourishing condition with all its paraphernalia of stupas and sanctuaries.

After two years' stay in Ceylon, Fa-hien took ship for China. During this voyage he encountered the dangers of the deep in a spirit of calm resignation, cherishing the sacred manuscripts and images he had obtained in India as the dearest acquisitions of his life. This dauntless pilgrim, whose heart was "radiant with ardour divine," reached his home in China only to dedicate the rest of his days on earth to the dissemination of the spiritual knowledge he had garnered in India.

The rare glimpses afforded us of the reign of Chandragupta Vikramaditya by an independent witness like Fa-hien, when the veil of deep obscurity which rests on pre-Mohammedan India is for a moment lifted, reveal to us a well-governed, prosperous land, with a highly civilized population.

Other evidences, tending to the same effect, clearly indicate that this remarkable age of Ancient India was extraordinarily fertile in literary and artistic achievements; that under the auspices of the Imperial Guptas, India stood on the top of golden hours.

AKBAR AND IQBAL.

By Ahmad Shafi

There is not much in common between the two contemporary poets of the Urdu language---Akbar and Iqbal. Each in his own sphere is likely to leave an impress on contemporary Musalman life. While Iqbal has often openly assumed the role of a guide, Akbar has, in his own unassuming manner, exposed to derision the idiosyncrasies of his generation. A touch of cynicism is not lacking in either—but the latter has used to very good effect the sting of his deadly satire which reminds one of Voltaire.

It is due to Iqbal to say that his has been the second best attempt of a poet to lead his community. The laurels *must* be assigned to Hali. Though garlanded by Shibli for being an effective poet, Iqbal cannot be absolved of the charge of having himself been influenced by the trend of the times. One fails to detect in his earlier outpourings the ripeness which characterise his recent poetry. He began life with ordinary love songs not much out of the common. A happy combination of what happened to be mere accidents of fortune, helped to gain popularity for him in his earlier days, which he well sustained to start with, and later well deserved. The professorship of a college, the annual meetings of an anjuman coupled with the musical voice and the charming personality of the poet were enough to attract and keep faithful the younger generation. His long poems, full of pious hopes for communal well-being, were rapturously recited by him and were well appreciated. These brought men and money to the anjuman and gave promise of the poet to come. Love and mysticism tainted with an occasional dash of economics not devoid of a throbing vein of healthy patriotism, characterised his poetry at this stage. He wrote some verse of real worth and exquisite beauty indeed during this period of transition.

I do not mean to say that his genius flowered late, or that much of his earlier poetry is not of permanent value. He had yet to come to his own and this did not happen before his return from Europe.

While in Europe he became a Pan-Islamist. Recent events have left this ill-starred word bereft of all the romance which had been studiously and, by some, perhaps, maliciously thrown round it. He frequented the London Pan-Islamic Society whose name he helped in changing to Islamic Society because, he argued, it was redundant to call it Pan and Islamic. This little incident of perhaps not much value in itself then, showed the drift of the man. He had to teach us anew that all Musalmans all over the world were consciously or unconsciously members of a world wide Islamic Society. He beautifully puts this sentiment in a poem when he claims:

چین و عرب همارا هندوستان همارا ـــ مسلم هیں هم هے سارا جهان همارا

On return from Europe he studiously kept himself in the back ground to escape being lionised. His critics attribute his long silence to the absence of opportunities.

Prima facie this appears plausible, the anjuman had lost its popularity and the *Makhzan* had appreciably lost its prestige. Obviously he needed a stimulus and this arrived when Maulvi Zafar Ali Khan came to the front. This worthy has been a writer of verse of no mean order and by virtue of his close personal relations with eminent Musalman workers of the Aligarh school of thought, provided a congenial and perhaps warm company for Iqbal. The reverses sustained by the Turks in the wars with Italy and the allied Balkan States, warmed the Maulvi to white heat, which could not but infect Iqbal. The result was his famous *Shikwah.* Contrast

نہیں منت کش تاب شنیدن داستاں میری—خموشی گفتگو ہے بےزبانی زباں میری

of Iqbal that was, with

جرات اموز مری تاب سخن ہے مجھکو—شکوہ اللہ سے خاکم بدہن ہے مجھکو

of Iqbal that we came to know under these influences.

I admit that consistency under all circumstances is not generally possible. It is to be regretted that Iqbal apparently succumbed to the influences which dictated *Shikwah* and reeled out a volume of popular political poetry of ephemeral value. Of course there is some real gold to be detected in a large quantity of glittering verse, but the fact remains that the mere glitter enticed away the people from the pale though substantial gold. This remark is substantiated by the fact that he was deluged with successive waves of unpopularity on the appearance of his *Musnavis.* The poet has, however, survived this storm, while, let us hope, the politician has succumbed to it.

It cannot be ignored that Iqbal has occasionally dabbled in politics with, I hasten to add, indifferent success. No Musalman worthy of his faith can neglect this aspect of the life of his community. The writer of political poetry only reminds the world that he is more of a man, although a poet, than a prophet, and such a MAN we find in Akbar.

There are very few Urdu knowing Indians who have not smarted under the lash of Akbar's satire, and have not, for the matter of that, given the tormentor of their souls the humble offerings of their love. His wit has signed his message on the mind of his audience who have applauded in direct ratio to the vehemence of his blows. Akbar is an iconoclast. He has always aimed at demolishing the idol of Western vices in India. He has held the superficial manners of our younger generation to mockery and derision, but such is the hold of the Master on his flock, that instead of piteously bleating for help, they have demanded and, perhaps, deserved more and more of this chastisement.

Himself deeply immersed in Orientalism, he has abhored the veneer of Occidentalism in his audience. English education, Western manners and Occidental vices have all received his attention. He has damned with faint praise, if not actually condemned, the process of the acquisition of the "new" to the utter neglect of the "old." The "old," according to his gospel, would include a strong dose of religious education with Oriental manners and Asiatic virtues diluted with all that is best in Western civilization.

Musalmans, being his co-religionists, have received more attention than the other communities, but his sarcasm would equally apply *mutatis mutandis* to any other denizen of this land. He is a cynic. You cannot resist the temptation of thinking that your little weaknesses have been grossly exaggerated by him, especially when the chastising slap has been aimed and delivered with mocking disregard at your tender cheeks.

He makes a mountain of your pettty foibles and makes you look small in your own eyes. Your pet hobbies are exposed mercilessly till you feel like crying.

But with all his brutal blows, you cannot help loving him. You instinctively feel that he has succeeded in touching the weakest spot in your armour. How often have you resolved not to merit his attentions again, but alas! once more you have helped in paving the way to the hell where Akbar's satire is ever ready to sting you to - remorse?—no, to laughter!!!

His incisive wit and the dexterous use of English words in Urdu poetry have made you laugh while your soul has been cut to the quick. The laughter has very often saved the situation where mere invective would have made matters worse. It has been a sugar coating to his message which he has administered to us in generous doses. You have loved him for his sincerity of purpose while at the same time you have wished that he had not spoken at all.

But speak he must. He appears to have learnt, rather late in life, that he had a serious message to deliver rather than to write sentimental poems, and that for this purpose he had an effective weapon at his command. His earlier poetry is, I would say, devoid of much of the elevating and instructive elements which are so eagerly sought and profusely found in his later productions. Like Sauda he makes you both weep and laugh in the same breath. His method of attack is inimitable and his art of pacification has beaten all records. It is true that he launches his missiles from the sacrosanct ground of religion, but it must be admitted that his religion is more rational than the blind rationalism of his victims. He is grievously misunderstood when he is charged with defending dogma and formula as distinct from the so called "spirit" of religion. He is quite on firm ground when he questions the efficacy of your "spirit" in contradistinction from his "belief" and "faith" in making MEN out of the otherwise dead mass of humanity. How often he has lifted a mere commonplace to the dizzy heights of idealism till it has caused a real searching of hearts. And herein lies the success of Akbar.

He has made you look deeper at what you were wont to glance at cursorily. He takes you along your favourite road at a brisk pace till you are brought to the verge of an abyss and left there to shudder---not left there helpless or in a vindictive spirit, but to help you to see the danger of the path your were treading. That he has successfully diagnosed the case is amply proved by the fact that all have willingly submitted to his treatment and are always ready to undergo the ordeal.

Both Akbar and Iqbal have suggested their different remedies. The former's prescription is, in a way, complementary to the latter's. Their methods differ, but their aim is the same. Being the senior of the two, Akbar has adopted a more direct method of treatment. He tackles the every day life of the average house-holder in a businesslike manner while the younger has attempted, successfully let me add, ambitious flights to the realms of the spirit. Both have in their own exquisite way picked holes and offered consolation. Both have delivered their messages without equivocation but with this apparent difference, that while the one has catered to the work-a-day folk, the other has served the "ideal" people. It is idle to deny that both have appreciably affected the trend of Society but to say that they have helped to affect its destiny, is very hard to substantiate.

GHOSTS.

By Violette de Malortie.

I had been dreaming over the eventful days of my youth, and listening again to the courtly General, Sir Frederick Stephenson commanding the Army of Occupation in Egypt which had its Head-quarters in Cairo.

Upon one occasion Colonel Francis Bridgeman, who remained a spoilt darling of Society, for various reasons, both personal and hereditary, said to the writer:

"Don't call the General, 'Sir Frederick': he is always 'Ben', in the Guards."

"Oh!" I replied. "That tall straight figure and silvery hair, do not suggest, or look in the least like 'Ben'".

"Never mind" answered T. C. B. a guardsman himself—"Try it."

A few weeks later I happened to be standing between the future Lord Wolseley and Sir Frederick Stephenson while the troops were being entrained for the first advance up the Nile after the unfortunate defeat, through the treachery of an Arab guide, of Hicks Pasha and the brave men under him. It was a beautiful evening and the Nile and the desert looked as unlike war as possible.

Turning round, the General said: "Is it a fact that you have a loaded revolver in your pocket?"

"Yes," I answered. "But you do not ask me why?"

"Not now. I must take the liberty of asking you to give it to me at once."

I did so, and he handed it to one of his A. D. Cs.

"Question for question then", said I. "Is it true that they call you 'Ben?'"

He laughed so pleasantly that I knew it to be so. Later, we met at lunch, and the conversation turned on ghosts. I began one story and he told another. My story was as follows:

I had taken a new house and the idea had gained ground that our house was haunted. I was too much occupied with a very sick husband and the keeping of my Arabs in order, my own maid, and one, Osman, being the only two I could really and entirely trust, to pay much attention to ghosts. Fear, however, had taken possession, and be it in an army, or a house, this impalpable guest is difficult to get rid of.

We had a few people to lunch and the conversation drifted into curious adventures of a supernatural kind. I ventured to suggest that most of them could be *explained* away, and gave the following as an example.

I was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Udny at Udny Castle, Aberdeenshire. I had been told that the policies of Udny were haunted by a wandering shepherd who, in former years, had been known as the "Laird of Udny's fool". It was difficult for this man to earn his daily bread, he being, as they say in Scotland, "clean daft". Life must have been a long misery to a poor creature regarded as hardly human, and the butt of the baser sort, particularly of the village boys. One day he was found dying in an old barn, when, to the surprise of those around, he said: "Dinna bury me like a beastie". I heard this story before saying good-night.

With the exception of the tower, which stands as it stood five hundred years ago, and has a handsome dining-room re-decorated by the present owner, Udny is a modern building. My room happened to be at the end of a corridor (empty at the time); it was a homely, cheerful apartment, containing a very large quaint bedstead, with four posts, a bright red valence, and curtains which were drawn round it at night; for a cold climate like Scotland, surely it was comfortable and cosy enough.

I looked around, locked the door of the adjoining room on my side, and had some of the curtains looped back to the posts, but not those at the bottom of the bed. There was no reason why I should not have a good night's rest. I felt well and, for me, tolerably happy.

About one o'clock I awoke quite suddenly and saw the uncouth head of a wild fellow peeping through the curtains at my feet. The man said: "Dinna, dinna bury me like a beastie." In ordinary times, being a polite person, I should have answered, "Certainly not", but upon this occasion, risking my life in the effort, I jumped out of bed and, with naked feet, rushed along the passage, down a few steps, crossed the big staircase, then up a short flight, and found the swing door that led to the servants' quarters. Once inside the door, I regained my reason, and thought—"There are several men-servants and others: how shall I find my maid's room?" When, close to me, I saw a door ajar. I pushed it gently; there was no one inside, but a lighted candle stood on a small table and next to it was a chair. I sat upon the extreme edge of it and waited. Shortly after, a young woman came in, but as soon as she caught sight of me she threw up both her arms and was going to scream. "Don't," I said, rushing forward. "Pray don't be frightened. I am on a visit here. I am a guest and want my maid."

"Oh! oh! oh!" and she began to sob and tremble. To prevent further developments I asked where the room was. To which she replied, "But you be not then a wee spook?"

"Nay," I answered, "and what trouble we shall be in if you wake up the men-folk; do be a good girl and show me where to go."

"I dinna ken for sure, but may be 'tis the room over there."

"Come then, and just open the door a wee bitte." She did, and, O blessed sight! I caught a glimpse of the gown I had worn at dinner. My dear maid was fast asleep. I called her by name twice, keeping away from the bed. She sat up and looked more frightened than the other one, whom I still held by the arm. But the habit of service was there, she struck a match, lit the candle and, looking aghast, saw me shivering by the side of a rosy young kitchen-maid. whom I was begging not to say a word about the matter, and I never heard that she did.

Quietly we crept back down the corridor and into the haunted room, where, with persuasion, the fire was rekindled and some boiling water given me to drink. I begged my maid to sleep on the sofa every night until the other guests arrived.

My hostess knew nothing about my fright for, in those days, innocent, but alarming, jokes were sometimes the fashion at Udny.

I related this story as an instance of what imagination could do; nevertheless, it led to an argument. I admitted my belief in what they call in the Highlands "second sight," and also in the magnetic influence of those who love us, and *vice versa*, that cannot be denied. This magnetic power has manifested itself hundreds and thousands of miles away, seeming to take no cognizance of distance.

The General then related the following story:—

Many, many years ago my parents had been invited to an old historic castle abroad; they admired its lofty rooms, especially those panelled in wood, nearly black with age. It also possessed fine pictures, some of them let into the walls, while others had the heavy broad gilt frames of a later period. Old damask hangings and curiously-shaped furniture represented the fashion and taste of past generations. There were effigies of knights in the armour they had worn at the time of S. Louis of France. The same forests existed in which men of long ago had tussled with the wild boar, after the fall of the acorns, when he is fit and eager for any conflict, while the fair river still edged some miles of the wood.

When the aged couple, to whom the castle belonged, died, my father bought it from distant kinsmen who greatly preferred a considerable sum of money to the property. When all the business arrangements had been completed, my mother, some of us boys, and a few servants started off in high spirits for our new demesne, my father who, had just returned from the place, promising to follow in a week. I shall never forget the delight of my younger brother, or of myself as, day after day, we explored the forest and the river. But to pass on. My mother chose a room for herself that had an old state bed in it and several pictures of by-gone men and women. One of the latter looked a very vicious person; the artist had not veiled her character in the thin, cruel lips, the cold, pitiless eyes, the strong, bony hands, for those who could read such signs; but the commanding presence and stiff, stately clothing struck the ordinary observer more than the characteristics of her personality. About midnight a sharp cut across the arm awoke my mother, who lit a candle and thought she had had a bad dream but the next morning, in turning back the sleeve of her nightdress, she saw *a red mark*, like a wale or stripe. "A mouse, perhaps even a rat," said mother to herself. "I will see about it." But as the same thing occurred again, my mother took the next room, and upon our father's return put him into the one where she had had the unpleasant adventure, thinking he might use it as a dressing-room. He arrived very late and went to bed. At breakfast he remarked: "My dear, I was bitten on my arm last night, and yet it looks more like a blain than a bite." Afterwards they talked the matter over in private, thinking some trick might have been played upon them by former servants, jealous of new owners coming into the old property. My father took the room next on the other side, and resolved to keep this beautiful apartment as a guest-chamber.

Meanwhile there was much to occupy us in searching and finding; our last discovery being a gun-room and, in it, a secret staircase that led to a tower, from whence we could see a long stretch of dark forest, and on the other side undulating, open country.

Soon, in the wild excitement of a new life, the incident of the "room" was forgotten by our elders; we children knew nothing about it, until long after. My parents happened to be absent for a few days in a neighbouring town to buy a pair of horses. A cousin of ours arrived with her baby and a Scotch nurse. The housekeeper put them into the "picture room". What happened no one knows, but the next morning, at our cousin's urgent request, they were moved to another floor nearer the nursery.

For the October shooting my father had a great party and the handsome "picture room" was given to the Duke of B. As they walked out the following day, he said: "A rather curious thing happened to me last night." At once the fact flashed through my father's mind.

"Really, what was it?"

"I am very fond of pictures and looked at that remarkable portrait over the fireplace for a long time. As you know, the woman holds a whip in her right hand."

"A whip?" asked my father. "I have seen the picture, of course, but I never saw a whip."

"Yes, there is one, rather in shadow. I will show it to you when we return. I suppose I gazed too long and too critically at the lady, for in the middle of the night she gave me a cut upon the arm;" and turning back his wristband he pointed to the mark.

"But," asked my father, standing still and facing his guest, "you do not seriously mean to tell me, as man to man, that that picture of Princess D. has anything to do with that wale on your arm?"

"My dear host," replied the Duke, "she was a notoriously wicked woman and did strange deeds; among them was the savage beating to death of a young serving-woman she thought her husband admired—perhaps in that very bed-room; it was the whip that brought the story to my mind."

"Well, I will make the room into a passage."

"Oh, that would be a pity. Destroy the picture."

"That would be a greater pity," said my father.

"I wonder," asked the Duke, "if you would mind putting the Marquis de F. in the room to-night. He has never heard the story and would not, I am sure, trouble to look at the portrait. He is a man of no imagination beyond the craft of the forest."

"I will do so if you don't think it unfair," answered my father.

"No, I do not think it unfair; there may be nothing in it."

With some curiosity they awaited de F.'s coming to breakfast the next morning and were relieved when he entered with an unconscious smile upon his sunburnt countenance.

"You look very fit, my dear friend," exclaimed the Duke.

"Fit, mon cher, fit is not the word. I am unduly elated. Have I not this very night been kissed on the forehead and, by Jove, *bitten on the arm*?"

General laughter hailed this remark, but only two persons knew what it meant.

My father could not bring himself to destroy this remarkable portrait, so it was removed to a servant's room, thinking that such a proud and masterful dame would, in a different circle be mindful of her own dignity. But perhaps her wicked soul had lost all sense of human divisions since it had left the body, as immediately the three women intimated "they must leave if the picture remained," while the men-servants in a different part of the building told the country peasants *"that the new lord of the castle crept into all the rooms and whipped people in their sleep"*.

That decided the matter! The portrait was sent to an art dealer and sold without a name.

THE TOMB OF LOVE

(A TRUE ROMANCE).

By Saadat A. Khan

Ah, Love could Thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
remould it
Nearer to our Hearts' desire '

—OMER KHAYAM.

In that idle, wayward and uncertain mood of mind when people are apt to wander out without knowing why or whither, one fine delightful evening, an evening truly when one might as well have lifted one's eyes to the heavens and asked of their secrets, I happened to stroll out and found myself in of all places, a Moslem graveyard.

The shades of evening were falling fast, darkness settled on houses and fields and streets. A cold, icy shudder ran through my entire frame, as I stumbled from one grave to another in the attempt to get out, but that was no easy task. Fatigued, frightened out of my life, hungry, I sank on the trunk of a fallen true, delivering myself to a host of gloomy reveries, quite in tune with my own miserable plight and the surroundings.

"When we lower the coffin of our beloved, our near and dear into the dark chambers of eternity—will their be comfort," I asked myself, "in the reflection that perhaps at some distant period, or in some future home, the broken hearts, rudely snatched away from our midst, be gathered up again? What is it---this wonderful beating of the heart which makes all the difference between life and death? What is it that turns a living, thinking, healthy being in the twinkle of an eye into an inanimate lump of clay, a mouldering mass of dust? Is that all that remains of our dead? Is the world then a great mockery and life with all its aims, ideals, impulses and passions but a delicate machine of matter?" My reveries were abruptly interrupted by a faint sound and it seemed to me as if somebody were humming a song close by. Singing, in a graveyard, struck me as being very peculiar! I tip-toed towards the direction from which the sound proceeded. A tall lean figure in whose sharply defined features there yet ligered traces of a vanished beauty, a man in the very flower of his youth, knelt by the side of a grave while a stream of tears coursed down his colourless, faded cheeks. In a most pathetic and touching tone he poured out the litany of his woes and sufferings to the silence of the night.

لازم تہا دیکہو مہرا رستہ کوئی دن اور—تنہا گئے کیون اب رہو تنہا کوئی دن اور

A pronounced tone of melanchaly marked his voice. A feverish desire to learn the miserable man's history grew strong upon me. Noiselessly stepping up to him, I gently tapped him on the shoulder---when up he sprang as if stung by an adder. "Who are you? What business have you here? Spying are you?" thundered out he, his eyes flashing fire. My heart sank. A moment I stood speechless, then pulling myself together, I blurted out: "Pray calm yourself. I am no spy and I have no business to be here---absolutely none. I have simply lost my way". "Then go your way---this is the gate" returned he nonchalantly and sat down again. But I was not to be got rid of so easily. "Brother, you look so grieved, so sad, so unhappy. Can I not do anything for you? Let me be a brother to you---nay, more than that, a friend." A cold stifled sigh was the only reply and he looked up at the starry sky. "No friend", he said after a pause. "No, you cannot be. Leave me alone---alone in my sacred sanctuary, alone to my musings at my Tomb of Love. But yet stay;" and he fixed his eyes on me under whose scrutinising gaze my own dropped. "Yes, stay---you look a gentleman. You are curious to know why I am here at this hour of the night. I will tell you all if you promise not to speak of it to anybody."

I readily give him my word.

"Mine is a sad tale---sad and frought with pain and sorrow. Twenty years ago I was a gay, merry, light-hearted, do---as---I---please sort of young man endowd with all the buoyancy, ardour and bloom of youth. My parents' only child, they lavished all their devotion and affections on me. All the comforts that money could buy, all the luxuries that wealth could provide---they were all mine. I took no thought for the morrow---never did! Yet unlike most people in my circumstances, I was fond of reading and took the B. A. degree when I had scarcely seen twenty summers. All was sunshine and clear sailing but you know no one can stand too long on the top-most peak of joy! One afternoon as I was taking my usual ride, a closed carriage rushed past me, through the half shut shutters of which peeped out a face, the loveliest I had ever set eyes upon. Just a passing glimpse I had---yet that was enough. A current of electricity passed through me. I followed the carriage and saw it disappear down a lane into the compound of Asman Jati. Later I learnt that the possessor of those bewitching eyes was the Nawab Sahib's only surviving child---Hasina by name.

"That evening marked a turning point in my life. From that day I have seen no peace and no rest. My life---it has been to me one smothering sob, one long sigh. Each day saw me thinner and paler; my cheeks lost their natural colour, my eyes their brilliancy. I grew listless, moody, melancholy. My mother noticed the change in me and was greatly alarmed. With a mother's eye she guessed the cause. At first she endeavoured to disabuse my mind of the theme worrying me, by arguments, by threats, by persuations and, failing in all these, she had no other alternative but to broach the subject to my father. The "mother" in her would not---could not see her only son fade away into an untimely grave. My father happened to be on hostile terms with Hasina's father---the feeling was mutual and hereditary. He flew into a terrific rage and threatened to cut me off with a piece if I had anything to do with Asman Jati. But my poor mother---she soon brought round the old man to her own way of thinking and made him propose the match to Nawab Asman Jati; but alas! the Nawab proved a still greater tyrant. Nothing would move him, nothing would melt his heart. All attempts failed, all entreaties fell on callous, apathetic ears. Wealth could not tempt him nor device either. Beyond that, to crown my misery, he set about looking for a son-in-law and his choice fell on a young man who had lately come into a fortune left by a deceased uncle. A consummate rake, a finished scoundrel, he had very nearly run through his money on dancing girls, nautch parties and drink and the like. In my sky even the star of hope was shrouded! But there, however, remained a consolation, one solitary thread of hope on which hung all my prayers, my fondest dreams. Nargis, a play-mate and attendant of Hasina, whom I bribed, assured me that Hasina herself was not agreeable to the match---nay more, that the fire of love for me was ablaze in her heart. I was dying to see Hasina---if only for a second, dying to hear from her own lips the avowals of love. I made valuable gifts and presents to Nargis and promised more if she could arrange an interview. At first she seemed shocked at the idea. Who ever heard of such a thing? A respectable unmarried Indian girl to meet a strange young man. Absurd, impossible! But Mammon works wonders you know. and at last she promised she would do her best. In this way rolled on several months---she holding out hopes, I building on them. One afternoon as I sat in my room idly skimming a novel, the door suddenly opened and in slipped the graceful figure of Nargis. 'Sir' said she, in a soft whisper. 'Hasina Bibi will be in the garden this afternoon---about six. There is a back door to the garden and here is the key. Come alone and hide yourself behind a bush. You must not let yourself be discovered or I shall be done for. Come alone!' and she noislessly slipped out again. I looked at the timepiece---it pointed to five. Full one hour more---that was too much for me. Out I rushed, and in ten minutes was in the garden. The garden was desolate---not a single soul about. I hid myself behind a bush from where I could see everything, myself unseen. Good God! Was I the victim of a dirty trick or was it a trap laid for me? The tower-clock struck seven with a loud, bass clang and almost at that very moment I heard the rustle of soft, silk saris and light foot-steps. Two closely veiled figures came towards me and took their seat on a bench---not ten yards from me. My heart gave a wild bound, the blood rushed to my face. Sixteen years had ripened and rounded the girlish form of Hasina and had given to her countenance great charm. I was so close to them that I could catch scraps of their conversation.

"'When is the wedding, Begum Sahib?' asked Nargis.

Hasina gave a sudden start, a cry broke from her---the cry of an animal pierced to death!

"'How often have I told you Nargis not to mention that subject within my hearing. You know it pains me.'

"'I am sorry Begum Sahib. Forgive me. I shall not do so again,' at once returned Nargis.

"'Any news Nargis?' asked Hasina after a pause.

"'What news, Begum Sahib?' said Nargis questioningly.

"'Now don't be silly. You know what I mean.'

"'Ah!---I see now. Not very happy news I am afraid. I was told to-day that poor Sultan is very bad and the doctors have given him up,' and she looked up at her young mistress with an inquisitive eye.

"'Is he really so bad as that?' But what on earth is the matter with him? What do the physicians say?'

“‘That is the difficulty. All the physicians, hakims and vaids---they are all at sea. Nervous debility, a touch of malaria, spleen, dyspepsia, consumption---all sorts of things they say......’

“‘But how do you know so much Nargis, surely you are not in love with him’, said Hasina and there was a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

“‘I am not a bit. I know *who* is’, was Nargis’s prompt retort. Their eyes met and Hasina blushed red like a pretty rose.

“Rising swiftly from her seat, she draw Nargis close to her and whispered in low stifled accents: ‘Nargis, we were born in the same house, have been fed by the same breast, have played on the same lap, have been brought up under the same roof. Come, can you keep a sister’s secret?’

“‘Choti Begum---after all these years can you doubt me still?’ and she wiped away a tear that stood in her eyes.

“‘Then pray go this moment, this instant---see him with your own eyes and come and tell me how he is. Don’t be long, I shall be on thorns until you return.’

“The words pricked me. I could restrain myself no longer. At one leap I was by her side---had flung myself at her feet. Hasina went mad with indignation---Nargis white with fear. Trembling like an aspen leaf in a strong wind. Nargis withdrew himself to a corner behind a bush.

“‘Hasina---dear Hasina!’ the words broke from me in a wail of passionate sorrow---‘Forgive me. Rebuke me, chastise me, punish me---only say you have forgiven me. Love it was that did it, not I---no, not Nargis either!’

"Mute and motionless she stood—like a marble statue. Her lips stirred but no words came from them.

"'Hasina come to me—come with me. The world—its back-bitings or its slander, what does it matter if we can be happy in our love, happy with each other? One word—a nod and everything is settled,' and I looked appealingly at her.

By the pale moonlight I could see that her bosom heaved, her breath came and went quickly, her muscles worked and a light crimson dyed her cheeks.

"'What! leave my poor old father in his old age? No, that cannot be.'

"Good-bye then! By this time to-morrow your Sultan shall be no more. No name but yours shall be on his lips to the last breath of his life,' and I rose to go.

"Advancing a couple of steps towards me she said: 'What madness! Please do no such thing. For God's sake—for my sake lay no violent hands on yourself,' and she bent her eyes upon me.

"'Hasina—See you wedded to a rake, see you in arms other than mine! Why—the very thought maddens me!'

"'But why meet misfortunes half way? Why should you break your heart over a thing which may not happen? Who knows what may crop up?' she said, raising her misty eyes to mine in the darkness.

"Yielding to a passionate impulse, I caught her close in my arms and as she lay, a willing prisoner in my embrace, I felt her heart beating wildly and her whole body trembling under my sudden burst of passion. Oh, the secret, delicious ecstasy of that moment! It lingers in my memory like the scent of an exotic blossom. Eyes met eyes, heart looked into heart, fingers closed in a tight embrace, lips crushed lips. No words were uttered.

"Three weeks sped by. I saw her but once again. My letters remained mostly unreplied. Hasina's love for me was great indeed but that for her father was greater still. But you can hardly realize the anguish of my heart when, one day, as I was having tea, my servant brought in my dak and it was the mesest accident that made me single out a square, crimson envelope: it was an invitation to Hasina's wedding! I read it over and over again and the terrible realization came sweeping over my brain---I was betrayed. Fool that I was to trust a woman! Life became a misery, the world spelt a blank to me. To-morrow, only to-morrow, and Hasina will bear a different name. The fatal to-morrow arrived. From my window that overlooked the main street, I saw the wedding procession pass my gate with great pomp. I saw the bridegroom, saw a smile light up his face as he caught my eyes. The blood in my veins rose to heating point, my brain reeled, black spots swam before my eyes and I sank in a heavy swoon to the floor. I lay confined to bed for more than a couple of months."

"But whose tomb is this?" I enquired getting rather impatient to know the end.

"Wait---I am coming to that. It is the tomb of love as I I call it. And here lie the mortal remains of my beautious

Hasina, and here lies the heart of Sultan---for that is my name."

"How very sad! The wedding never came off then?" I said interrupting him.

"Yes, it did; but when the bridegroom entered the bridal chamber, the bride he held in his embrace was icy cold, lifeless, soulless. Twenty years have passed away. My parents are dead my property I have given away in charity, life with its joys and hopes and ambitions are over. The eagerness with which I once anticipated the angel of love in the garden can hardly approximate the intensity of my longing for the angel of death to-day. I have no ambition left now and my richest treasure, which I would not exchange for all the wealth of the world is a bit of paper I always keep next my heart."

And he dived his hand into his vest pocket and drew from it a small letter case which contained his priceless treasure. Unfolding a letter carefully and reverently he pressed it to his lips and then read the contents to to me.

DEAR SULTAN,

When Nargis delivers this letter to you, I shall be far away; yet so near you, so close to you as I never was in life. Dear, I had no option left.

As a lover I could not be unfaithful to you, as a child I could not be disobedient to my father! No other course was open to me but the one I have decided to take.

Grieve not for me—break not thy heart. The world is large and you are young; the world is full of diversions, life full of charms Lovely, chubby, rosy faces will gather round you and call you 'Abba' and you will never think of me, will probably forget my existence altogether in your happiness, in the kisses of your wife, and her caresses, and her smiles. Yet if ever you happen to pass by the graveyard where I shall be mouldering in my silent grave—will You pause awhile and shed a tear for me.

Dear Sultan—is it true that when a person dies, his or her body is laid in a small, dingy hole without pillow, without curtain, without light. However then shall I stand it, I who from my infancy am used to feathered pillows—

Hark! the clock strikes eleven!

The bridegroom has arrived! He is at the gate—death at my door! I must be up now—no time to lose. As I write, pen in one hand, in the other there is a small phial, one dose of which will send me to that sleep which knows no waking. The dose has been taken! An odd, nasty taste it has. A delightfully sweet sensation has come over me! Drops of perspiration stand on my forehead! My limbs grow stiff and cold. I feel dizzy now, my head aches, the pencil keeps constantly slipping from my fingers Who are these white sheeted spectres so loosely attired who fill the room with sweet, exquisite or heavenly music, as I never heard before? Why do they keep on smiling or beckoning me? Good God! Who are they? Am I dreaming or awake? Now, why is it I am hanging in the air?............is it a tomb?........ there is something inserted in it........let me see......let me see.... مزار محبت (Tomb of Love)......I clutch at it and it vanishes. I feel sleepy......I must go to bed now—I faint........I fall........God..........

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE U-BOAT.

By Patrick Vaux.

Since the first few weeks of the war the naval operations of the Allies were largely directed against the enemy submarine, for no type of war vessel effected more damage and destruction of life and property at sea than the under-water craft of the Central Powers. After, then, the sinking of H. M. S. Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue, in September 1917, while scouting towards the mouth of the Ems and Borkum, the farthest western rendezvous of the German Navy in the North Sea, no other craft had been destroyed and captured in such numbers as the U-boat that was to sweep the mercantile navy of Britain off the seas, and starve the British Isles into defeat and subjugation. Roughly, some 69 per cent. of the total output of German submarines never returned to their home base, many having been captured, and many more sent precipitately toward the bottom of the sea. And to-day the remainder are scattered among the Allies.

It is very difficult to over-estimate the courage and endurance of those mercantile seamen, by the aid of whom the Allies throughout the four years of hostilities were not only fed in great part but were also provided with munitions of war—those in particular, whose vessels were not convoyed.

The enemy calculated upon attrition of nerves and body, upon the seaman wearing himself out in an agony of waiting. Once again he mistook the psychology and physical characteristic of British Jack for those of his own seamen. The attack came, as often as not, all invisibly, for they who assasinated the merchant ships, liners, and fishing craft, crawled and prowled in the depths beneath, and unseen by the keenest lookout on board ship. The vigilant gun-crews that were placed so reluctantly as time went on in merchant vessels navigating the war Zones---and popularly known in shipping circles as "Dams" because of their vessels having been titled departmentally as "Defensive Armed Merchant Ships"---were not always able, despite their incessant watch hour after hour, day and night, to pick up the furtive tip of the enemy's distant periscope---a thing infinitesimal when more than a mile off---and their first intimation of his neighbourhood might come in a torpedo just grazing the ship's stern.

To take an attack in instance. The merchantman begins to twist about like a thing demented, and the gunners open fire energetically. The vessel is steering so as to present herself end-on to the U-boat that is manoeuvring again to place herself in a suitable position to discharge her second torpedo. Shut off from sight of sea and sky, ignorant of disaster till it engulfs them in a twinkling of the eye, they that fire the high blistering boilers need a stout heart in such a fight; and they, too, that move in the engineroom amid columnar masses of machinery, where gleams from electric or flickering lamp streak the polished cross-heads swiftly jogging up and down, and flashes illume the bright brasses and steel of the speeding cranks. On the engineers and firemen as well as on the deck officers and men depends the ability of the merchantman to fight the submarine. Before disaster comes, a watchful motor-boat patrol scurries upon the scene, and opens a hot fire with her 3-pounder semi-automatic gun. The enemy is compelled to withdraw his attention from the merchantman, and defend himself against the virulent sea-wasp by submerging to escape the shower of shells that may pierce the thin steel of his hull in colander-fashion. A depth charge released by the 'movie' hastens his departure.

Is the U-boat running free? Over the horizon a destroyer patrol have picked up the sound of firing, and the steamer's wirelessed call, if she is so equipped. Three units of the division turn at right angles in obedience to a signal from their Flag-boat, and fling themselves forward at full speed in line ahead. Low, lean, long, and lithe looking, with cocky high bows, or, again, turtle-back noses, that slice the waters instead of rising to their lift, they steam onward with the speed of an express train, plumes of grey vapour trailing from their stumpy funnels. Deep has the U-boat's steep slant taken her: but keen, long-trained eyes on board the destroyers pick out the slight wave formation caused on the surface by the submarine's passage below, and, perhaps, the faint, very faint, line of bubbles sent up from her exhaust of foul air.

The leading destroyer all of a sudden makes a spurt forward, opening a rapid fire, and the others zigzag about, also firing hotly. They twist in a maze of intricate criss-crosses, their guns spouting shells. In a short time their cannonading stops as suddenly as it was begun. A great expanding smear of oil gathers on the face of the sea. The 'unter-sea boat' is 'unter' for the last time. But to make sure, for the Boche has been known to release a quantity of heavy oil from his tanks to simulate disaster, the destroyers lay down a buoy marking the position for investigation later on by divers. As, however, the average maximum depth up to the present for divers is from thirty-five to forty fathoms, these investigations have had to be confined to the shallower soundings.

II.

Of all the anti-submarine offensive, the destroyer has proved to be the spearhead. The underwater boat had encounters with the 'M. L.' or motor-launch or other light patrol craft, the U-boat mounting two quickfirers proving valorous enough on occasion; but she consistently declined an engagement above water with the destroyer.

The destroyer's high speed, wide helm with the astounding ease of manoeuvring, her 4-inch armament, together with her splendid seagoing qualities, have rendered her the submarine's most dangerous foe. In the last two years of the war her capacity for destruction was made still more effective by the use of the depth charge, and the gun firing a non-ricochet shell. By means of the depth charge that carries from 200 to 300 pounds of T. N. T. the destroyer, following in the wake of a submerged U-boat, has had an 80 per cent. chance to destroy the Boche completely, or so damage her that she has to rise to the surface and surrender, or sink to her own destruction. The shock of the bursting depth charge is felt underwater in all directions, capsizing, throwing about, or literally blowing in the hull of the submarine. The shock of the exploding gases in forcing themselves to the surface tends to hoist up the submarine, tail or stem first, like a featherweight. The non-ricochet shell, adopted in 1919; is a variation of the depth charge, and does not require, like the latter, a directly vertical drop to penetrate the water and also can be adjusted to burst by pressure of the water at any given depth. Not ricochetting on the surface, it, if it misses the hull or periscope of the submarine, still bursts in her vicinity, and gives a result similiar to that of the depth charge.

On a limited scale, still better work than the destroyer's was that accomplished by the sea-planes and other air-craft. Hundreds of ships were convoyed in coastal waters by air-craft, and in only a few instances did the submarine dare to attack. When the sea-plane or airship sighted the hostile underwater-boat, the German usually sought refuge as best he could under the surface, seeking to hide in the loom of a shoal.

The air-craft coming along at a speed from 80 to 100 miles an hour, begins dropping bombs often sooner than the submarine has time to submerge. The airmen from the altitude at which he flies, detects the submersible below the surface, and drops his bombs quicker than she can reach safety.

In one case, a U-boat relying on the stiff headwind, had with great daring and skill dived under the armed escort and torpedoed two merchantmen under the very noses of the Navy men. The headwind was gathering into a gale, but, overhead, the airship shot down like a hawk, and along the track of the second torpedo, glimpsed the submarine slanting downward, and released her depth bombs in a half circle. After less than a minute or so, a geyser of spray shot up, a column of water---and then, significantly, the seas ran smooth with the great evulsion of oil.

Among the static contrivances contributing to the defeat of the submarine, few proved so embarrassing in certain zones as the use of steel nets of wide mesh, weighted along one edge, and buoyed at the opposite ends. A troublesome U-boat having been located, the net was paid out over the end of the trawler or other patrol craft, and dropped where the track of the submersible was calculated to be. Other craft cast about for her, hurried her, and, on the underwater-boat driving her stem into the steel mesh, tell tale buoys on the surface went along with the net and her. Then the patrols 'set about finishing' the enemy.

The use of nets was also effectively applied for the defence of ports and naval bases, and relatively narrow waterways and other reaches frequented by the hostile submersible. Every such barrage net was closely watched by a line of small craft, and, soon as any of the surface floats showed signs of disturbance, depth charges were promptly dropped around in the neighbourhood---often with effectual accuracy. It was while British drifters were engaged on this work in the Southern Adriatic, May 1917, that Austrian cruisers sallied out of Pola, and sank fourteen of them.

Nets and mines were to prove effective in the protection of the Grand Fleet, although early in the war there were no northern bases secure from U-boat attack, and, as Admiral Jellicoe has stated, the Fleet was occasionally hunted from pillar to post to find security necessary for coaling operations and shipping other supplies. At that time there were constant scares of hostile submarines being in the vicinity of the Grand Fleet, and, if one had reached striking distance it would have been possible for her to sink a battleship for every torpedo she carried.

The use of mines became very extensive against the enemy. One great area was that enclosing the Heligoland Bight, and, indeed, latterly, protruding into and through it, the enclosing minefields extending, roughly, from the southern entrance to the *Zuyder Zee*, off the coast of Holland, up to the extreme point of Denmark. These barrages, however, having to stop at territorial waters limit, there is every reason to believe the German boats made full use of the coastal stretches in order to reach the open sea in safety. In certain circumstances the underwater-boat can creep under a minefield, just as in certain circumstances she can shear her way through a net barrage by means of mesh cutters attached to her stem. Creeping under, however, is to be checked by setting the mines at varied depths: one row, say, at twenty feet, and the next at thirty, and so on from the sea-bed, according to the depth of water and condition of the bottom.

The greatest of the mine areas to defeat the U-boat was that proclaimed in May, 1918, by the British Admiralty. The base of this vast minefield formed a line between Norway and the north of Scotland, and the peak of its triangle headed northward towards the Arctic Circle. It was a danger area of 121,782 square nautical miles, involing the use of millions of mines, and formed a barrage shutting the North Sea. The south gateway athwart the Straits of Dover was also held by a strong barrage of mines, nets, and small craft; and in the end effectually was the enemy's exit into the British Channel blocked and barred.

III

But after all it was the men behind the machinery of deadly contractions who defeated the German underwater campaigns. And no force became of such efficacy as the Royal Naval Trawler Reserve. Early in the war Fritz-am-Meer was taught to respect, and then to dread, their small one-funnelled, two-masted, dumpy small craft, painted the usual steel-grey of the British Navy, wearing the White Ensign, and each her number set in large white letters on her bows. The craft worked in pairs under the direction of their Flagboat, in which was the Senior Officer-in-charge of the six vessels. According to the nature of their 'catch' was their method of clearing the waters of the German menace. Snaring submarines and mines involved the use of specially devised gear, and trapping the U-boat was the perquisite of the drifter as has been already indicated.

In the R. N. T. R. they have many queer tales. As instance herewith. There was a R. N. T. craft busy upon her duties, when she got a U-boat entangled on her line. The British skipper put his engines full speed astern; but the tin-fish was stronger, and ran away with the trawler, instead of coming to the surface and fighting it out, as the real rules of the game lay down---the German's two 4-inch, or 6-inch quickfirers against the British trawler's pop-gun.

The trawler held on to her end of the line, a stout steel-wire hawser and making use of her wits, towed a tarpaulin lashed into an open pocket off her stern to keep down speed; and so at a snail's crawl she was hauled away toward the enemy's home waters. Just when her skipper was calculating for the tenth time how soon it would be before the hostile patrols hove in sight, a sub-division of British destroyers came up, intent on business away to eastward. But they tarried in their stride, and one was detached. She got to work with her submarine sweepers, each of which contains some 250 pounds of T. N. T. so towed astern as to keep its depth. With these she cruised across the U-boat's track at high speed and in widening spirals. It was the trawler that come home to tell the tale.

IV.

So thoroughly were all these means utilised to suppress the underwater attack, that since April 1918, to the end of the war, the sinkings dropped from 56 vessels to six, and very occasionally twenty vessels all told per week, though the persistent destroying of mercantile vessels brought Britain at one time near defeat through her lethargy in re-building to replace losses. Perhaps the best proof of all is, that out of the 13,502,000 men transported by the Navy and Merchant Marine since war broke out, only 2,700 men were lost at sea through action of the enemy.

That was the Defeat of the U-boat.

EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The World is one.

Mr. Asquith in his Paisley campaign in a moment of realisation admitted the fact, which wise men in all times have recognised, when he said "that the world is one and we are limbs of one another." The declaration was spontaneous and yet he did not try to develop it to its logical conclusions. He wandered back, however, into the familiar ground of domestic problems and here again he had nothing illuminating or inspiring to say to his audience to awaken it into watchfulness to fulfil the promise of making this world a better place for mankind. The world war has shown how delicately dependent and balanced are the relations which govern the nations of the world; and that real prosperity or peace cannot be the portion of the one part while the other is starving or suffering. The foundations of politics, finance and economics of the world have been so shaken that new adjustment seems still very distant and uncertain. Decreased production and dislocated Exchange have caused a general breakdown of inter-trading and Exchange. The world is one, and victorious nations cannot reap the fruit of their victory while other nations are in a state of stagnation or chaos.

The world is like a household that has fallen out and its defaulting members have been justly punished for wantonness and wrong and yet this punishment means crippling of the resources of the house which is unwittingly deprived of the fruit of the labour of some of its producing members. The united labour of all the members can alone meet the demand of the world household. What we need is an entire change of front by the peoples of the world in dealing with their fellow men. The right sort of change will mean the recognition of the fact that the world is one and real prosperity is only possible when the whole world moves forward as a united household. It rests with the more powerful nations of the world to lead the way in creating a new and strong International spirit and promote free trade between every nation of the world.

* * *

Ireland.

The situation in Ireland has been deteriorating and there does not seem any prospect of an early settlement. The Prime Minister's panacea for Ireland to set up separate Legislatures both for Orange and Green and leaving the Irish to fight out their battles themselves, seems to have failed. The Sinn Fein desire an independent republic and nothing else seems likely to satisfy them. They are keeping up a running struggle against established authority while British statesmen, anxious to secure peace, are forced to take repressive measures, and with every day that passes bitterness grows. The right solution of the Irish question is not yet in sight and will be found only in leaving the Irish to work out their own destiny. Who knows in the hour of realization Orange and Green may blend to make a united Irish Nation.

Egypt.

The situation in Egypt does not seem to have improved at all. Sir Valentine Chirol, whose knowledge of Eastern countries is unequalled, has pronounced the Milner Mission a failure. The fact is that a spirit of patriotism is sweeping all the countries of the world, and Herbert Spencer declared patriotism to be extended selfishness. Egypt wants to be independent while Britain is anxious to save it for the Empire. The larger motive of working in co-operation and perfect harmony is for the time being overlooked. There can be no peace or understanding until the conversion of mankind to a purer moral and religious form of life. The scorpions of Rehoboam were no more efficacious to redeem Judah than the whips of Solomon. The one and the only way and so the way from which Judah and Israel equally revolted was the way of Israel: "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek Judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the father, plead for the widow." Pure altruism translated into national dealings can heal the nations.

* * *

The Khalifat.

The agitation over the Khalifat question has been growing. The Khalifat deputation has spoken frankly in the name of the Mohamedans of India and the Prime Minister has given his considered reply. The nett result seems to be that the Sultan is to remain in Constantinople, a mere puppet where his fathers ruled. It is impossible to prop into power a king who has lost authority. It is even whispered that the Sultan will be more amenable to outside influences in Constantinople than elsewhere. What a position for a

Khalifa of the great Mohamedan people! The fact remains that the Khalifat is not likely to play any great part in the future history of the Mohamedans. The dominant tendency of the world is towards democracy such as is dominating Europe and which has no place for any autocracies, religious or political. The young Turk was already shaking himself free of his allegiance to the Sultan and is not likely to own submission in the future. The Khalifa entered Constantinople nearly five centuries ago at the head of conquering armies, and is now to be allowed to remain there on sufferance. He has failed, as the Prime Minister pointed out, and there is nothing that can redeem his failure. It is useless having faith in mere make-believes; the work before the Mohamedans is not so much as retaining the Khalifa on his throne, but to so act as to uphold the principle which brought the Mohamedans to dominate the greater part of the world. It means regeneration of faith and vigour and consecration of life to the service of God.

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The Hartals.

Mr. Gandhi has the reputation of a saint but it seems that the politician in him often dominates his decisions. He has been making great use of Hartals and there can be no gainsaying that under his direction Hartal is becoming a powerful political weapon for uniting the educated and the un-educated on a single question of the day. The Hartal is not without its disadvantages. It is teaching direct action, and direct action, however potent, does not work for unity. Is Mr. Gandhi quite sure that he is serving the highest behests of "ahimsa", harmlessness? His proposal to commemorate the shooting at Jallianwalla Bagh is not likely to promote concord." It is a tragic incident into which our Government was betrayed, but is the memory of its bitterness worth retaining? Can we not commemorate the event by raising a temple of peace, to help the widows and the orphans to bless the souls of those who died without knowing why? The world is full of politicians and pettifoggers who, in the name of patriotism, poison the inner sweetness of man and, as a result, we have wars and feuds and such shameless slaughters as turned Jallianwalla Bagh into a shambles. Shall we not now try for a larger symbiosis such as Budha and Christ preached, and bring the world to breathe and prosper together? Mr. Gandhi seemed destined to be the apostle of such a movement; but circumstances are forcing him to seek the way of raising resistances and group unities. He may yet take up the larger mission of uniting the world.

* * *

The Imperial Council.

The Delhi session of the Imperial Council is drawing to its close. The most important discussion was over the budget which Mr. Hailey presented in an extremely lucid speech. The disquieting feature of the budget is the growing military expenditure which now absorbs nearly half the revenue and after making allowances for administrative and other fixed charges, leaves hardly any funds for the real needs of the country. The fact remains that India is a poor country and her revenues can only expand with the increasing prosperity of the people. Unless India organises its agriculture and industries and prospers, the revenue of the country will soon be altogether inadequate to meet the national demands.

The Kabul War.

The frontier war still continues, costing greatly in men, money and material. The truculent tribesmen refuse to lay down their arms and the gates of India have to be guarded. Frontier wars were stopped by Lord Curzon's policy of masterly domination and quick decisive blows, without being entangled in incessant war. It is to be hoped that the tribesmen by now have been educated to tread the paths of obedience and that Government will resume again its policy of watchfulness, striking rapidly whenever needed, without engaging in prolonged warfare.

* * *

Irrigation and Railways.

Sir Claud Hill while introducing the Irrigation budget, spoke of the great Irrigation schemes which were under consideration. It would have been more interesting if he had also told the history of the schemes and the years that have rolled on without helping them to maturity. In spite of all the special reasons which the Revenue Member mentioned, the budget provision for Irrigation is wholly inadequate, and the slowness of action in the matter of irrigation at a time when the world is hungry, seems altogether unaccountable. In India, Irrigation must occupy the first place, for irrigation is here the most important factor of production.

SPEAK TO ME LOVE*

By T. B. Krishnaswami, M. A., B. L.

On treetops and the trellised vine,
Behold the moonlight sprinkled shine!
Bright is the moonflood richly glowing
Into this garden richly flowing!
    Speak to me love of thy kindness a word,
    For the music of thy speech unheard,
    Makes even the soft and gentle moon
    Cheerless and garish as the noon.

Speak to me love, that such music heard,
—Unmatched by song of breeze or bird—
May wake to a blossom, wake to a song
The bud and the bird, so cheerless long!
    Speak to me love of thy kindness a word,
    For the music of thy speech unheard,
    Makes even the soft and gentle moon
    Cheerless and garish as the noon.

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* *Suggested by the popular Canarese song beginning "Mathada Baratho."*

A LEVY ON CAPITAL

BY H. L. S. WILKINSON.

In a former article in this magazine written some years ago, the present writer prophesied that, on the conclusion of peace, the trade of the world would be paralised by the incubus of the war-bill. Events in Europe are rapidly bearing out this ominous prognostication. The evil day of the collapse of international credit cannot be much longer postponed. Governments are doing and have done much to stave it off, but the ostrich-like expedient of printing money is no longer of any avail against the hard facts of arithmetic. Credit is credit, and cash is cash, and by no verbal juggling can one be substituted for the other, any more than shadow can take the place of substance. It is idle to dream of trade between countries whose currencies are hopelessly disorganised and cut adrift from a stable anchorage in precious metal. A country with a stable gold currency will sell fewer of its own goods for a given sum to a country with an inconvertible paper currency, and will demand more of that country's goods for the same sum in return. The more the credit of the weaker party to the bargain falls, the worse the situation becomes as far as he is concerned. The money market is inexorable, and even a millionaire, once he loses his coign of vantage, ceases to be able to dictate. This is why America has Europe on toast, and it is small satisfaction for us, in turn, to put the screw on Germany, who is well aware that blood cannot be extracted from a stone by any kind of alchemy that can be devised.

The fact that the Indian Currency Commission have decided, financially, to "cut the painter" with British sterling, is ominously suggestive of Nemesis. Years and years of financial injustice to India will be righted by this act. Her helpless millions will no longer be dragged to the Juggernaut car of Britain's bad karma. They have done their part to help, and will be freed from the worst consequences of the war in the shape of high prices and famine such as Europe is groaning under; yet who knows but her industrial and agricultural prosperity may not in the end prove a rock of salvation to Britain, when the blessings of equal partnership in lawful wedlock is substituted for unlawful domination! Who knows but that equal partnership between brown and white in the East may not be the beginning of equal partnership in the West, between workers by hand and workers by brain, between Labour and Wealth! Ex Oriente lux!

In the meantime we are at a deadlock. Labour will not work overtime to pay the war-bill, and Capital will not forego its interest and dividends. The issue between the two parties is one of life or death. There can be no compromise. It is war to the knife, and the knife is already almost in the grasp of the under-dog, Labour. When he obtains possession of it, what will he do? The future is big with Fate! Many fear red Revolution and Bolshevism. Certainly, if the positions of the combatants were reversed, that is exactly what we might look forward to. If the Labour

Party could boast of nothing more in the shape of brains and initiative than the privileged classes have produced hitherto both on the Liberal and Conservative side for the edification of the world, then the position would indeed be hopeless! But luckily their leaders are sane and sound men, who have something more for their intellectual capital than the rudimentary maxim that blind force is a remedy for everything.

Cast about how we may, sooner or later we come back to the necessity of some form of levy on Capital, if credit is to be restored and trade set going once more, and the exchanges righted. The monied and propertied classes are shrieking with alarm at the prospect, and are never tired of insisting that such a tax would be equivalent to Bolshevism and anarchy would sap the foundations of property and credit, and destroy commerce at one blow. But is this true? It behoves us to look at the matter dispassionately, and to clear our vision from anger and prejudice. The bankruptcy even of Germany and Austria, let alone Russia, would involve Britain and France in the common ruin, and even America could hardly escape unscathed. The ruin of the enemy Powers would bring down the fabric of civilisation all over the world. Norman Angell's thesis is unconvertible, that the channels of intercourse and trade are now so extensive and intricate that one nation cannot disappear without involving the whole in destruction. To pauperize 100 millions of people, and reduce them to servitude for the benefit of the rest of Europe is a crazy idea which could only have been fashioned in the stupid lethargic brains which allowed serfdom and slums in all the big towns of Europe and so brought about the top-heavy civilisation which has now collapsed. We must devise something more enduring than the *"Delenda est Germania"* doctrine, for our own sakes, if for no other reason. Revenge on the foe may be sweet, but it is also seriously expensive, not to say suicidal.

If international bankruptcy is to be the end of the present state of things, and if none of the pre-war intellects can do anything but foam at the mouth, curse impotently, and imagine vain things, it behoves us to adopt *some* remedy, however revolutionary, rather than allow the ship of State to be swamped. It is quite plain that adverse exchange is a consequence of inflated currency, and inflated currency is a consequence of the enormous national debt. The present idea of the Government seems to be to sit tight until production overtakes expenditure, balances imports with exports, and leaves a margin big enough to pay unlimited dividends to all the Capitalist proprietors, besides the taxation necessary to pay interest and sinking fund on the war-debt. "Intensive production" is the watch word—a double output of everything in half the time, and no more strikes as you love me!

All very well. But does not this spell indefinite economic slavery for the working man? What guarantee has he that his interests will be looked after, supposing that he shoulders the burden? Absolutely no guarantee except the veering promises of a weathercock Government, which is fast losing every semblance of authority and stability, and just lives from hand to mouth as the days go by. Opposing elements can be made to coalesce under the powerful dynamic influence of a foreign war, but once that strong electric influence is removed, and the war is carried into our own homes, it behoves us to be very certain what we stand for. Compromise under such conditions is disastrous, for meantime the sands are running out, and soon the die must be cast. The mighty, strong, overwhelming tide of human destiny is setting in with irresistible force in favour of the weaker brethren, the hitherto helpless and powerless masses—the *people*, in short. The coming Christ, mightiest Autocrat and Democrat combined, is thundering at the door, no longer humbly pleading for admission, no longer showing his wounded hands and pierced side, but demanding entrance in the name of the King. Those who are on the side of the King can no longer hold on to "great possessions," or they will crumble away in their hands. We *must* love something bigger and greater than ourselves. Do we love England? Then let us unload our great possessions for England's sake. Let us offer all our advantages and privileges of wealth, caste, lineage and position in willing service in the cause of people of humble birth and poor education, people we despise, working honestly and devotedly in their interests, and asking for naught in return. There lies the way of Salvation.

Intensive production will come just as soon as the people and their leaders are confident that their interests are in trustworthy, unselfish, and patriotic hands—hands unstained by greed and desire for the fruits of office. Such single-hearted devoted souls are to be found in England but only among the ranks of those who have fought and suffered for their ideals and have spurned ease and comfort and great possessions. Let us seek out these men and women and place them in power. They must be able and practical too! No fools or dreamers.

To begin with we must start a vigorous campaign, from press and platform, against profiteering. If the interest on Government loans is 5½ per cent, and the Government take away again a quarter of that in income-tax, it is not right or fair that private firms or companies should be allowed to make dividends of ten, twenty, or twenty-five per cent. While we are living under the shadow of bankruptcy, profits in excess of, say, ten per cent, are, and should be made, an offence against the State. The long and strong arm of Government should ruthlessly overhaul and inspect the books of all private firms and joint stock companies, and *impound* all profits in excess of this legal amount. Whether the profits have been made out of the war or otherwise, is nothing to the purpose. Honours, rewards, and positions of usefulness should be given to those who assist the Government in this work, and who voluntarily surrender their excess profits. Those who hamper and hinder and evade, should be punished by corresponding penalties. But the national conscience must first be awakened.

Vigorous and drastic action on these lines will soon have a marked and beneficial effect on the stock-exchanges, and all the harmful speculation which is at present draining away the resources of the nation, will cease. *But*—the nation must first make up its mind!

The nationalisation of mines and railways is undoubtedly coming, and the sooner the better. But they must be managed by an efficient Board of business-men, properly elected from owners and workers alike—and these men must be answerable to the Nation for the work of their departments. Co-operative societies have solved the problem of efficient administration, and there seems no reason why a similar system should not be attended with like results in Government agency.

Levies on wealth made to this extent would be little more than the scientific adjustment of existing economic conditions, and present methods of taxation. It must be remembered that the depreciation of a nation's currency constitutes in itself a very disastrous levy on Capital, and one which tends to grow heavier and heavier with the passage of time.

It must also be remembered that the sum total of Government loans by no means represents the total amount of loss to be made good by industry. There is the damage and loss inflicted by the enemy to be made good---shipping sunk, mines destroyed, towns and countries laid waste and so on---all of which represents an additional loss of Capital. Then there are the claims of the stranded and helpless victims of the war, heavy claims on the conscience of the Nation which still clamour for settlement. When all this is considered, the urgent need for drastic State action, cambined with willing sacrifice on the part of private individuals and agencies, is surely evident to the densest intelligence. *Either* we must lay aside our private gain and be ready to give our all, if need be, to the State, or we perish! Sooner or later we *must* see this.

And when we do see it, then the Nation will be ready for the most drastic sacrifice of all. *All war-bonds should be impounded by Government,* and the capital converted into annuities paid to the holders during their life time, and to dependent wives, sons, and daughters until such time as they earn for themselves or are otherwise provided for. Either that or the bonds must be cancelled by efflux of time, after the lapse of, say, 25 years. There is no reason whatever why the interest on a Government loan should be held as a sacred perpetual tax on posterity. The nation cannot afford to pay this interest for an indefinite period. Either it must stop payment altogether, or it must pay for a limited period only.

Honours and titles equal to the highest in the land should be the reward of individuals who voluntarily sacrifice their holdings of war-stock and present them to the Government for cancellation. The glory of such an action should be the theme of the lecture-hall, pulpit, and the press throughout the Empire. The highest honour should be bestowed by the King himself, and lesser dignities by lesser authorities in proportion to the nature and extent of the sacrifice incurred.

In this way the strangle-hold of debt will gradually be removed from the nation, and the energies of individuals will be polarised and oriented in the true direction, namely, away from self, and towards the good of the community. The nation will then become an organic whole

> "Possessing and possessed by all that is
> Within its wide circumference of bliss!"

Life, happiness, joyful work and play—all these blessings will be diffused everywhere and men will feel uneasy and unhappy only when they find their less favoured brethren not sharing their own blessings to their fullest capacity. "Give, and it shall be given to you in abounding measure"—these words of the Christ will be proved hourly and daily in the lives of men and women, and we shall be astounded that we never realised their true significance before.

When will we realise the emptiness, the weariness, the infinite *boredom* of living, as we are doing now---for self? There is no task-master so hard as Self, none who cheats so in payment of wages. Brothers and sisters of England and India, let us come together, let us organise a big campaign against this monster, this Moloch, who plunged the world into war. Let us bind him with the heavy chains wherewith he bound us and throw him overboard into the bottomless pit, to stay there for ever, not for a thousand years, but for a thousand, thousand. Then let us heave a sigh of relief, join hands and work together with vigour and goodwill to remove the noisome dens of this monster from the earth, cleanse and sweeten it, and make it everywhere like our own home---an abode of life, vigour, joy, and peace.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY LAKSHMEE N. PHOOKAN.

All men are created equal and endowed with certain "unalienable rights" by their creator. This is a truth which, in the words of the American Declaration of Independence, is "self-evident". The Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens by the National Assembly of France also has it that "men are born, and always continue, free and equal in respect of their rights". The religions of the world are founded upon this very truth---the equality of man. "And God said, let Us make man after Our own image." This account of the creation does not belong to Christianity alone, but is shared alike by all the religions of the world. The law is constituted with special attention to this, the equality of man. In the eye of the law all men are equal and no constitution is complete that does not make provision for the protection of the rights of man. The constitution of Mexico strikes the right chord when in Article II it says: "In the Republic all are born free. Slaves who set foot upon the national territory shall recover, by that act alone, their liberty and shall have a right to the protection of the laws". To honour and to protect the rights of man is certainly the first and foremost thing that a Government ought to do, while corruption and disorder are bound to arise if the Government be not on the guard. It is because of this that the constitution of the Netherlands as amended in November 6, 1887, has it, that the King, at the time of his installation, is to take an oath to the effect that he will protect public and individual liberty and the rights of all his subjects and that he will employ all means which the laws place at his disposal for the preservation and promotion of the general and individual welfare of his people. To protect the rights of man is, so to speak, a most sacred trust on the part of a King or his Government and it is a sin to ignore it.

But the question will arise: What are the rights of man? According to the Grand Declaration of the Rights of Man by the National Assembly of France in 1789, reference to which has been made above, these are: "Liberty, property, security and the resistance of oppression." The American Declaration has also set forth that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are among those unalienable rights which are bestowed by God on man. In his "Rights of Man," Thomas Paine has divided the rights of man into two classes---the natural and the civil--- and gives the following definition:---

Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind, and also all those rights of acting as an individual for his own comfort and happiness, which are not injurious to the natural rights of others. Civil rights are those which appertain to man in right of his being a man of society. Every civil right has for its foundation some natural right pre-existing in the individual, but to the enjoyment of which his individual power is not, in all cases, sufficiently competent. Of this kind are all those which relate to security and protection.

The civil rights again may be divided into civil rights and political rights, as the constitution of Italy has it. But civil rights and political rights are so interwoven one with the other that it is well nigh impossible to make out any clear demarcation. The political rights of a man are merged in his civil rights. And the civil rights in their turn are not separted from the natural rights. To be brief they are the natural rights of a man in relation to his society. Thomas Paine also has drawn the conclusion "that every civil right grows out of a natural right; or, in other words, is a natural right exchanged." All the different classes of the rights of man do therefore spring from natural rights. But where does the origin of the natural rights lie? The answer to this question is very clear. It lies in the fact that a man has to live in this world. "The conception of the natural rights," says Herbert Spencer in "The Man Versus the State", "originates in recognition of the truth that if life is justifiable, there must be a justification of the performance of acts essential to its preservation; and therefore a justification for these liberties and claims which make such acts possible." On the justifiability of life, therefore, rests the origin of the rights of man, and the rights of man are all those rights that are necessary to freely, happily and successfully lead one's life as preached by Mazzini to the Italian working people.

According to Schopenhauer, "every one has a right to do anything that injures no one else," and certainly "the exercise of the natural rights of every man, has no other limits than those which are necessary to secure to every other man the free exercise of the same rights; and these limits are determinable by law." The right of free thought and speech, the right of defence, the right of property, are indispensable to every man if he is to make good out of his life. Every man has the right to freely and unrestrictedly give expression to his opinions subject only to this, that he will be responsible for any abuse of this liberty, and will be made to answer for it. In fact, modern constitutions are very particular that the right of free thought and speech is not handicapped in any way. "The liberty to write and to publish writing on any subject whatever is inviolable," so says the Mexican Constitution. The Political Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy is also emphatic when it says that "every Spaniard shall have the right to give free expression to his ideas and opinions, either verbally or in writing, through the medium of the press or any other similar process, without subjugation to previous sensorship." According to the constitution of Japan, a "Japanese subject shall, within the limits of law, enjoy the liberty of speech, writing, publication, public meeting and association." That is within the limits of the law a man in giving his free opinion is not to do injury to another man, because no one must encroach upon the rights or liberties of other persons. It is because of this that Schopenhauer has laid down that "to have a right to do or claim a thing means nothing more than to be able to do or take or use it without thereby injuring anyone else."

No one is to be compelled to do what he wants not to do and prevented from doing what he intends doing so long as his actions are not immoral, do not infringe the rights of a third party nor disturb the public peace. A person is amenable to society only where his conduct concerns other people. It is therefore that, in the words of John Stuart Mill, "over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign." As such no one is to interfere with a person in the free use of his rights, and the law should provide proper safeguards. The right of property is "inviolable" and unless necessitated for public utility no one is to be deprived of it, and in such cases adequate compensation is to be made. In the same way, no one is to be interfered with in relation to his house which, to quote from the constitutional charter of Portugal is "an inviolable refuge." "At night no one shall, enter it," the Charter goes on, "except with his consent, or in case of request from within it, or to protect it from fire or flood; during the day no house shall be entered, except in cases and in the manner provided by law." Nothing is to be done that the law does not provide for. If a man is to be arrested, tried or punished it can and must be done only in accordance with the law and in a lawful manner. The Constitution of Japan lays down that, "no Japanese subject shall be deprived of the right of being tried by the judges determined by law," and likewise no man should ever be. The Constitution of Mexico very rightly points out that in every trial the accused shall have the following guarantees:—

I. That the grounds of the proceedings and the name of the accuser, if there shall be one, be made known to him.

II. That his preliminary examination be made within forty-eight hours, counted from the time he may be placed at the disposal of the judge.

III. That he be confronted with the witnesses who testify against him.

IV. That he be furnished with all the information on record, which he may need for his defence.

V. That he be heard in his defence, either personally or by counsel, or by both, as he may desire. In case he should have no one to defend him, a list of official counsellors shall be shown to him, in order that he may choose one or move to act as his counsel.

It is quite true as pointed out by the French Declaration that "the end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man." And what is more, "to secure these rights Governments are constituted among men," to quote from the American Declaration of Independence, "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as shall seem to them most likely to affect their safety and happiness." It is only by securing and protecting the rights of man that the safety and happiness of a people can be established and, as enunciated in the Virginia Bill of Rights, "of all the various modes and forms of government that is the best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety and is most effectually secured against the danger of maladministration." Bentham expresses the opinion that government fulfils its office "by creating rights which it confers upon individuals: rights of personal security: rights of protection of honour: rights of property. But such rights need not to be created by the Government, for they are already there, created by God and the Government has only to protect the rights and to allow every one a free hand in their use. In the "declaratory enordium" that prefaces the Declaration of Rights by the National Assembly of France it is clearly stated that "ignorance, neglect or contempt of human rights, are the sole causes of public misfortunes and corruptions of government," a truth which cannot be disputed.

ON THE FEAST OF THE SUN.

By Gwen A. de Mello.

Lush green are the fields with the promise of corn,
Benignant the Sun in the warm, midday sky,
And gaily the banks of the Jumna display
The robes of the rich and the rags of the poor,
All dyed in the brightest of primitive shades.
The talk is aloud and the faces are glad,
As glad as men's faces in pleasure can be---
Asoka, the chief of a tribe of Behar
Is giving a feast on the Feast of the Sun.

So young, rich and handsome—what more can he be?
Asoka, descendant of heroes and kings,
Respected by all, worshipped truly by some:
He might well be proud of himself on this day
When all bow in homage before his gay throne,
And bring him their gifts for the Feast of the Sun.

The day wearies on, but the feast is not o'er,
When rises Asoka and calls to his men
To hearken awhile to the words of their chief
Ere the shadows shall fall on the Feast of the Sun.

The high and the low and the rich and the poor,
All gather around half in wonder or doubt,
As thus speaks Asoka, the King of the Tribe:—
"My chiefs and my people, Asoka, your King,
Is weary of kingship acknowledged by men,
Is weary of pow'r but to govern himself,
To live in the Law of the Essence of Things.
For years ye have worshipped in awe at a shrine
As hollow as only a man's soul can be
When robbed of the chance to be born in the Truth,
To live and to love it away from all shams.
Long since have the gilt and the thraldom of place
Confounded my groping towards the clear Light,
But now, O my people—forgive if you can—
I leave all the shallows of worldly desire
And bid you farewell on the Feast of the Sun.

"My palace is yours, and my fortune of gold:
Divide both among you—give each man his share;
My fields on the beggar I gladly bestow,
'Tis I—now a beggar—who begs you to live,
Yea, not with the life of your carnal desires—
Ah! not by the riches I cast you to-day;
But seek you the Life and the Light of your souls.
There's many can teach you—*one* taught to me *all*!
These be my last words on the Feast of the Sun."

"Ha! Means he the tongue of the curs'd Buddhist priest
Who came like a liar and beggar and thief
And robs us of one who was worthy of pow'r
Till now? But no more, O thou Beggar and Fool!

Go get thee away from the throne thou hast mocked,
Go hide thee for e'er from the men of thy tribe
And trouble no longer the Feast of the Sun."
They thrust him with blows from the proud throne
of Kings;
They tear off his garments with fierce yells of hate
And he, who had once been commander of all,
Is covered with shame as the poorest of slaves,
And banished in haste from the Feast of the Sun.

* * * *

Behind lie the fields he shall never more view,
In ripple of green intermingled with gold,
Where the richest and brightest last rays of the Sun
Are kissing the lands in a ling'ring farewell.
Before him the road stretches dusty and dim
As far as the eye of mortal can see;
All clouded and dim, too, his vision of life,
Deep clouded his hopes of sweet Rest for the Soul!
Heart-weary, soul-weary he still struggles on
With gathering fears neath a darkening sky,
Till even the heavens take pity on him,
Unfolding their stars to bring comfort and light
And make him despise the dead Feast of the Sun.

He blesses their brightness awhile in his heart,
Then passes he onward, less hopeless, less lost,
And there from the bushes beyond him, arise
The flicker of fires and the shadows of men.
His old life is past; and his new life begins
As the Sun speeds away on the Feast of the Sun.

Ten years have swept by o'er the village which once
Gave welcome to one who was basished that Night
On the banks of the Jumna, from kingship and home:
Ten years of great peace and of gladness and pray'r,
Ten years of sweet labour, mid fresh, simple souls
Who yearned to the Truth as the moths to the light,
And worshipped the one who brought wisdom to them.
Ten years fraught with friendship and love had been his,
The friendship of men and the love of a wife —
No nobleman's daughter, but flower of the soil,
Companion in toil, fellow-seeker for Light..

And red is the dawn of the eve of that day
Called Feast of the Sun by Asoka's old tribe;
And green gold the fields round the brown gold of huts,
As the men from the village collect round the well
To talk with the strangers who come from a far,
From the home of Asoka with message for him.
"O, Chief, we have long since regretted the day
That took thee away from thy people and throne;
The years have brought sunshine and showers and corn,
But trouble and strife both have clouded our lives
And no one seems worthy to reign in thy place.
Asoka, O King, wilt thou stoop to forget
The sin of thy people, repentant at last,
And bring us thy presence again in our land
Ere dawn re-awakens the Feast of the Sun?"

The message is given: but silence still waits.
For answer Asoka turns slightly away
And gazes beyond to the bound of the plains.

With lips moving slowly in rhythmical pray'r,
He asks of the Unseen to help him to choose
Betwixt peace for himself and the wish of his tribe.
At last he has spoken : in sorrow and love
The villagers pass at his bidding away,
For he who has been their dear friend for so long,
Must leave them alas, ere the Feast at the Sun.

* * * *

She stands at his bedside where heavy in sleep
Asoka, her husband, her leader, her king,
Lies taking a rest ere his jouncy begins,
All too unconscious of one who is ill
In spirit, in heart, while she leans over him
And kisses the lips she shall ne'er kiss again.
For doth she not know now the deep gulf between
The heir of a kingdom, and slave of the soil?
How shall she still cling to her rights as a wife
And hinder his taking his rights as a king?
The brave tears are falling as rain on her face,
She kisses once more the dear lips of her love;
Then lifts she a cup with a swift, fearless hand:
She drains to the dregs the dread poison within,
And dies—ere the dawn of the Feast of the Sun.

* * * *

The evening is low o'er the villagers' huts,
The cattle loud lowing come home to their sheds,
The crow and the kite and the pigeon and jay
Are settling to roost on the tops of the trees.
The earth is e'en smiling, a dim, drowsy smile,
While white on the skyline a dust-cloud conceals

The strangers who ride on their sad homeward way-
Yea, sad for the one who doth *not* ride with them
In state to his tribe on this Feast of the Sun...

The night wins a welcome wherever it comes;
And how in the village they long for its hush
To bring them sweet sleep and to help them forget
The face and the voice and the words of the friend
Who lies in their midst—but is hid by the sod.
For he, great Asoka, descendant of kings,
Has broken his heart o'er the fate of his wife,
And followed her Home on the Feast of the Sun.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

BY AN "INDIAN CHRISTIAN."

It was only with the starting of operations by Protestant Missions in the early part of the Nineteenth Century that Christianity became an aggressive force in India. Prior to that period there had been a large community of Syrian Christians on the West Coast, while the Roman Catholics, aided by the political power of the Portuguese, had also gathered in a large number of converts in Southern and Western India. But these two types of Christianity had long ago degenerated into self-contained castes after the model of the non-Christian communities around them, retaining customs and practice which were] antagonistic to the teachings of Christ. The aggressive work started by able and devoted Protestant missionaries like Duff and Carey in Bengal, Anderson and Heibie in the South, and scores of others in different parts of the country, resulted, among other things, in rousing the conscience of the educated people to the evils of caste and to the prevailing social and religious practices. Western civilisation was presented by these early missionaries as the beautiful blossom of Christianity, and the new ideas of liberty and equality with which educated Indians became familiar through English literature and history, met with hearty and enthusiastic response from them. They began to feel as never before the oppressiveness and absurdity of most of their social customs and practices and not unnaturally turned to the missionary and his religion for the emancipation they longed for. This accounts for the conversion to Christianity in early years of some of the best men of Hinduism, notably of Bengal. But this threatened migration of educated Hindus to Christianity was soon arrested by the coming into existence, within Hinduism itself, of reform movements which made it possible for ardent and earnest souls to practice liberty with regard to eating and drinking, travelling, social life and religious practices, without leaving the fold of Hinduism. With the strengthening in recent years of the reform movements within Hinduism, conversion from the higher classes has practically stopped. Nevertheless missionary educational institutions are being continued as in the past in the fond hope that even if no definite conversions take place, the leaven of Christianity will permeate the generations of young men who pass through them. What we find, however, in actual practice, is that educated Indians allow themselves to be inoculated with enough of Christianity in these institutions that they may successfully resist its further attacks.

With the closing of one door, another door has opened itself. Christianity is said to be triumphing among the depressed classes. This is what a missionary writes:—"For five years now the Protestant missionary agencies have been baptizing people at the rate of ten thousand a month. This is unprecedented in the history of missions. Yet these thousands are but the fringe of the fifty millions of outcastes who have lost faith in Hinduism and started on the greatest exodus the world has ever known. This entire fifty millions of these depressed classes are now avilable to the Christian Church, but so overwhelming is the opportunity, that we are baptising probably only about one in ten of those who are calling for teaching and a chance to enter the Christian community. A single Church has to-day on its waiting list for baptism, 160,000 of these people." Now who are these people who are thus surging into the Christian Church, and why do they do so ? People belonging to the castes like the *Pariahs, Malas* and *Madigas* of Southern India, the *Mahars* and *Mangs* of Western India and the *Churas* and *Chamars* of Northern India, form the bulk of the crowd who are being baptised by missions to-day. For centuries these people have been trodden under foot by the higher classes and denied the elementary rights of human beings. The missionary and his agents go and preach to them and take an interest in them. They see that the missionary belongs to the ruling race, that the British officers of the District, who are to them the embodiment of the mighty Sarkar, are his friends. They closely watch him when he camps in their villages—how he takes with him large tents, furniture and servants; how he eats and drinks, how the Indians working as evangelists under him show the same respect and regard for him as the clerks to their European district officers. From all these they assume that missionary work is part of the activity of the great Sarkar. The missionary is supposed to have at his command vast sums of money which, it is believed, he is waiting to spend on those who hear his preaching and accept his religion. It is not the fault of the depressed classes if impressions such as these are formed by them about the missionaries. The missionaries, in turn, are anxious to play the part of the good Samaritan to these people who "have been robbed, stripped naked and left half-dead on the way" by the higher classes. They befriend these people, champion their cause against their high caste oppressors, start schools for them and do various things to improve their miserable lot. Several Indians would like to see the missionary stop here. At any rate they do not understand his policy of apparently using the help he renders as a bait to make them accept baptism and become Christians. But here we have to take into account another motive that operates. The Churches of the West which send out missionaries and support them and their work with liberal money contributions, are anxious to hear of conversions to Christianity, and the one way of keeping up their interest and thereby ensuring a regular supply of men and money, is by shewing striking results in the mission fields. It is difficult therefore for the missionary, even if he desire it, to limit himself to the splendid work of social and moral amelioration he, by his position and resources, is able to accomplish among the depressed classes.

We cannot ignore the fact that behind all what the missionaries do for the depressed classes or, for the matter of that, for the other classes, there is the conviction that only as human lives come under the influence of Jesus Christ and undergo transformation which will lift them to the higher plane of communion with God and unselfish service for fellow-men, there can be real progress in family or communal or national life. But this ideal is very much obscured in the case of the depressed classes by the social and material advantages they gain by becoming Christians. Missionaries themselves set aside this ideal by rendering help, as a rule, only to those among the depressed classes who signify their intention of becoming Christians, while as true representatives of Christ they ought to be ready to extend help, as far as it lies in their power, to all in need, irrespective of the fact whether they would become Christians or not. The missionaries know only too well that if this ideal is rigorously applied to work among depressed classes, conversions from among them will become rare, for only those who come under the spiritual influence of Christ through the missionary, will offer to become Christians, and what is known as "mass movements" towards Christianity, will cease. From the point of view of the religion of Christ and of Indian Christianity, though not from the point of view of Western Christian missions, this would be a healthy change. Christianity will be saved from the reproach that it subordinates the spiritual to the material and the Indian Christian community will be rid of the obvious dangers of an addition every month to its ranks of ten thousand people in a semi-barbarous and unregenerate condition—a rate of accretion which, it will be recognised, is very much faster than the rate at which missions can conceivably educate and civilise them even with all their great resources of organisation, workers and money. Thoughtful men among Indian Christians are becoming alive to the dangers of the situation created by mass movements. It is a work which European missionaries alone can do and in the doing of it they have severely left out of account the best and independent opinion of the Indian Christian community. It is very doubtful whether the missionaries obsessed as they are with ideas of large visible results and wholesale conversions will give heed to the warnings already sounded by some prominent Indian Christians. If a change for the better is to come at all in their present policy of "mass movement" work, it is fairly certain that it will come in spite of the missionaries and as the result of forces which operate outside of Christian missions.

Just as, in the case of the higher classes, religious reform movements and the progress of social reform have stopped coversions to Christianity of persons who desire only social freedom, so also these wholesale conversions of depressed classes to Christianity will stop when Indian Society learns to treat them better and care for their social and material well-being. Signs are not wanting to show that the higher classes are everywhere becoming genuinely anxious to improve the condition of the depressed classes. The depressed classes themselves are awaking and asserting their rights. The recent nomination by the Madras Government of a Hindu Panchama as a member of the Legislative Council, is a public recognition of the progress the Panchamas are making in the South. Such a thing could not have been possible ten or fifteen years ago. The depressed classes will soon learn, through dear-bought experience, if they have not already done so—that their salvation ultimately is to come from themselves and not from outside agencies however benevolent. They will soon have to organise their forces and set their household in order. That several of them have, in connection with the war, gone to foreign countries and returned with new ideas of equality and liberty, is a circumstance that has also to be taken into account in this connection. When they themselves, impelled by forces from within, take to the task of reconstructing their community, they will be able to make remarkable progress in education, co-operation and industry. The Government even, if it goes into the hands of the higher class Indians under the new reform scheme, will consider it to be its duty to do everything in its power to help these fifty millions of depressed classes to come to their own. Under such circumstances the missions and their organised efforts among depressed classes carried on mainly with an eye to conversion to Christianity, are bound to be more and more discredited. Their schools and other institutions will become superfluous or, at least, they will become philanthropic institutions closely controlled by Government and made innocuous as proselytising agencies by the "conscience clause" and other measures. That this is what is going to happen in the not very distant future, is indicated by the set back that the "mass movement" towards Christianity has already received in the case of those depressed communities who, by their own efforts, are now able to get their agrarian and other grievances redressed The Nadars of Tinnevelly are an instance in point. Several hundreds of them became Christians fifty or sixty years ago when missionaries were their only benefactors and their one tower of strength against their higher caste oppressors. Now, with the spread of education and progress and with the coming into existence among the higher classes of a new attitude of friendliness to the depressed classes, conditions have greatly changed and consequently conversion to Christianity from this class has also practically stopped. This change in the attitude of the depressed classes towards Christianity is healthy from every point of view. There is nothing under such conditions to prevent individuals, who are sincere enquirers after truth, from embracing Christianity. In fact we find even among the higher classes to-day cases of earnest spiritual-minded men seeking and finding the satisfaction which they are not able to find elsewhere, in Jesus Christ. Such genuine spiritual cases of conversion cannot be repressed and fair-minded people will hate to do anything to stifle honest religious enquiry and spiritual aspiration.

UPPER EGYPT.

By Violet de Malortie.

What harmonies first soothe the tired brain
  When Light and Color meet, but here they reign,
No shade impairs their robe---save golden mist,
  Where Ethiopia's flood looms large again---
And tell it not, the Desert's lip has kiss'd.*

Submerging rocks amid translucent green,
  Which bear above their mingled shale and sheen,
A pink flamingo with an ivory breast,
  Her wing half-open, rosy red between,
Whose plumes, in fitful mood, deigns to preen.

Then, as a fugitive lost in this maze
  Deep'ning to orange round a sun ablaze,
The bird her pinions spread toward the West---
  To find, perchance, within its fiery haze,
A funeral pyre, or Phoenix-like a nest,

Leaving stray fragments on the waterland---
  Where sportive winds their opal tufts expand,
Steering them gaily down the placid stream,
  While Philae sleeps and cannot understand
The murmurings that bourdon through her dream;

---

* It was abhorrent to the gods that Sit, the Desert, the murderer of Osiris, should drink of his best gift.

When genii on their anvils smote and rang—
Such thund'rous echoes with an iron clang
That the escarpments of the Holy Isle
Shuddered and trembled,—though Khnumu sang[*]
Among the granite boulders of the Nile.

No soothing sounds were his. Worship alone
Had breathed from those high Pylons built of stone
Kings, Captains, Poets, Conquerors, were hail'd,
And thronged the courts, pellucid gulfs would own[†]
Thus veiling Isis. Isis ever veiled.

Whose Island seem'd a marble colonnade—
Created by the Jinns' extraneous aid,
Hanging between two worlds of jade and blue,—
Dark Palms embroider'd one—and softly laid
Their shadow on the lake in front of you.

Beyond the monolith where Isis clings
Kneeling with Horus, who an offering brings
To great Osiris—lo! the depths arise
In a full tide—bearing strange eerie things,
And jewell'd fish with wide unblinking eyes.

The heaving water Philae's shore embraced,
Surged through the pillar'd corridors in haste,
Invaded sacred chambers—past the aisle,
And with its silver mantle hid the waste,—
The gods were silent; Did they even smile,

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[*] Khnumu, the god of the cataracts.

[†] When the writer explored this lovely ruin, the artists—notably the Americans, were afraid something of the kind might happen; but the artistic failed before the agricultural interest, so well served by the Great Dam that saddles the Nile at Aswan, and which at times submerges the whole of Philae.

Knowing the Nile—Osiris? What could hold
  Him back from Isis? He the manifold;
This was her Temple, here her frescoed shrine---
  Where priests her glory felt, her story told,
That time placed with the myths once held divine.

It heralded the day when myths should cease,
  And cleansed the heathen cult of Rome and Greece,
Gave man the hope of life beyond the grave,
  Made evil less than good, and war than peace;
Truth stood before Osiris, *who* could rave?

And Truth still stands---though centuries have fled—
  Leaving the fabled gods among their dead,
Osiris too; His aeon met the Dawn—
  That fairest Dawn celestial choirs had led
To break o'er Judah's hills. There Christ was born.

The morning stars were singing ere it came—
  With shining orbs they wrote and twined His name
In constellations on the firmament;
  The sleepless Cherubim bade them proclaim
Him Son of God. Immortal. Permanent.

* * * *

Here—as a face whose brilliant cheek and eye
  Mock—in their beauty Death, ere they descry
He's there; Color and Light in disarray
  Fade to Aerial Spectres and pass by,---
Dissolving into nothing on the way.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

ITS WEALTH AND POSSIBILITIES.

BY THE HON. JAMES S. T. MCGOWEN.*

Nature has been prodigal in her gifts to the fair land of Australia generally, and to the great and flourishing State of New South Wales in particular, and to-day this gem of the Southern seas offers to the English-speaking peoples a greater reward for energy than any other country in the world. But before entering upon any of the details pertaining to this land, it would be well to bring before the reader an idea of its location and area. Situate on the Central-Eastern portion of the Australian Continent, New South Wales embraces an area of 198,058,880 acres, being a little over two and a half times the area of Great Britain and Ireland combined. Equidistant between the Northern and Southern boundaries of the State, and on the seaboard, is found the capital city of Sydney, famous for its "Gates" and its unequalled harbour. It is, par excellence, the show city of the Southern hemisphere, the principal objects of interest being sufficiently apparent to the most casual observer. In addition, the latest statistics prove it to be one of the healthiest cities in the world (outside Australia, no city has a lower death rate than Sydney), a result achieved by intelligent civic and domestic administration, upon a system by which the health of the whole State is controlled in an equally satisfactory degree. In point of productiveness, the State of New South Wales is the most important in the Commonwealth of Australia, which brings us to the activities of the people, and the industries in which they are engaged.

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* Prime Minister and Colonial Treasurer, New South Wales 1910-13.

The value of the primary products of any country is the best indication of its true wealth, when considered together with its population, and New South Wales furnishes some striking figures in this direction. At the close of 1913, the population of the State was 1,832,456 (since increased to 1,868,751). From the primary industries alone that year, the return was £54,038,000, equal to £29-9-9 per head. Add to these figures the manufacturing value, and we find the total £77,520,000, or a value per head of the population of £42-6-1. This is a magnificent testimony to the wealth of the State, and the bountiful returns it yields. The figures are unsurpassed by any country outside Australia, and afford ample justification for the investment of capital which has secured such results, and for the investment of that best of all assets---well applied energy.

The pastoral industry easily leads the way with a productive value of raw material of about 21 millions sterling, for the year under review. Then follow Agriculture, 12½ millions; Mining, 11½ millions; Dairying, 5½ millions; Poultry, Bees and Rabbits, 2½ millions; and Forestry and Fisheries, just under 1½ millions sterling. In quoting these figures the desire is not to boast of the production so much as to demonstrate the capabilities and possibilities of New South Wales.

For the production of the wheat in the foregoing agricultural figures, the area cultivated was 3½ million acres—and yet to-day it is officially estimated that the area of virgin wheat land awaiting the plough within the "safe" rainfall belt, is from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 acres! And the same applies proportionately to the other primary industries of the State.

In order that the boundless resources of New South Wales may be developed, the Government of the country is now pushing away into the vast productive areas, lines of railway by which the output may be promptly conveyed to the markets.. Millions of pounds sterling are being expended in this great work, and in this way is the cultivable area increasing every year. But it is not the policy of progressive Government to stop at this point. Following closely on the spread of railways, and the settlement attracted thereby, is the establishment of other public services necessary for the comfort and happiness of the people who go to develop the land, and carve out an independence for themselves. Public Schools, where education on the highest scale is provided free of charge, are promptly established to keep up the high educational standard already enjoyed by the State; other necessary public institutions are formed, and the people are encouraged to found such other institutions as are deemed necessary for the educational and social advancement of the rising generation. These latter are established under the guidance of the Government, and liberal subsidies are annually distributed towards the cost of their upkeep. This, and much more, is the work of the Government, the keynote of which is *Progress*, the whole centred round the determination to develop the State by the Britisher for the Britisher, by providing all the facilities for acquiring land, and by conveying products at cheap rates over the State-owned railroads.

To the man who, in the old-world countries, finds but limited opportunities of rising above the ruck---whatever his efforts might be, New South Wales offers exceptional opportunities, and in the State to-day are to be found thousands of well-to-do men who set out with no other capital than energy and determination. In the settled farming areas, nearly all the workers own the land they occupy---land acquired under easy and long-extended terms, and the opportunities they availed themselves of are always open to new settlers in those areas now being made available in the manner above stated.

Socially and industrially there is a freedom unknown in any but the younger countries, and by advanced legislation for the industrial and social comfort of the worker, the Government has realised a general contentment and happiness rather exceptional, which few countries can parallel. Equality of opportunity, congenial climate, and surroundings in which a man may work during 52 weeks in the year, full adult franchise and the utmost liberty in all political affairs, the advantage of living under a Constitution the freest in the world, and a profitable and rapid return for labor---are some of the attractions offered to the new settler in New South Wales, and such as no other country offers. And in addition to all this is the very gratifying fact that the population is 95 per cent. British---a state of affairs the Government will maintain.

As an evidence of the opportunities for even the poorest subject it may be stated that a good percentage of the public men of the State of New South Wales have risen from the ranks. My own life history is a case in point. I first saw the light of day on an immigrant ship, and on reaching man's estate, engaged in the boiler-making trade in New South Wales. All my life I have been actively engaged in the affairs of the State, have retained the friendships of my younger days, and feel that in spite of differences of opinion politically, I hold the good feeling of the people of the State generally.

In a short article it is impossible to do justice to such a great country as New South Wales, but in the foregoing the endeavour has been to briefly emphasize, firstly, the area and prosperity of the State; secondly, its productiveness; and thirdly, the wonderful and exceptional opportunities offered to those who will grasp them. On this side of the world we have an Agent General whose office is at 125 Cannon Street, London, where inquiries are received, and where every facility is offered to those in search of reliable information concerning all branches of industry in New South Wales.

THE STORY OF AN IMPRISONED SOUL

By The Countess de Courson.

Not many years ago, in 1910, there died in a quiet corner of Provincial France, a nun, whose life work, although veiled in voluntary self-effacement, stamps her as one of the great benefactresses of suffering humanity.

In spite of her sweet unconsciousness of the magnitude of the task that she successfully accomplished and of her constant endeavour to avoid publicity, the name of this humble Sister became famous beyond the frontiers of France; indeed it was noticed that her work was better known and more highly valued in foreign lands than at home. This, since the Gospel days, is a common occurrence. Scandinavian, Dutch and American scientists inquired into the French nun's method and marvelled at the intelligence and patience revealed by her work. The field, in which she was a pioneer, is now more fully explored by men and women, eager to benefit their afflicted brethren, but these later workers acknowledge that "Soeur Marguerite broke new ground and achieved an almost impossible task when she destroyed the barriers that held captive an imprisoned soul."

Soeur Marguerite was a member of the order of "Les Soeurs de la Sagesse",—literally "The Sisters of Wisdom," founded in the 17th century by a missionary, whose name is still a household word in Poitou: Grignon de Montfort. They teach in poor schools and serve in hospitals; they are well known in Western France and also in Paris where their grey dress, black cloaks and snow white "coiffe" are popular in many suburbs.

Soeur Marguerite was still a young woman when, in 1895, there arrived at her Convent of Larnay, near Poitiers, a little girl of ten, named Marie Heurtin, who in manners and appearance resembled rather a monster than a human being. She was brought there by her father and aunt, poor and ignorant folk, after wandering up and down the country in search of a home for the child who was born blind, deaf and dumb. They were about to take her to a mad house at Nantes, when a happy inspiration led them to Larnay, where deaf mutes were educated by the Sisters.*

The case of Marie Heurtin made the kindly Superioress hesitate; all her deaf mute pupils could *see*, except one, an Alsatian, named Marthe Obrecht, but she had only lost the sense of speech, sight and hearing, at the age of three and the vague notions that she retained of the outer world had served to build up her education as a blind deaf mute. The new comer, at the age of ten, was a savage and, in her case, there were no past experiences, however shadowy, to fall back upon.

The Sister, who had devoted herself to Marthe Obrecht's education, was dead when Marie Heurtin sought admittance, but she had explained her method to one of her companions

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* The Convent of Larnay was founded in 1847 for the training of deaf mutes by M. de Larnay, Canon of the Cathedral of Poitiers.

Soeur Marguerite, and when the kindly Superioress, at her visitor's evident distress, consented to admit Marie Meurtin, it was to this young nun that she trusted the unforunate little girl.

The first weeks of her stay at the Convent must have been trying for Marie's companions. When she realized that she was alone among strangers, the girl gave way to fits of passion that fairly terrified the Sisters. Being unable to express her feelings by signs, she rolled on the floor, beat the walls and the ground with her clenched fists, shrieked, barked and displayed an amount of nervous energy, that taxed not only the poor nuns' patience, but also their physical strength. Thus, at different times, they took Marie out walking, along country roads; suddenly, in a fit of anger, the child would throw herself on the ground, sometimes into a ditch, and refuse to move. The Sisters had to carry her back to the Convent, her unearthly screams bringing out an astonished crowd and, more than once, the nuns were reproached for their cruelty towards a helpless being whom they sought to keep a prisoner!!!

However, nothing daunted, Soeur Marguerite, in obedience to her Superioress' directions, began to train her difficult pupil. It was no easy task; all the avenues leading to the girl's "imprisoned soul," seemed hopelessly closed. By attentively studying her likes and dislikes, the Sister discovered that she showed fondness for certain articles: for a knife, brought from her home, for bread and eggs. Soeur Marguerite began by letting her *feel* these things, then suddenly would take them away; a scene of passion and shrieks would follow. When Marie calmed down, her teacher taught her to make with her fingers the sign that in deaf mute language stands for a knife, for an egg and for bread. She repeated the lesson till the girl made the sign of her own accord; then she promptly gave her back the coveted article. When this result was attained, Socur Marguerite proceeded to teach her pupil other signs used by deaf mutes, but the child being blind, these signs had to be *felt* by her instead of *seen* and the difficulties of her education were thereby increased; nevertheless, her progress was so satisfactory that ere long her devoted Mistress taught her the *Braille* alphabet, that enabled her to read by touch the books printed for the blind.

It is difficult in a sketch, where we are limited for space, to give an adequate idea of the stupendous effort implied by these gradual steps towards the acquirement of knowledge. On the part of Soeur Marguerite, there seems to have been unusual intelligence and power of observation combined with extraordinary patience and leavened by an exalted sense of duty. On the part of her pupil, there was an intense willingness to learn and a great quickness of comprehension.

Once the girl had been brought into touch with the outer world and with the human beings that surrounded her, the Sister's ambition for Marie increased and she resolved to introduce her into the intellectual and spiritual world, more difficult to realize by one so handicapped, but where she would find support and light to cheer and strengthen her lonely path.

There again, the nun's simple methods proved successful: she taught Marie the difference between riches and proverty by making her *feel* a well dressed lady and a begger in rags; she made her realize old age by making her *feel* an old woman bent and wrinkled; she even made her acquainted with the idea of death by touching a dead sister whom she had known. Then, with infinite patience and reverence, taking the sun as a symbol, she gradually explained to her pupil that the warmth that she enjoyed and the life giving influence of the sun upon the trees and flowers, were typical of the power, love and radiating influence of an all wise Creator.

There again, Marie promptly grasped the general principles that her instructress wished to convey by means of personal experiences suggested by the girl's daily life. By right of her vocation as the consecrated servant of the poor and weak, Soeur Marguerite was naturally inclined to devote special attention to one who was set apart by her triple infirmity, but the self-devotion that was the mainspring of her conduct, was sweetened by the passionate interest with which Marie Heurtin responded to her teaching. Indeed, so strongly did the latter express her sensations that all the Sister's gentleness and patience were often called into play to re-adjust the girl's views. When, for instance, she understood what was meant by poverty, old age and death, she showed intense horror and repulsion. The Sister let her pour forth her feelings, then with gentle authority, by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet that Marie had learnt to use, she made her understand that old age was venerable, poverty often respectable and always deserving of pity; and death, the beginning of another, happier life. Then she went on to connect these spiritual truths with the supreme fact of the existence of the Creator, of whose beneficial action the sunshine, that Marie loved, was but an unsatisfactory image.

It may be imagined that to develop this "imprisoned soul" was a work that lasted many years. A distinguished

French writer, M. Louis Arnould, who is professor at the University of Poitiers, was the first to introduce Soeur Marguerite and her charge to the public, the good nuns of Larnay being content to carry out their charitable works in silence. M. Arnould closely followed the different phases of Marie's education and drew the attention of European professors, scientists and philanthropists to what is almost a unique case. Even Helen Keller, the deaf and dumb American girl, whose attainments excited general interest some years ago, saw and heard till she was eighteen months old, whereas Marie Heurtin was born blind, deaf and dumb.

There is no denying that Helen Keller's education, which was conducted regardless of expense, was more brilliant in its results than that of her French sister. The girl is extremely intelligent and became an excellent linguist; she is also an authoress and, naturally enough, is superior to the convent-bred Marie in all that concerns out of door pursuits—she can swim, ride a bicycle, etc.

Marie Heurtin's training was carried out on different lines. She is the daughter of a workman and the Sisters wisely decided not to remove her from her natural sphere. They therefore gave her a sound and solid education, such as girls of her station receive in Convents; they also taught her to sweep and dust, to make herself useful in the house, and, above all, they formed her character, developed her spiritual aspirations in view of making her life as good, as useful and as happy, as circumstances would allow.

Fourteen years after her arrival at Larnay, M. Arnould thus describes the girl, whose first appearance at the Convent gates created an impression and repulsion: "Marie Heurtin is now a girl of twenty-four, with small features, a pink complexion, bright clear eyes, the chief expression of her countenance is one of cheerfulness." He goes on to describe with what unerring instinct she can state the age of any visitor by rapidly passing her fingers over the latter's features. Her thirst for knowledge has been a great help to her devoted Mistress: she learnt her catechism thoroughly and also the Old and New Testament, with ecclesiastical history and the history of France; she can make additions, substractions and multiplications; she knows the geography of France and of Europe, having used the maps made expressly for blind students. She writes letters, according to the Braille method, expresses herself simply and clearly and seldom makes a fault in spelling. She is an expert player of dominoes and has learnt to use a type-writing machine where the letters being in relief, are easily *felt* by her deft fingers. She can sew and knit neatly and rapidly, and is an active and cheerful member of the large household of Larnay. Not only is she on affectionate terms with all the nuns, she can also *talk* by signs to the other deaf mutes who are cared for by the sisters, and who, although they can *see*, are generally not superior to Marie in intellectual development. What has contributed greatly to the girl's happiness and also to her usefulness is the arrival at the Convent of a child of thirteen, Anne Marie Poyet, who, at the age of seventeen months, after a dangerous illness, became blind, deaf and dumb. Although only a plain workman, this child's father, by dint of affection and patience, managed to teach his little daughter certain words, but he could not, as she grew older, develop her faculties in a methodical way and, in 1907, he decided to take her to Larnay. The well known Magazine, "Lectures pour tout" had given a description of Soeur Marguerite *and her first pupil and it was this article that suggested to* Anne Marie Poyet's friends the idea of entrusting this afflicted child to the same capable hands. With her unerring instinct, Soeur Marguerite immediately realized the new comer might bring an element of novelty and interest into Marie Heurtin's shadowed life and she tactfully claimed the latter's assistance in her task. Marie was made very happy by being useful to her beloved Mistress; she entered into the Sister's views with an earnestness that was delightful to witness and she soon acquired an excellent influence over Anne Marie. Far from showing any jealousy at being no longer the chief object of interest in the little world of Larnay, she proved herself a kind and helpful elder sister to her little companion. Not only did M. Arnould's interesting articles make Marie Heurtin and Sister Marguerite known in their own country, they were translated and discussed beyond the French frontiers and, before the war, the subject was taken up by some German reviews devoted to scientific researches.

A Dutch Magazine, "De Katholick," edited by Father de Groot, professor of philosophy at Amsterdam, entered into it still more fully and with so much sympathy that, in 1902, Father de Groot came to Larnay. There he investigated the Sister's methods and eventually wrote a long and thoughtful account of all that he had noticed. He marvelled, not only at the girl's acquired knowledge, but also at her moral progress. As an instance of this, he quoted her ready acceptation of her triple infirmity, "because God wills it so," and her joyous anticipation of the compensation that she will enjoy in the world beyond. He was impressed, too, by her gentle manners, her sweet and cheerful expression and her refinement. He assisted at her lessons, *saw* her read a Braille book and ascertained how, by the mere touch of her nimble fingers, she could appreciate the loveliness of flowers and the delicate beauty of a little child.

Left to themselves, the good nuns of Larnay, who shun rather than court notoriety, would have remained unknown, even in France. They were quite content to wear themselves out in silence, in the service of the crippled and infirm beings who fill their big Convent. But their friend, M. Arnould, is so well known that a subject treated by him is bound to command attention, and his booklet on an "Imprisoned Soul," created a sensation in France and beyond the frontiers. In 1899, the nuns of Larnay were given a "Prix Montyon", one of the prizes by which the French Academy rewards acts of self-devotion and charity. Four years later, on June 21st, 1903, Soeur Marguerite and her Sisters were awarded a civic crown by the Societe Nationale d' encouragement au bien", whose object is expressed by its name. It was founded to encourage generosity and self-sacrifice and seldom was its reward better bestowed than on the good Sisters of Larnay.

But neither at the public meeting that took place in Paris, nor at another more private meeting at Poitiers did the grey figures, crowned by the snow white coiffes, appear among the successful prize winners. The Sisters' friends, who looked forward to seeing these humble workers publicly honoured, were disappointed at their absence. In these days of clamorous self advertisement their horror of publicity is a rare and original feature. The task that Soeur Marguerite so nobly and successfully accomplished sorely taxed her strength; but she never spoke of herself, and her singularly youthful appearance—she was 49 when she died—her fresh color and bright temper, deceived her friends.

During twelve years she devoted her time chiefly to Marie Heurtin, but without ceasing to be the right hand of her superioress and an important member of the big household. In 1907 she began to train Anne Marie Poyet and she was looking forward, in 1910, to the arrival of Marie Heurtin's little sister, Marthe, who was deaf, dumb and almost blind. In October 1909, however, her own health seemed to decline, she suffered from bronchitis and the long illness and death of her superioress brought her an increase of work and responsibility that exhausted her powers of resistance.

She died on April 8th, 1901, as she had lived, sweetly and bravely; and the admiring and regretful letters that were received from all parts of the world, when the news of her death was known, would surely have surprised this unconscious heroine of charity.

THE MYSTICISM OF "GITANJALI."

BY V. RAJA GOPAL.

I.

Mysticism is a creed; it has its philosophy, as well as its way of conduct. It lays itself open to analysis and scientific treatment. Its laws of psychology can as definitely be organised as any laws of the material sciences. It achieves stated results; it puts into effect its plans of preparation, takes stock of the progress obtained and counts its spiritual gains. There is also the romantic aspect of mysticism: it comes face to face with Love, Himself; it touches Love, Himself, with the flame of an emotional afflatus and possesses Him. Patanjali has done for the organisation of the ancient Indian mystical psychology what Professor James and Miss Wonder-hill have done in modern times for mysticism, in general. Gitanjali is a profound code of mysticism. The author's apprehensions of spiritual facts are put into this book as is the case in no other book of his yet published. Mysticism begins with a firm belief in the existence of God within man and it starts to realise Him, seeking the aid of its ethics and discipline. The body is kept pure, untruths are kept out of thoughts, evil emotions are shunned. Purity maintains the body from disease and corruption; the adoption of truth increases the force of our reasoning intellect; the heart which is governed by the law of a spiritualised love achieves its victory in every field, paving the way for a powerful and God-like action. There is also for the Mystic the discipline of closely associating himself with God, to derive from such a close association his inspiration to act, to feel and to think. This turns itself more or less into a self-surrender of his as yet imperfect powers of thought, emotion and action to the sure guidance of the Almighty.

The one longing of the Mystic is union with his Beloved. Till he has not realised Him, felt and touched Him, he is full of restlessness and dissatisfaction. He achieves this union by practising various disciplines A few have been mentioned. There are still many others. He dons the dress of simplicity, which is pleasing to God. The simple way does not tell upon others; it is exceedingly harmless and unobtrusive. He avoids all expense and luxury---he avoids them in the three planes of thought, emotion and action. He approaches the Divine with undecorated simple sentiments with the artless charm of a child; with actions which are not boastful and noisy and thoughts which are not vitiated by a self-tormenting egotism. He drops all unclean desires. Then follows a more severe discipline, to emasculate the egoistic personality and take a deep plunge into the still waters of common human life; to mix freely and frankly with the lowly and the poor. This alone is true democracy. Without having achieved this in the field of consciousness and in practice, it is impossible to achieve God.

As progress is being made, desires obtrude themselves.

They are subtle and tantalising enemies. Here the Divine comes to the rescue. As the heart goes out in longing for the perils of weak and uncertain desire we are consistently and repeatedly denied the objects of our desire and with the pain thus inflicted, the heart is made to travel on the straight road to God.

The discipline insists on a vigorous meditation of the attributes of the Divinity within. When the body is fagged and the mind is weary the discipline does not countenance any half-hearted or weakly-attempted attunement with the Divine. The Bhagavad-Gita gives the same caution.

Mysticism warns against cowardice in turning away from God when He comes down upon us, as it happens, with His overwhelming tidal waves of Love. We must have the boldness to face Him and acknowledge Him. Langour is not admitted when God is sought for. There is no lingering on the way. Sometimes the mystic has to admit these defects. The progress does not seem to be all perfect. But one ought to take heart; shake off langour and approach the Divine with determination.

The most stupendous of all obstacles on the way to the realisation of God is the personal limited, inquisitive and mischief-creating Ego. This bustling agency creates a wall between ourselves and God. We lose sight of our true being in its dark shadow. We get infatuated with our Ego and forsake God. Even when we are seeking God, the Ego persues us still with his blustering and dust raising personality. When the Ego by persistent discipline is subdued, we have also to cut off our other egoistic relations in the world. The love of God alone is without imperfection; there alone is untrammelled joy and freedom. More often the love of our friends and relations binds us; it comes as an impediment towards the realisation of a greater Love which translates itself as great freedom.

To summarise the Sadhana of the mystic, it comprises keeping the body pure, cherishing truthful thoughts and healthful emotions, doing powerful actions and to have an unfailing trust in the God of our being, to eschew egoism and the egoistic personality which consists in the wrong identification of the pure and eternal "I Am" with the limitations and imperfections of thought, emotion and body, to continually stretch out hands of striving to reach to the perfectness of our full Being till in the end we are brought to one inseparable union with Him.

II

After the feet have been set on the mystical way, internally we get more and more changed. Newer mental states and moods dawn on us. We receive intense emotional longings. Powerful love-forces within us are awakened. We became aware of the deeper realities of life. We get glimpses into truths and we respond to them with all the strength of our being. Love unfolds His mask and we perceive Him more and more to be ourselves. The vision of Him is sometimes full, and we are overwhelmed with ecstasy; sometimes we only catch a glimpse of Him; sometimes we scarcely perceive Him at all, however much we may desire to perceive Him: these, then, are the pangs, sorrows, depressions, yearnings and the exaltations of the mystical lover. Moods come upon him as various as climatic changes. This is the great romance of the soul. "Gitanjali" is full of this romance. Some progress towards Love has been made; some truth of His being has been caught in the soul of the poet and he begins with this miraculous prayer: "Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name Thee my all.' Let only that little be left of my will, whereby I may feel Thee on everyside". So overwhelming is the richness of this life, that the fact again breaks out into another immortal prayer: "My Lord, strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.'' There is yet a most beautiful prayer, the poet has seen the vision of Love and he wants to treasure the memory ever and ever. "That I want thee, only thee, let my heart repeat without end". Again: "When the heart is hard and parched, come upon me with a shower of mercy." So wrapped up is he in the present vision of Love that the poet dreads any future aridness of heart.

Then begin the tribulations of this God-love which prepares him for a greater vision of Love and Truth. They are only recurring visions of Him. He comes in fitful moments and is gone leaving the soul lonely. The setting of the storm, the wind, desolation, mid-night, lovely places, clouds, rain, gloom and darkness, need not at all be taken as symbolic of the poet's moods. Such phenomena may be taken as actually to have occured in the life of the poet and they awakened in him a longing, a heightening or exaltation of his emotional capacity; at such moments he felt strongly and greatly and sought a union with his inner Love. Sometimes these intense moods would seem to have achieved the union so ardently desired, leaving him in an ecstasy of pleasure and contentment; sometimes the moods left him on the borders of expectation, when consummation of the Divine crisis was as yet withheld. Sometimes it happened that the poet was helplessly stranded by the absence of these great moods, however much he might invite or force them upon him, which would help to lift him to a union with God. Many poems deal with this side of sorrow and despair.

Sometimes the flame of this Love is kept on burning. Love is felt in all corners of his existence. The vision of Him is caught in the depths of the night. Sometimes the passing breeze is full of Him. His Face is detected in sorrow and in moments of silence. He comes and steals into the heart. The whole life is made one beatific vision. Pain is courted and is converted into joy. In the terrific clash of the elements, in thunder, lightning and storm, as well as in fair weather, light wind, and breeze, the great God is seen. Ones whole being is possessed with Him; dreams are resonant with his melodies and He is familiar to one in the flush of sleep, and the closed eyes open their lids only to the light of His smile. For His sake the soul invites pain and cheerfully suffers it. "It hurts me when I press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain."

III

The glimpses of the Lord are no more broken. Out of the sufferings, travail and search the soul has been perfected. It is one with the Supreme. The soul sings in joy with this assurance: "Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full. Thus it is thou hast come down to me. Thou hast taken me as thy partner of all this wealth. In my heart is endless play of thy delight. In my life thy will is even taking shape. My heart has touched thy feet." There is no more trouble and restlessness. The soul blissful and full of serenity. It feels within itself its mortality. It has laughed at Death and Death's terrors. "Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure." To the soul are now opened unsuspected mysteries of Light, Colour, Music, Love and Beauty. It now treads upon super-mental fields. It is super-conscious. Areas of vision unknown to the physical eye are now opened to it. It now gets the vision of the subjective Light. "Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart's weetening light".

The greatest love has been always subjective. There is no power like that. He, who has had a vision of it works miracles. Nothing moves one so much as that. The greatest saviours like Buddha, Christ and Ramakrishna have had this vision of Love.

"The light of thy music illumes the world. The life-breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on." This is how the perfected mystic becomes a participant of cosmic secrets. There is no wisdom like his. Nobody is gifted with keener insight into moral laws than himself. He is himself the moral laws and their originator. The soul has grown undaunted. It takes flight in the realm of the Impersonal Being. "But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day, nor night, nor form, nor colour and never, never a word." "I dive down into the depths of the ocean of forms hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless."

The mystic has arrived at the full possession of his own. He has reached to the God-head of his being. He is no longer troubled by desires, or joy or pain. He has known the personal God as well as the great Impersonal. He is full of a sweet cooling power. He has had supreme visions of Light and Love and he has heard the ineffable Music. Love to him is subjective; so too is Light. He has grown into an all-powerful Impersonal Being and he knows that he is deathless. He is above space, time and condition. He is quick and leisurely and he has overcome worry of all kinds. Is not the life of the mystic worthy of the highest emulation! He alone knows right action, he alone possesses an untroubled heart and the resources of the intellect are opened to him alone in their full sway. He achieves harmony where we achieve discord. All obstacles melt at his touch. The highest exertion is possible only to him. Is not a practical mystic a man of immense power? What are a thousand sagacious worldlings before him!

Here are the spiritual reckonings of Tagore authenticated by him:

"When I go from hence, let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable."

"I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light and thus am I blessed—let this be my last parting word."

"In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of Him that is formless."

"My whole body and limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my last parting word".—

VIRTUE.

AN ATTEMPT AT ITS DEFINITION.

By GAYA PRASAD.

It is not easy to define virtue, certainly not so easy as the Irishman's definition of a gun: "Take a hole and pour molten iron round it;" and it is all very well to praise virtue, to sing with Shakespeare that

> "Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
> Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil."

But it is not an easy task to say what it is which makes it that and nothing else. The essence of virtue cannot be circumscribed. Socrates' fundamental doctrine was that virtue consists in knowledge of the good.

But when we inquire what this good is, the knowledge of which would constitute virtue, we are not very sure of coming at the real meaning. The good was the useful. But everything useful was not good. The earliest Platonic dialogues, the *Protagoras*, echoes this view of Socrates.

Now, virtue as consisting in the knowledge of the good must be *good for something*. It is certain that Socrates tried to transcend this relativism. Socrates taught that man's true fortune must be sought in virtue alone. And virtue consisted in the capacity to recognise the useful or the profitable, and to act accordingly. He maintained that the truly useful was just virtue itself. Hence, the Socratic doctrine of virtue moved in a circle.

Inspite of this, however, the necessary result of virtue was happiness. Among several psychologico-ethical presuppositions, one was that the will is always directed towards the good. The will, therefore, draws after its image. The right way to the profitable led men to right action, and it attained its end by making man necessarily happy. That is, the virtuous man knows what is good. He, therefore, does what is good, and in doing the good he must attain happiness. This applies only to ideally perfect intelligent beings. Here one may find a contrast between the philosophy of the schools and the philosophy of the streets. Socrates supposed that man's insight enabled him to know with certainty the necessary result that must follow some intended action. He failed to realise that there are world's courses, unforseen by men, which may cross, upset, or destroy even the most perfectly organised operations of human beings.

Another draw-back in the Socratic definition of virtue is that it did not give to the concept of the good any universal content. In certain respects he had left it open to attack. This enabled the most diverse conceptions of life to introduce their views of the ultimate end of human existence. Those most deserving of attention are the *Cynic* and the *Cyrenaic*.

The doctrine of virtue taught by Antisthenes of Athens, the founder of the Cynic School (named after the gymnasium Cynosarges), escaped the entanglement of the Socratic circle. He gave a universal content to his definition. By virtue he meant only the intelligent conduct of life. This makes man happy not through the consequences which attend such a course of life, but through itself. The intelligent conduct of life was independent of the world's course. Virtue in itself is sufficient to constitute happiness or well-being: Man stands free for fate or fortune.

If, then, virtue is that which makes man happy under all circumstances, it must be as independent as possible from the general course of events. All our wants and desires are as many obstacles, because they bind us to something or the other. We cannot lay hold of the world's course, but we can suppress desires. To be virtuous was, therefore, to restrict our wants to the smallest conceivable extent. Virtue is freedom from desires and wants. This line of thought was carried further by the Cynics. All the refinements of civilisation were regarded as superfluous because they tended to bind man more and more to something from which he ought to be freed. Except the elementary wants of hunger and love they regarded all others as not deserving of an intelligent man. They openly scoffed at all the conventional demands of morals and decency. They were quite indifferent to art and science, family and native land. And the paradoxical popularity of Diogenes was due to the jest of trying to live in civilised Greece as if in an ideal state of nature. When Diogenes called himself a cosmopolitan he had no idea of a community of all men; he only meant that he did not adhere to any civilised state.

Quite in complete contrast with this stands Hedonism, the philosophy of regardless enjoyment. Aristippas also started from the point where Socrates had failed and tried to complete the Socratic definition. But in so doing he was led necessarily to quite opposite conclusions. He gave to the concept of the good the universal idea of happiness. If, then, virtue is knowledge of the good, it is knowledge of how a man may attain utmost happiness. Now, happiness is experienced only in the satisfaction of our desires, when we get pleasure. To gain pleasure, therefore, must be one's all-absorbing aim. The satisfied will gives pleasure. If this is the only thing that is to be considered, it does not matter what the object of pleasure is, it will only depend on the quality or degree of it. The most virtuous man must then be he who has most capacity for enjoyment. So according to Aristippas virtue is defined to be the ability for enjoyment.

This ability for enjoying things as they come in one's way, is not possessed in an equal degree by all men. Moreover, it is most difficult to *enjoy rightly*. Only the wise men of learning and insight, can attain to it. Their part in this respect consists of two broad divisions. The first is a knowledge of the proper selection out of all the diverse enjoyable objects that present themselves before them. That is, they must pick out only those that are capable of giving a real and lasting as well as the most vehement pleasure. They ought to reject all others. Their second and the harder task is that they should not give themselves up to enjoyment though constantly enjoying. They should have a firm control over themselves and not let themselves be swayed by "every breath of wind." Only the virtuous enjoy, always standing above enjoyment.

The Cyrenaics, like the Cynics, regarded all the social conventions of morals and law as mere limitations to that right of enjoyment which man has by nature. The virtuous man does not care for any of these. He only cares for enjoyment, and pays no heed to historical institutions. He tastes the honey which others prepare. But he does not think himself to be under any obligation to them. No idea of thankfulness or duty binds him to the civilisation whose fruits he enjoys. Sacrifice for others, devotion to some particular object, feeling of patriotism, Theodorus declared to be a form of foolishness which it did not become a virtuous man to share. This philsophy of the parasites who feasted at the full table of Grecian beauty, was as far removed from the path as that of the beggars who lay at the doors. Though this theory of virtue, advanced by Aristippus, was combated by Plato, he was not wholly indifferent to the world of sense. Plato, the philosopher, was also an artist of the first rank. The charm of Hellenic beauty was living and active within him. But he derived his conception of virtue from his doctrine of Ideas. He found virtue in the Idea of the Good. The highest good consists, says Plato, not in pleasure but in man's most perfect likeness to God and he is the most virtuous who tries to become most like God. Now, since God is the Good or absolute justice, justice is the fundamental virtue; it is the mother of the virtues belonging to each of the *three souls*, every one of which has a definite task to fulfil and so attain perfection of its own: the rational part, in *wisdom;* the spiritual in *energy of will* and the appetitive in *self control*. And to complete the right relation of these parts there must be *uprightness or justice itself*, synonymous with which is *piety*. These are the four cardinal virtues of Plato. Wisdom, he defines, as the virtue or justice of the mind; Energy of will or courage is the justice of the heart; Self-control or temperance is the justice of the senses; and Piety is justice in our relation with the Deity.

But Plato, however, failed to define the content of the Good. Here Aristotle comes to our aid. He could do this by conceiving reason to be the Form peculiar to the human soul. Aristotle also recognised that all our endeavours and strivings after the Good are directed towards the supreme end of man's happiness or well-being. And he also felt that to a large measure it depended upon external fortune. But with this, ethics had nothing to do. The other key to happiness lay in man's internal activity. By unfolding one's internal nature one could be truly happy. And man's peculiar activity was through reason. Virtue is, therefore, that personal state of mind by which man is made capable of the practice of national activity. Man's virtue develops out of reason and has for its fruits satisfaction and pleasure. This development of virtue proceeds in two directions, partly as national action and partly as national thought. The former consits in the perfection of the faculty of intelligence in the broadest sense of the word; hence, there follow the *ethical* and the *intellectual* or dianoetic *virtues*.

With regard to the cause of the ethical virtues, Aristotle transcends the principles of Socrates. They arise out of the right training of the will. They enable man to follow *practical reason*. It is true that Aristotle did not assign to the will a psychological independence against knowledge. Where he differed from Socrates was in this: he denied that the determination of the will is stronger than the desire arising from defective knowledge. Since experience shows us just its opposite, practical reason alone can give man that self-control by means of which he follows all what is national, even against the strongest desires. This leads up to the ethical virtues in which are included natural disposition; insight, and habitude. A systematic development of all these individual virtues is not given by Aristotle, but a general survey of the whole. The underlying thought is that national insight discovers the right mean between the unreasonable extremes to which the natural and impulsive life of man is always directed. For example, courage is the right mean between rashness and cowardice, Friendship is the common striving after all that is good, beautiful. But complete happiness could not be had by the possession of practical reason alone, which gives only the ethical virtues. *Theoretical reason* was essential for true and permanent happiness, which gives the intellectual virtues. The dianoetic virtues are the highest, and they also are capable of bringing absolute happiness. The loftiest truths are apprehended through the activity of the theoretical reason, or the dianoetic virtues. This gives participation in that pure thought in which the essence of the deity consists. The desireless absorption in the perception of the highest truth is possible through the dianoetic virtues; and it is the most blessed and best of all.

The philosophy of the Greeks now took a new turn, and the outcome was the Hellenistic-Roman thought. The ideal state, the active, living, ethical state, to which the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle culminated in morals, was now no longer sufficient to satisfy individual cravings after truth. Even in their time it found so little sympathy that the Academicians and the Peripatetics advanced the problem of individual happiness and virtue. All the philosophers of this time were labouring to draw the picture of the *normal man*, a man who would be always happy, whatever the fortunes of the world might bring him; and they called such a man the wise, the virtuous. The most desirable quality of the virtuous man was his imperturbability, his independence of the world as much as possible. He was the wise whom the world did not trouble in the least; he, therefore, was free, a king, a god. But since man has no power over the external world, he must try to overcome what is within himself. He must find *perfect happiness in himself alone*. The disturbances of his own nature being his emotions and passions, he must strive to control them. Virtue is, therefore, *emotionlesssness*.

This doctrine in the hands of Epicurus and Pyrrho, advanced after the presuppositions of Aristippus and Democritus. It corresponded to a gradual development and transformation which took place in the Hedonistic School. Though Epicurus regarded pleasure as the highest good, he declared that the permanent state of satisfaction and rest is far more to be preferred than the enjoyment of the moment. The Epicurean would enjoy all pleasure if it did not excite him. Peace of soul is all he wishes. There are wants that are natural; and even the wise and virtuous man cannot free himself from them. There are others, again, that are only conventional, and the virtuous man sees their artificiality and does not indulge in their nothingness. Between these two there are those which have their right, but are not indispensable. Since their satisfaction brings happiness, the wise man enjoys them quietly; avoiding the storms which threaten them. Virtue is, therefore, pleasure of the mind in the aesthetic refinement of life.

Pyrrho's Hedonism took another turn. According to the exposition of his disciple, Timon, the task of science is to investigate the constitution of things. But this cannot be known, says Pyrrho; we can know only the states of feelings into which these put us. Hence, because there is no knowledge, argues the Sceptic, right action is impossible. So the virtuous man is he who resists, as far as possible, all the manifold seducements to opinion and to action. Hence, virtue is suspense of judgment.

A deeper conception of virtue was formed by the Stoics. Their ideal of life was the withdrawal of individual personality within itself. The Stoics made the Platonic cardinal virtues the basis for their systematic treatment. They declared virtue not only as the highest but the sole good. But how to attain the sole good, whatever it was? This was answered by Philo of Alexandria who taught that virtue could only arise by the renunciation of self, in giving up individuality, and in becoming one with or merged in the divine Primordial Being.

With the Neo-Platonists there was an absorption of virtue in the deity. And with Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus, and Proclus, chief among the later Neo-Platonists, their metaphysics degenerated into mythology. It revived, however, in the Middle Ages with Augustine. He regarded the state of blessedness as the highest of all virtues. The three Christian virtues, faith, hope, and love, are placed above the practical and dianoetic virtues of the Greeks. He defines virtue as a God-intoxicated contemplation. In Augustine's teaching the ideal state of the glorified man consisted in the contemplation of the divine majesty. This found a new support, in the second period of Mediæval philosophy, in the Aristotelian intellectualism. Thomas taught that the eternal vision of God was the goal of all human striving. The love of God follows from this doctrine. It found a most beautiful expression in Dante. The supreme angel choir was characterised as love by Hugo of St. Victor. Bonaventura regarded the divine contemplation as identical with "love." Duns Scotus saw man's last glorification not in contemplation, but in love which he maintains to be superior to contemplation. Hence, virtue as the highest glorification of man, is love.

The idea of virtue found another expression with the philosopher of Konigsberg. There is nothing good without limitation, said Kant, except a good will. By a good will is not meant mere well-wishing. The good will is a persistent and resolute endeavour to secure a good end, and nothing short of that can be called good. A man's will is good not because the results which follow from it are good, but because it wills the good. The production of a good will is the end of life; the attainment of happiness is its second and conditional object. The goal of the sensuous will is happiness. But vritue is the goal of the ethical will.

The doctrine of virtue now got a new form which was transmitted from the philosophy of the Revolution and from Utilitarianism, especially in the stamp given to it by Bentham. The chief representatives to carry out the fundamental thoughts of evolutionary ethics further were Fouillea in France, Paul Ree and Schneider in Germany. And in Fngland, the new movement was transmitted through Cobridge, Carlyle and, later, through Green and others. Bentham's virtue was "greatest good of the greatest number", and he used to interpret this by the phrase, "every-body to count for one, nobody for more than one." The criticism of Carlyle was directed against the individualism of motive in "Benthanism." He substituted a "greatest nobleness principle" instead of a "greatest happiness principle."

The fusion of utilitarian and idealistic principles was due to Mill. He transcends the hedonistic criterion of value. Virtue is of the subjective standard; and, therefore, instead of having pleasure as our standard we should have a standard for pleasure. This standard is to be fixed by an appeal to "experience and wisdom and reason." Love of liberty, love of power may be quite appropriate appellations, but the highest and most appropriate is "the sense of dignity." The life of a dissatisfied wise man is far better than that of a satisfied fool. And the man who voluntarily sacrifices his own happiness for that of others, displays the "highest virtue which can be found in man."

Virtue, with Green, is the satisfaction of man's desire for the full realisation of himself. Similar to this is Spencer's formulation---the "completeness of life". And virtue from Schelling to Schopenhauer found a most grotesque and fanciful expression in Hartmann, with whom it is the man's co-operation in redeeming the world-will from its own unhappy realisation by the denial of illusions.

And virtue with Nietzsche, in changing stages, is the art of salvation from the torture of the will; it is knowledge, the whole freshness of delight in the joys of the world and life; and then it is the will to power---it is of the super-man (*Uebermensch*), "beyond good and bad."

And virtue with a writer is now to come to an end.

TWO URDU POETS.

BY IKBAL ALI SHAH.

I.—NAWAB DULLA.

Nawab Dulla was born in March 1830. His first and last teacher was his father, and from his boyhood he was of an unusually reflective disposition. Left an orphan in his fifteenth year, a Persian scholar took a kindly interest in the boy, employing him as librarian.

By degrees he rose in the esteem of the learned until we see him flourishing at the court of the last Moghal King, Bahadur Shah. But the sun of the Moghal supremacy had long set, and in the glow of the fading twilight in 1857, Nawab was forced to fly for his life from the city of his birth to Lucknow, where his literary eminence soon gained a supreme position at Wajid Ali Shah's court. There he passed many happy years; but Fate followed him even there, and in his declining years he had to part with his old master, and this left him a much changed man. He would sit silent for hours, one shadow blended in the faint distance of time, another followed, and another, till his very being was tinged with a darkened hue, and a joyless light hung perpetually over him: and thus the melancholy man died in 1910 at the age of eighty.

The extraordinary power of self-expression gives his poetry and philosophy a commanding force. In style it is a happy blending of the best in Persian and Urdu literature. His words are simple, but let them be read with a desire to seek hidden meanings, and the flow of the language, the loftiness of conception, and above all the remarkable linking of a train of thought will at once fascinate and charm the reader.

Poetry and philosophy have been written in India by many before him, by some greater names than that of Nawab, such as Ghalib, Zoque, and others. Their works are to be studied; but Nawab's writings are delicacies of a different kind, engrossing and giving a sublime stimulus to the mind.

Some of his passages are:—

It appears that all is nothing but a dream. When we were born, it was awaking from the first dream. At the termination of the second dream we found ourselves in the prime of life; the third brought us to old age; and when we awake from the fourth, we shall be standing in the Court of the Just.

Charity known to a third party is no charity.

Science may say that the bent back in old age is caused by physiological change; but I say that the longer we live the heavier the burden of sins on our backs becomes.

Old men are always the best friends: they can tell you what no books can.

There is no such thing as freedom. We are all servants and must obey. We are born amongst the fetters of Nature's rules, violation of which is our end.

Sympathy and benevolence form a bridge between God and man. Break it, and man will not reach his goal.

2—KHAJA MEER DURD.

With the growth of Urdu literature four names are eminently associated, Mirza Jan Jana, Mirza Rafi, Meer Taki, and Meer Durd. But Durd will always stand in lonely splendour from the rest. His poetical genius knew no bounds.

Khaja Meer adopted "Durd" as his pen name. He was born in 1653 of Moslim parents at Delhi. From the very early years of his age he began to rival his elders in mental alertness, and his ideas took a mystic tinge. Love songs, and romantic verse which are really the birthright of Urdu poetry, were the preliminary subjects in which his father, being a poet himself, trained him. But soon the boy's ideals rose to that form of Eastern poetry which though to all intents and purposes are Odes, yet in its deeper strains breathe sublime moral precepts.

All his schooling was done at home, and at the age of fifteen he wrote a Treatise on "The Mystery of Prayer." His other prose writings are:—"Lamentations of Durd," "Conflagration of the Heart," and "The Torch of Society".

In Music as in Theology, he had acquired fame such as few of the professional singers of his time possessed. Shah Alum, the then Moghal King, invited him to his Court, but the very thought of service was repugnant to the poet, and the offer was respectfully declined. His only source of income was inherited property, augmented by presents from his pupils and disciples, which sufficed to satisfy his simple wants. After a worthy and useful life he died in 1872 at the age of sixty-eight.

Some of his passages are:—

Power of human mind can never soar too high, for although it has no wings yet it rises to regions unattained by the most accepted angels.

Laughter and mirth of the Earth are made of deceitful vacuity. Smile once; the next instant comes a tear.

As long as there is a spirit of search and desire in the bosom of men, so long he ought to be Thy guest, and seek Thy nearness.

Is it that the pangs of Death have brought slumber upon the sleepers of the tombs; or is it that the Wine of Earth's pleasure has stupified them?

As the candle comes in with a liquid eye, and goes with a moist one; so does man enter the world in tears, and the trials of Dame Fortune make him quit it with a garment wet in the waters of lamentations.

Life is passing and I have lived as short as does a spark. But, however, I have had my round and others did and will.

Those hearts in which Earth has made a mark, will always keep in view their tombstones.

A WOMAN SEPARATED FROM HER BELOVED.

If other voice than his was near,
It seemed a worm within my ear:
He went.—I heard the dreadful sound;
Yet both my ears unhurt I found.

Hid by my veil, my eyes have burned—
Yet weeks past on—nor he returned.
Then, heart, no more on love rely;
Beat on, and Death himself defy.

Her forehead some fair moon; her brow a bow;
Love's pointed darts, her piercing eyebeams glow:
Her breath adds fragrance to the morning air;
Her well-turned neck as polished ivory fair:
Her teeth pomegranate seeds,—her smiles soft lightnings are.

Her feet, light leaves of lotus on the lake,
When with the passing breeze they gently shake;
Her movements graceful as the swan that laves
His snowy plumage in the rippling waves.
Such, godlike youth, I've seen a maid so fair,
Than gold more bright, more sweet than flower-fed air;

ANCIENT HINDU LEGISLATION: ITS ORGANS.

By A. Krishna Iyer B. A. B. L.

"The relations borne by the growth and improvement of the law of a country" says James Bryce, "to that of the constitutional development of that country as a State, are instructive in many aspects—instructive where the lines of progress run parallel to one another, instructive also where they diverge." But any inquiry into the political side of the subject is bound to swell the volume of the article and to overstep our limits. At present we will content ourselves with an enquiry into the legal side of the matter, *viz* to the organs, methods, and theory of legislation regarded not so much as the result of political causes but rather as the sources by whence law springs and the forces whereby it is moulded.

The Hindus had a glorious civilisation in the past, stretching as far back as the beginnings of history. Their social existence is a long standing condition. They had existed for many thousands of years. They had their social organisations and their political life even centuries back. They had laws to govern them, to control their actions and to guide the well being of society. If they had their laws binding all the members of the society, whence did they originate? What were the authorities that made them?

In short what were the organs of Ancient Hindu Legislation?

Broadly speaking there are in every community two authorities that make laws. One is the *State,* the ruling and directing power, whatever it might be, in which the Government of the community resides. The other is the *people,* that is, the whole body of the community regarded not so much as organized in the State but as being merely so many persons who have commercial and social relations with one another.

Of these the *State* again has two institutions or organs by which it may legislate. One is the ruling person or body in whom the constitution expressly vests legislative power. The other is the official or officials whether purely judicial or partly judicial and partly executive to whom the administration of law is committed and whom we call the *Magistrates.*

"Similarly the *people* have two modes of making law. They act *directly* by observing certain usages till these grow so constant, definite and certain, that everybody counts upon them and feels sure that they will be recognised and enforced. They act also *indirectly* through persons who set forth either in writing or by oral discourse certain doctrines or rules which the community accepts on the authority of these qualified students and teachers."

Thus the State legislates either directly or indirectly through Magistrates and the like: or the people act directly or indirectly by approving the actions and words of others learned.

"Throughout the world these form what we call the organs of legislation, but in the West they form the sole sources of law making. In the West, these may be found co-existent, or sometimes one or the other is either absent or present in a quite rudimentary condition. In Russia, for instance, direct promulgation of his will by the *Zaar* had been, till very recently, the only recognized form of legislation. In Germany, on the other hand, legal writers are numerous and influential, and Magistrates hold a subordinate position. While in Rome and England all these main sources or organs have existed in full force and efficiency though not in equal efficiency at different periods in the history of either."

Turning now to India, what do we see? We have many Schools of Hindu Law and innumerable law books, and a careful study of them all reveals one striking fact, that the State in the first capacity, *viz* that of the Sovereign, has never legislated in India. Unlike the *Zaar* of Russia or the Charles of England, the Sovereign's will was never the law of the land. We do not find a single instance of the King's power to legislate for the people of Hindustan. In theory even the British Raj cannot legislate for the Hindu but can only interpret. Much less the case with the kings of Ancient India. They never professed to have the power of legislation. *It was the duty of the King to protect the people, to preserve the ancient laws and to administer them impartially to his subjects.* The King was only the Chief Justice of the Kingdom, the highest judicial authority of the land. His business was to administer justice according to the law of the country. The very thought of a king making or marring laws and, for that matter, any human being legislating, was revolting to the Hindus. This peculiarity was, as we shall see later on, due to the conception of law and the spiritual basis on which the theory of legislation was based. It was the eternal laws of God that a king was to administer and his was not to change them. These eternal laws are revealed to the world through the Sastras, the Sruti and the Smriti as also through the custom of the learned called the *Shishtacharas*. It is therefore that Yagnavalkya in his Smriti, says: "If a person wronged by others *in a way contrary to the Smritis or the custom of good men*, complains to the king, then arises a cause of action" Manu also in his celebrated Code (VIII 27) says "The king shall decide *according to the usage of the good and the Sastras.*" Gautama, another codifier, says: "His administration of justice shall be regulated by the Vedas, the institutes of the sacred law, the Angas and the Puranas."

No Smriti writer includes legislation among the duties proper to the king: neither any Sutra-writer nor any Bhashyakara. Everybody is positive about this fact that the king had only to administer the laws already made or revealed through the Sastras.

But we cannot at the same time neglect to note the fact that kings in India, as in every other country, had a great influence on legislation. It might have happened that the king in expounding the meaning of the Sastras or in codifying the existing law brought in some innovations by way of interpretation. We have had precedents of this sort. The *Saraswati Vilasa*, an authority much respected in the Madras presidency, was the work of a king of the Andhras, of the dynasty known in history as the Ganapathis. But generally we can say, that the king was not considered as an *organ* of legislation in India.

Let us now turn for a moment to the magistrates and judges, the official representatives of the sovereign, who have played so great a part in the Western structure of society as authorities in law-making. The Vedas point to a time when there was no political society in existence or, at least to a period when it was only in the stage of formation. I mean by the Vedas only the four Samhitas proper, for it should be noted that the Brahmanas and the Angas are not Vedas in the proper sense of the term. They are not Apaurusheyas (without human origin) as the four Samhitas are; neither are they real, direct and verbatim revelations from God. As the Vedas do not contemplate well-organised political societies, it is improbable that there should have been magistrates and judges, the repositories of the delegated authority of the Sovereign. At the most the king might have been the sole judge in his kingdom which was, if at all, very small. But as time advanced and large kingdoms were formed, it was but natural that the delegation of sovereignty should come to pass and magistrates appointed to administer laws and preserve peace in various villages. We have evidence for this fact in the legal texts themselves. Manu (Ch. VII, 115-124) says that the king shall appoint men learned in the Vedas, pure and truthful, over villages and towns for the protection of the people and preservation of peace. Yagnavalkya opines to the same effect (I-321). Apastamba, a renowned Sutra-writer commends the practice (Karda-26: 4). Gautama, Vasishta and other Hindu law givers make it a duty of the king. Later commentators, as Haradatta, strongly advocate the system. Thus we have clear legal evidence of the delegation of sovereignty for the administration of law.

The existence of the magistrate and judges in those times should not mislead us to the conclusion that they were law makers. Nowhere in the Vedas or in the Sastras do we hear, nay find, any trace of their legislative power. True, there was the delegation of sovereignty; but it was for a different purpose. As Manu and Apastamba say: "It was for the administration of law, for the preservation of peace and the protection of the people" and not for the creation of new rules of law. Even the Sovereign had no power to legislate; then how can he delegate that authority which he himself did not possess. "Nothing alone," said King Lear "can come out of nothing." As even the king was not an organ of legislation in Ancient India, magistrates, the official representatives of the kings, had consequently no such power.

If the magistrate was not the direct source of legislation, it might be that he expounded the existing law and in thus expounding, expanded it. Such a thing is borne out by the history of England and of Rome. The part played by 'precedents' in English law and the abnormal weight of case law in that country, are peculiar to the English nation. The praetor's influence is indelibly stamped in the laws of Rome. The magistrate was, in their view, the "recognised and permanent organ through which the mind of the people expresses itself in shaping that part of the law which the State power does not formally enact. He is their official mouthpiece whose primary duty is to know and apply the law but who, in applying it, expands it and works it out authoritatively as the jurists do less authoritatively." This apparently sounds not altogether incongruous when applied to Ancient India.

But we have no record of the exercise of such a power. We have no case law and the precedent is not as binding with us as with the English. We can find no evidence of the exercise of a magistrate's power of indirect legislation, so that we cannot formulate any theory. But in view of the evidence adduced above to the contrary, we have to conclude that though sometimes the magistrates in particular instances might have expanded the law by way of interpretation, yet generally they cannot be considered as a source of legislation.

In the East, and especially in India, one would naturally expect the king or the State to be the sole organ of legislation, for we have often heard of oriental despots, the autocratic monarchies of the East, and the like shibbeleths times out of number. Indians have been charged with ignorance of the principles of democracy and they have been painted in revolting colours as a nation meek and cowardly constantly subjected to the whims and fancies of the King. The strongest refutation of these false notions, lies in the complete non-regal basis of Ancient Indian legislation. Not a magistrate, not a king nor any State power, which is the important if not the sole organ of legislation in the West, has any recognition in India as the authority in law making.

What then were the sources of law and who were the law makers of this land? Manu, in Ch. II, 6 says: "The whole Vedas is the first source of law, next the tradition and the virtuous conduct of those who know the Vedas and, thirdly, the custom of holy men and, finally, self-satisfaction." Again in Ch. II, 12 he says: "The Veda, the sacred tradition, the customs of virtuous men and ones own pleasure, they declare to be visibly the fourfold means of defining the sacred law." Yagnavalkya in Ch. I, 7 agrees with Manu literally. The same is unanimously borne out by a host of legal luminaries of Ancient India who lived anterior to Manu and Yagnavalkya. Bandhayana in Ch. I, I, 1-6, Gautama in Ch. I, 1-4, and also in Ch. XXVIII, 48, Vasishta in Ch. I, 4-6, and Apastamba in Ch. I, i, i, 1-3, all of them express the same opinion.

If these then were the sources of law, the authors of those sources were the legislators of the land. The author of the Vedas which are unanimously accepted by all Hindus as the highest authority, is therefore the primary organ of Hindu legislation. The Vedas are regarded by the Hindus to be of Divine origin. This belief is founded on sound reason from the spiritualist's point of view. They say that the Vedas have been seen, perceived or heard. The Smritis on the other hand are regarded as human compilations. The Divine origin of the Vedas need not be discussed here. It is enough if we take them as human compilations. If so, who legislated in the Vedas? Certainly not a king nor a magistrate. The Vedas treat of certain Dharmas as binding on all people. These are self-evident truths or, as the *Mimamsakaras* call them, *Swatas-pramanas*. Their authority is due as Kanada wisely observes, to "the extent of their application and the unanimous reception by great men."

These fundamental and self evident truths must have been evolved from the experiences of men in pre-social age. But in course of time they found currency with men being common to all, and acquired the force of law by the unanimous reception by great men. This evolution of the Vedic

Dharma from the practice of primitive men, is also borne out by Jaimino the oldest annotator of the Vedas in defining Dharma as a "means to a desirable end." Originally, perhaps certain modes of conduct produced certain desired ends. But when the repetition of the same conduct produced the same desired end, these were called Dharmas. Gradually though naturally the conception of Dharma enlarged from the particular to the general, and in the Vedic period it was defined as, means to a desirable end; thus then the Dharmas or rules of life arose from uniformity in the action of men. The Vedas merely recorded such fundamental rules of life.

As the people were the makers of the Dharmas or rules of life contained in the Vedas, they are to be regarded as the real and visible organ of Legislation in India. In the Vedas they have legislated directly but anonimously by attributing the authorship to the invisible Supreme Being.

By way of obsevation, I would like to point out that the overwhelming authority of the Vedas is partly, if not wholly, due to their being the direct result of popular will. This being so they are bound to be free from the predilections and petty prejudices that may beset the legislation by the representative few and much more the legislation by the king or any sovereign power. It will be acceptable to the community being born of its own consent.

The second source of law which Manu describes as traditions and Sadacharas point to the same authority as mentioned above. But there is this difference that while in the Vedas the people legislated anonimously, here they openly legislated by conduct.

The people, as we have already seen, may also make laws indirectly *i. e.*, through persons who have devoted themselves to legal study and who set forth certain doctrines, or rules, which the community accepts on the authority of those specially qualified students and teachers. "Such persons have not necessarily either any position or any direct Commission from the State. Their views may not rest on anything but their own reputation for skill and learning. They do not purport to make laws but only to state what the laws are and to explain them; but they represent the finer and highly trained intellect of the community at work upon legal subjects. So the maxims and rules these experts formulate come to be in course of time recognised as being true law, as binding on all citizens and applicable to the decision of disputed cases."

It is to such legislators that Hindu law-books proper belong. The Dharma Sutras were composed by individuals learned in the sacred law representing what may be called the intelligentia of the community. These Sutras, many of which are still extant and a greater number of them lost, point to the people legislating *indirectly*. Of the few we have at present, those of Bandhayana, Bharadwaja, Apastamba, Gautama, and Vasista are still regarded as authorities.

The Dharma Sastras or Smritis proper also belong to this class of legislation. They were composed by men who learnt the sacred laws and who acted up to them. Manu, Yagnavalkya, Atri, Harita and Narada are but some of the well-known of the Smriti-writers.

Likewise, all the available commentaries are the result of *indirect* legislation by the people. It is to these, that later

Hindu law traces its origin. The commentators never professed to be original. Neither did they pretend to be legislators. They simply interpreted or compiled the rules of the Smritis and the Sutras. We have verily a host of these commentators, the chief among them being Vijnaneswara and Jimulta Vahana the founders of the Mitakshara and Dayabaga Schools.

These then were the *organs* of Ancient Hindu Legislation. The authors of the Vedas, the Sutras and the Smritis were our legislators; to them may be added the commentators. Except these we find none who had made laws to bind the Hindus.

If one thing more than all others stand out in bold relief in all that we have said above, it is the complete *non-regal basis* of Hindu legislation. This is a feature peculiar to India. In other countries and in different climes, the State had a great part, nay the greatest share in moulding the law. It is indeed strange that we miss the regal basis of legislation in a country to which the hopes of the world were directed to find it. But whether we will it or no, whether we receive or reject it, fact will be out and the truth must be told in spite of the novelty that it might naturally evoke.

HASINA.

BY S. AFZAL HUSAIN.

Hasina, a lovely girl of fourteen, overflowing with the exuberance of youth, walking now with quick steps. now languidly, through the miniature garden on the roof of her house, plucking flowers and throwing them up high, is quite unconscious that some one is attentively gazing at her. She does not know that her innocent play will haunt some one's dreams. But, why is it that she presently tries to run away? She has just seen somebody gazing at her.

Razi—For God's sake don't be so cruel to me. Your glance—one glance towards me.

(None can say what effect these simple words had on Hasina's heart. She stood still.

Razi—Pray, tell me your name.

Hasina—My name is Hasina.

Razi tried hard to efface from his mind all thoughts of Hasina, as he was very anxious to devote all his time to his studies, but love for Hasina had taken such a hold on his heart that he did not sleep the whole night. Early in the morning he wrote a letter and threw it silently into Hasina's room; but in vain. He kept on pouring out his love in letters and throwing them into her room. When after a month he received a reply that she would show herself on her roof, he was overjoyed. According to her promise she appeared in the evening, and their glances met; but then she disappeared again and Razi wrote to Hasina asking her to marry him. To this Hasina replied:

"My parents are very conservative and old-fashioned. You are a Sheikh's son, therefore I am afraid they will not approve of our marriage. But whatever difficulties I may encounter I will never agree to marry any one but you. My only desires is to see you take a first class in your M. A. Examination."

The letter gave some satisfaction to Razi who, from that day, began to work hard. His heart became full of the promise of a blissful future when he thought of Hasina. When he passed out successfully he wrote to Hasina to fulfil her promise and to pursuade her mother, for he had heard that Syed Murtaza, Hasina's father, was about to arrange her marriage with a Syed's son, Masud of Shahjahanpur. Hasina was more proud than any words could express when she came to know that Razi stood first in his M. A. She wished to open her heart to her mother, but could not do so, so she wrote to her instead and told her the desire of her heart. Her mother being a very old-fashioned and orthodox lady, was shocked at the proposal of her daughter and spoke about it to her husband. He said: "Oh, Heavens! My daughter, a Sheikh's wife? What greater insult could be hurled at me than this? Masud is a Rais's son. He can read and write Urdu; God has made him a rich man. He is the only son of his parents. What does it matter if Razi is a M. A? Hasina wants to marry a Sheikh's son! This is the result of female education. I would prefer rather that she were dead than be given in marriage to a Sheikh's son."

Syed Murtaza decided to marry his daughter at once and wired to Masud's father that the marriage should take place as early as possible. Syed Tahir (Masud's father) believing that his son would get the whole property of his father-in-law as Hasina was his heir, mortgaged his whole property for Rs. 50,000 in order to make an extraordinarily grand show of his wealth and celebrate the marriage after the desire of his heart. The date was fixed and the news was noised abroad that the big 'barat' would come from Shahjahanpur (*i. e.* Shahjanpur) on the 12th July. Three days before the arrival of the barat, Razi wrote to Hasina.

MY DEAREST HASINA,

Life without you is tasteless. All my hopes are shattered. Can you think it possible that I shall bear to see you married to such a worthless man as Masud? I love you. You are the aim of my life, the pleasure of my soul. I will rather die. A heart without love, a flower without fragrance, a pearl without lustre, a glass without wine, a tongue without speech, and an eye without sight! Love and love alone is the end of life. Hasina, my dearest Hasina, life without you is not worth living. This diabolical custom that a Sheikh's son cannot marry a Syed's daughter is absurd and timeworn. The laws of the Prophet order that there is no caste in Islam, no marriage by compulsion.

Hasina, I have decided to take poison and die. What should I demand of you? Is it the tribute of a few tears? But be careful and do not expose the secret of our love. These twenty-three years of my happy life are to end in a tragedy, the reason of which is this unreasonable and inhuman custom.

Remember me ever,
Yours,
Razi

Hasina read the letter and replied—

MY DEAREST ONE,

I will have none but you as my husband. For my sake do not take poison. I fear that my father will be laughed at and looked down on in society if I make my choice openly; but at all events I assure you that I will not see Masud's face. If I am married to him by compulsion I won't go to Shahjahanpur. I assure you again that I won't marry him. I am yours and shall remain yours,

Ever,
Hasina.

On the third day when Razi saw that Hasina had not succeeded in her attempts and would be married to Masud, he took poison and died. When Hasina heard that Razi was dead, she tore her hair and broke her bangles. The marriage party was at her door and her father and mother were driven to destraction. They invented the story that a fairy possessed Hasina, and proceeded with the marriage. Hasina knew nothing for she was out of her senses owing to Razi's death. She wept all day and night and was carried away to Shahjahanpur. She hated Masud and made up her mind not to see his face, and therefore poisoned herself by taking a large dose of opium. The news of Hasina's death came upon her father and mother like a thunderbolt and blighted their lives. Within two months Khatun Begum passed away, but Syed Murtaza survived her. He dedicated his whole property to Arabic schools at Lucknow and went to Mecca. Of Masud only this much is known that he was reduced to abject poverty as hir father had sold all his property in order to clelebrate his marriage, and Masud had been given no education to enable him to look after himself.

THE SARASWATI ANNUAL 1919-20.*

The Saraswati Society was founded a few years ago in Lahore, to encourage the writing of poems and tales and plays---but principally plays---descriptive of present day life in the Punjab. A pleasant glimpse of the Society is afforded by its new venture, "The Saraswti Annual, 1919," published in December last, a copy of which has been sent to us by the Editor, Mrs. P. E. Richards, of Lahore. The contents are interesting. They include a translation into English from the Punjabi, of the play, "Dina's Marriage Procession", written by Mr. Raj Indro Lal Sahni, the first secretary of the Society, an article on Urdu Poetry by Prof. Bhupal Singh, an article entitled "Play-writing" by the Editor, and sundry Notes and Reviews of an exceedingly topical reference. Some idea of the play can be gathered from the note upon it: -"As produced in the Saraswati Theatre of the Dyal Singh College it was a feast of colour, rich in grouping and pageantry. The women in procession, singing from afar their *gharoli* song, passing to the inner courtyard for the ceremonial bathing of the bridegroom and back again for further ceremonies, gave a note of extraordinary beauty, breaking up the sordid money quarrel with sublime detachment. There was no attempt on the part of the author to strain after beautiful effects. He reproduced village life, and beauty was achieved." "East and West," it may be remarked in passing, recently contained an English translation of another Saraswati Society play written by Prof. J. C. Nanda. Mrs. Richards in her article on Play-Writing, gives all the necessary guidance which a novice may require who, unused to the theatre, may be ambitious of writing for the stage. The straight-forwardness of the exposition is accompanied by a charming touch of humour, which appears especially in the last paragraph. One of the Reviews, perhaps, deserves particular mention on account of the parallel which it draws between recent literary events in the Irish theatre and the ripeness of the time for similar literary and dramatic enterprises in the Punjab. Of the graceful touch which can be felt in the Notes, we can hardly speak too highly. They present us with the Society's conception of its functions, with biographical particulars of some of the members of the Society, and with a review of the Society's enterprises and kindred enterprises for the year. The singular impression of happy activity which pervades all the rest of the Annual, is confirmed by these Notes, with their mixture of seriousness, humour, affection, hope, history and many other good qualities.

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* Religious Book Society, Anarkali, Lahore, Rs. 1-8-0.

EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

Dr. Johnson and the New Governments.

Arrangements are progressing rapidly with regard to the installation of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms in India, and a Committee, consisting chiefly of Indian members of the Imperial Council, is sitting now in Simla to work out rules and regulations. It will not be amiss at this stage to remind all parties concerned—Government officers, Indian politicians, prospective ministers and prospective electors—that Western institutions and Western manners are not to be transplanted without a knowledge of their previous history and their actual effects, and without reference to the special conditions of India. It is to be hoped, for example, that in the forthcoming electoral contests and in the debates in the Legislative Assemblies, the bad example of European and American elections and debates will be avoided, and that we shall be spared the undignified spectacle of tearful orators parading their hearts over imaginary national disasters. This reflection comes to one's mind as one remembers Dr. Johnson's rebuke to Boswell that nobody can sincerely profess that public affairs going wrong really vex his soul. One is also reminded of Adams-Smith's reproof to the Scotchman (talking alarmedly of the ruin of Britain because of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis) that "there is much ruin in a nation."

There are occasions when nations are face to face with ruin—such as when Rome was sacked by the Gauls or Carthage was sacked by the Romans; when Athens massacred the islanders of Melos, or when the Athenians' expedition to Sicily doomed Athens to certain destruction and probable slavery; or, in our own days, the retribution which has overtaken Germany, Austria and Russia. Nor is it to be denied that policies which lead up to national disasters and national ruin ought not to escape denunciation definitely of men who clearly perceive the relation of cause and effect. But the use of hyperbole in normal times savours of insincerity and play-acting, and prevents attention when the real alarm is sounded. The Yellow Peril cry in advance destroyed the force of the German Peril. When there is a temptation to make a fanciful portrait of the ruin of one's country from the policy of a Minister whom one wants to displace, one should remember the manly rebuke of Dr. Johnson to Boswell. Indeed it is not a fantastic suggestion that Members of the New Legislative Assemblies should take a voluntary course of Boswell's Life of Johnson before soliciting the suffrage of their countrymen. They might with general benefit make of Boswell's life their daily Bible and read small bits every day as R. L. Stevenson used to do. Nor would it be superfluous idolatry if, like the great

Master of Balliol, men came to their Legislative and Ministerial duties after 50 readings of the Life of Dr. Johnson. It would be an instruction in manliness and sincerity in public affairs much needed, and bound to be very beneficial.

* * *

Party versus Principles

It may be possible to attempt more than this even at the first Indian elections, and start a tradition of further divergence from the Western system of Parliaments. Of course wherever men contend for positions, rival ambitions, if not rival principles, will start contests; and where place-and-power-hunting is in packs, there will be groups and parties. There has been a conscious imitation of the European party system, as of the right thing, in the evolution of Indian parties and groups; but municipal contests show that contests there would have been anyhow, the dividing lines being religious, racial, personal or according to loyalties; but there would have been dividing lines. What is distinctive about the English party system is that the constitution appears to get unworkable if the two-party system be in abeyance for long, and that the *group* system, so congenial to Continental Europe, does not thrive in the British Isles. British political thought consecrates the party system; and its great oracle, Burke, has eloquently proved that, as in his day, men forget party allegiance, lose their moorings; and the play of their personal interests make political calculations impossible and throw politics into confusion. Party, said Burke, is a collection of persons animated by common principles, in the light of which they pursue common political aims; and he thought a party attachment not only honourable, but the only honourable course for politicians. Chatham, and other roving meteors of politics, disturbed the stellar system with their erratic courses. With universal Parliamentary practice favouring the party or group system, with human nature, in East or West, never far away from it, with theory consecrating it, the Indian political craftsman bids fair to settle down into the same routine. It is audacity, perhaps, to challenge a system so securely entrenched everywhere, and what is so natural to the public men of India wherever there have been a few prizes to compete for, and many men coveting them. How relative only to a period of his own life Burke's theory was, may be inferred from the fact that he himself broke away from his own party at the end of his life, and though continuing active in public life, yet formed no new attachments. The only "principles" which those who acted with Burke owned, were those which Burke himself and Burke alone gave them; the only principles which Tories owned, were King George III and office and damnation to Whig dogs; the principles of the Whigs who did not act with Burke were attachments to noble persons as persons. Persons animated by identical principles drew surprisingly different practical conclusions: as for instance Fox and Shelburne; persons of the most varied principles united to overthrow the Ministry of North and Fox; and Burke himself became the bed-fellow of these when roused out of his old associations by the French Revolution. He saw that parties might talk principles, but might misapply them, or even forget their existence, or discard them and borrow others from abroad.

Everything by Turns and Nothing Long

Burke might have further discovered what might have been seen from the outset. If the "principles" are not fundamental, what virtue is there in combining to give effect to them? If any be fundamental, why are they not the heritage of all parties? Why is there not one party in the country animated by the same principles, in the light of which to pursue common political aims? Why should not the *original* choice of "principle" or "party" be dictated by interest or accident, as well as the breaking away from party? Was not the disturbing quality of Chatham and the other luminaries due more to the immense mass of their self-consciousness, and their tremendous luminosity rather than their independency of party? And were not the groups of whom these luminaries were independent, chiefly rascals out for loot, without any real public feeling? What independence did Burke assign to the electors? Are they to be non-partisan or are they to be everything by turns and nothing long; or is the elector to be morally bound to his party affiliations?

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Why Should India Take Over Party System

And yet Burke was substantially right for his day. The Rockingham Whig combination was really one of principles while it lasted; while the others were merely predatory groups trying to exploit the Patriot King. A party with principle would have been really effective against groups who had not come out in politics "to play marbles," provided the party had the Nation behind it; but the Nation was nowhere; a small fraction of it which played at electing, treated politics as sport and a field for loot; constituencies were owned, bought and sold, and a mere game was played and called

Freedom. It was in such origins that the English Party system took its rise; it was not inherent in Parliamentary Government; it somehow worked, and seems to work still; it has some advantages and many drawbacks; it is so far from being the *moral* necessity of Parliamentary institutions that *municipal* parties which have nothing to do with national affairs, divide simply on *national* lines. Why then, should India take over with Western constitutional organisation the Party system which is not its soul, nor even its indispensable furniture?

* * *

Centre of Gravity.

The unspoken answer seems to be that, like the centre of gravity of material systems, human nature finds *stable* equilibrium only at the lowest. It is easy to show that idealisms have just their day: they have their day and cease to be. Not for long were sustained the moral enthusiasm of the first weeks of the French Revolution or of the Turkish upheaval of 1908; while the hopes of a better world for mankind which animated whole masses in America before her entrance into the war, during the Wilsonian Apogee, were dashed to the ground even before the Wilsonian Eclipse. Therefore, any demand from human nature to avoid the conflicts of Party which are rooted in that nature, must prove ineffectual. Parties are already with us, they are not to be eliminated to-day or to-morrow; to some extent, if their true function be understood, they may even help to get the new institutions to work normally more rapidly. The only questions tha will be further discussed here are, if there will be any room in the new system for men uncommitted to Party, an whether that will benefit the community, and whether they should furnish themselves with any equipment of general principles. It is for the men of robust faith to whom, in the new regime, it will fall to lead the people by *influence* as well as instruction, to consider how they will provide the necessary Moral Force so that the affairs of the country be decided according to the aspirations and capacities of the people and not on compromises dictated by a scramble for position and power, which is a conspicuous feature in the political systems of Europe and America. They must adjure electors and elected persons alike, to judge, to really *judge* between rival views; and not to vote as if the predestined answers to every question raised are to be found in the pronunciamentos of the Generals of Party machines. Voters by ticket, whether electors or members of Legislative Assemblies say "Heigh-ho," as the donkey-god did in the Ass-Festival of Nietzche, to the litany of rascals.

* * *

Unity versus Diversity.

In the political battles of India in the past, appeals to antiquity have been made not infrequently, to win over mass opinion to some far-reaching design for constitutional changes. It is suggested here that the only leader worth while, would be he who scorns all advantages arising from an appeal to prejudices, who would rather postpone, almost indefinitely, the achievements of political ends, rather than demoralise his public by an appeal to pride and prejudice which subconsciously buzz under everybody's bonnet. Why should questions of national well-being be always debated in anger? Every policy has an endless ramification of consequences, most of them invisible, some of them dependent on unseen circumstances and only a few of them apparent to the ablest and the most thoughtful mind. It follows, therefore, that some of these aspects are visible to one while other aspects of the same question are visible to another. The object of a debate should be to make clear as many aspects of the point as possible, and the debate ought to lead to a synthesis of the whole. Why should A be abused by B and B by A because their separate personalities enable each to see that which is not obvious to the other, thus adding to the enlightenment of the community? A debate should lead to a general rendering of the broad aspects of a question and make up for personal deficiencies. If the debate serves this purpose wholly, or in part, the spirit of sympathy and not of criticism would be the prevailing note. There is therefore no reason why the party pattern of the Parliaments beyond the Seas should be imported into India. The British Parliament is said to have been handicapped last year by the absence of a competent and strong Opposition. But then, that is because business in the British Parliament is always pursued on the basis of a contest between organised parties who represent a conflict between irreconcilable principles. If Indian leaders be wise, they will not commit themselves to any cast iron principles, knowing that life and conditions governing it are in a state of flux and are of a temporary and local validity only, a statement of a balance of convenience, which balance may easily be disturbed by circumstances into a different direction at any time. There is always much to be said on all sides of a question and indignation and moral condemnation are wasted when they are impulsively spent on causes which do not happen to fit with personal predilections and habits of thought. A battle royal between opposing principles is usually a battle royal between conflicting prejudices. One sect wants to perpetuate a domination which in its essence might be anti-European and anti-Christian; the opposite sect wants to get rid of the Turk and the Muhammadan: both are based on prejudices that are often ridiculous and of no account.

* * *

The General Plan.

Generally speaking, then, India would do well not to be in a hurry to adopt foreign vesture without the needed adaptations. When all is said, the Reform Act introduces only a new *machinery*. There are too many men and too many interests to be consulted by the governing authority every day and every hour. A representative body has to be created which gives voice to these diverse interests and which is always available for consultation. But when the Electorate, as in Japan, Egypt or India is so small a percentage of the population, the representation in the legislative body becomes of doubtful value. When these interests are manipulated, when elections are fought on questions which do not primarily concern these interests, there is a distinct unreality in the voice of the legislative body as representing the will of the people. One doubts if there is such a thing as people or such a thing as general will. One fears that the real heart of the people is rarely reached, and it is impossible to discriminate between the true and the false and the plausible in the various programmes presented by the contending parties. It is impossible for any elector to be heart and soul with the whole programme of any party. Hence all that can be said for parliamentary constitutions is, that they have, somehow, sometimes worked with apparent success in some countries in the past. But they have not always worked successfully; they cannot at all work when questions arise which stir the hearts of most of the citizens on which agreement is impossible. It seems superfluous to ask people to submit when they are in a minority, and yet there are times when the majority has no right to impose its will. A majority has rights only on questions, where a minority may suffer small inconveniences if the question be decided against it; the minority submits because there would be much greater inconvenience if it resists. This is what has been happening in Europe. In England, for example, a parliament has been brought into existence on one set of questions chiefly elected in respect of a statesman who was alleged to be the man who had won the war. He is now alleged to have lost the peace, and the nation is meanwhile interested in other questions, such as the rising cost of living, profiteering, nationalisation and the chief agents of production such as mines, transport, power. If on these questions the mind of the country is predominantly against Ministers, particularly parliamentary machinery itself gets discredited, and people consider whether they cannot get past it by such expedients as Direct Action. Then again if the cultivation of garrulity or over-subtlety of debate should make the legislative output entirely unequal to the growing demands of the time, a worried people will, when they have the power, set aside the constitutional machinery which has proved so hopelessly inadequate to their wants.

Machinery versus Human Souls

Leaders of Indian opinion will, therefore, see that there are no Absolutes in politics; ministers, parliaments, electors, systems of debate have all to justify themselves by results. They should realise that there is no sacrosanctity about elected persons and the Voice of the people; in fact one advantage of the elected system is that the elector is free to change his opinion from one election to another. The elected person himself would be more human to keep himself also free to change his opinions with changing reasons; there is no virtue in mulish consistency. Briefly then, the Indian leader would do well to enter the new responsibilities now put upon him entirely uncommitted to any shibboleth whatever, agreeing to do the right thing, always to give an account of his stewardship, always ready to retire if his lead be not acceptable. There are dangers in this way of looking at the affairs of a nation, but these dangers are entirely due to a distrust of the soul of the leader. People devise machinery when they distrust human souls.

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The World is One.

The chief reason for distrusting the ruling class is the general reason for the distrust of any one man by another. Man has emerged from the Jungle where Tarzan of the Apes may fulfil all the activities of his faculties without the least consideration for the well-being of neighbour, friend or foe. Mankind to-day is one; we are members one of another. No corner of the inhabited civilised world can be indifferent to doings in any other corner. If Marchand had been uninterrupted at Fashoda, the fertilisation of Egypt by the waters of the

Nile would have become impossible, and Egypt would have starved; had Araby Pasha and his mob been given a free hand and not brought to submission at Tel-el-Kebir, the Suez Canal, which connects Europe and Asia by a million beneficent activities, might have been lost to civilisation; if peace can be made by the Allies with Russia, the cost of living will be much cheapened by the opening to the starving millions in Central and Western Europe the granaries of Odessa, and by opening to starving Warsaw and Essen the Russian markets, for their metallic products. The economic world is already one, and a disturbance in one part is communicated to every other whether that disturbance arises from forest fires in the United States, or the dissolution of civilisation in Russia, or currency manipulations in Central Europe. The world in a great measure is one. There is an aspiration in a great many minds all over the world to make it more unified than it is. The ruling castes in all the countries are hardly aware to what extent this aspiration exists. They are too much engrossed in the mechanics of politics to be able to catch the low rumblings of the human soul which is in advance of them. The woes of the world have come from this want of harmony between the world's soul and the pre-occupied ruling castes impatient of it; and yet the world has progressed enough to give its aspiration a name. This aspiration has been christened Symbiosis, and the name here and there already passes from mouth to mouth. Is it too much to hope that those who give the lead to public opinion in our country will, during the few months that remain between now and the elections, endeavour to catch a breath of this aspiration and make its hopes and fears their special care rather than the machinery of franchise—tranferred subjects and reserved subjects, single chamber and second chamber—that has preoccupied them. Political machinery has its place and there is little wisdom in belittling it, but there is still less wisdom in making it the main occupation of able men when Symbiosis makes a call on all of us to approach questions not in the spirit of a disputant looking for a triumph, but in the spirit of co-operators who want to create a larger life.

* * *

Symbiosis.

These paragraphs ought not to be concluded without a severe statement as to what *Symbiosis* is not, and as to how far Symbiosis can enter the immediate practical programmes of India. Let no one confuse *Unity* of life with a dead *uniformity* of life and mind. The unity of Symbiosis is Unity in *Diversity*. Because every fact or event is, or should be, a reflection of the whole, and because it requires all the combined mentality of mankind to grasp its infinity, Symbiosis would be defeated by all the expedients which either compel or persuade men to think as by patterns. The Inquisition which forces men into the same mental or moral moulds; the Mind which leaps out to the pipings of irrational appeals to the sub-conscious, the *hartals*, the "fusion" of parties with a view to embarrass a common opponent; the submission to leadership as of sheep to a shepherd—are all alien in end and aim to Symbiosis, which will not sacrifice the rich infinity of Life to any momentary practical advantage, and which disdains to appear to develop its own self by make-believe arguments. Symbiosis is not *compromise* between irreconcilable notions, but a *blend* of them all obtained by mutual understanding—an understanding so penetrating that Authority willingly assumes partial responsibility for the existence of criminality, and Vice recognises the need of external restraint even if Society has largely incubated it. The primary function of early religions has been to make conscious to their votaries this mutual understanding and this blend of minds so far as these were *moderately* within their experience, ever since emergence from the Jungle: the *full* realisation of Symbiosis, and the consciousness of its *full* meaning have to be looked for in the Far-away Future.. The Commandments inculcate mutual Trust and Trustworthiness, and it is within the scope of all practical conduct to-day—individual, national or international—to give Trust copiously and to justify this Trustfulness. The Cynic sins against light when he mocks trustfulness and urges preparedness against untrustworthiness; the formalist, interested only in the mechanism of Commandments and Constitutions, impresses upon this mechanism the dynamics of the Jungle temperament predominant in so many of us. Therefore, we are unable to secure even public weal without being *regimented* for combat, without appealing to the baseness of comrades, without traducing opponents and exposing them to contempt.

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Change of Heart.

The new Constitutions in India are a *mechanism* which, by themselves, will do very little towards that change of hearts without which change of circumstances has little value. But if the breath of Symbiosis be breathed into it; if the five million electors and their ministers recognise themselves as constituted custodians of the interests and aspirations of the hundred million unrepresented; if routine administration and catch-cries of policy be transcended and other public questions admitted, and if progress be tested by the progress of conscious Symbiosis only; if Wealth, Power, Fame be considered secondary except in so far as they be transferable to the community as a whole; if elected triumphs and plaudits in debate be subordinated to Truth of Feeling and Thought, —then, indeed, the new Constitution may become a Sound Body for a New Life. Differences there still will be, and always a proportion of men anywhere will be unconscious of such considerations as duty to the community. By the habitual methods of party-cries and parliamentary censure and racial antagonisms, quicker measurable *results* may appear attainable; but the manhood of our country will only be richer if there be leaders alive to the considerations presented here, who will prefer a permanent, even if invisible, *influence* softening the hearts and modifying the standard of values in the minds of the people as a whole. Who feel called to this function of the gods? Who disdain to be classed with the Get-Rich-Quick-and-retire-whatever-happens?

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The will to Believe

Let the cynic himself deal with his mockery. Granted all that he says about the present deficiencies of human nature. If men are not as trustworthy as they should be, is that any reason for completely withholding trustfulness? Need preparedness against possible or even probable untrustworthiness be only of a combative, military quality? Is not the question rather of *how much* neighbours should trust to one another's kindliness, since without *some* such trust men cannot live together, and since some risks cannot be avoided, and since it is more than plausible that the mere unexpected receiving of trust makes men trustworthy, as the Osborne system of jail administration in New York has proved? If the right maxim be—have your cause just *and* keep your powder dry— is it possible to attain complete justice of a cause without giving neighbours the fullest possible trustfulness? Has the cynic learnt the lesson of the Philosophy of "The Will to Believe", which teaches the lesson that an essential ingredient of Reality in the moral world is intense belief in an aspiration which comes into existence with the belief generally and intensely present, and cannot come into existence without it? Will the cynic then withhold this belief and bring to ground the realisation of the aspiration of his neighbours, as the cynicism of the young cubs of Fleet Street helped to bring to naught the Fourteen Points? And, the cynic, pluming himself on basing his acts on Facts has he before him *all* the facts? Does he remember that cynicism debases the moral currency in a nation, as aspirations, embodied in fluid institutions, purify that currency? That tradition is *social* heredity as distinguished from *biological* heredity which is not directly affected by facts or acts (except by selection), and that it matters much to the moral outlook of a nation whether the *tradition* be cynical or soaring. Does the cynic above all remember the most important lesson of the War—the moral and mental and muscular margin of reserve force in men and nations which falsified the predictions of writers on War, that long wars would be made impossible by the impossibility of human nerves standing war-suffering; and the predictions of the Norman Angells about the impossibility of national finances standing the war-strain? The deficiencies of human nature are real and palpable; the reserves are equally real, even though less tangible. But if there *be* the reserves, even if the reserves cannot be drawn on perpetually, why should not Indian leaders tap the reserves at the outset; why should they not set aside the European Parliamentary traditions which make of efforts for public welfare a struggle, a battle, a concussion between battalions? Why should they not start, even if it be feebly, a new tradition of co-operation—of Symbiosis, which employs the methods of co-operation and not the methods of War? Let cynics bethink themselves, let Rishies take hope. Mankind has definitely turned its back on the darkness of the Jungle; men's faces are irrevocably set towards the Light; no observed restrictions of Human Nature sound its reserved depths.

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The Function of the Gods

Speculation is idle unless crowned by a practical and immediately practicable scheme. Undoubtedly, leaders of the Russia of 1905, like Father Gapon, or the French emigres during the Terror, are untrustworthy: and the people are untrustful. But between the ethics of the Jungle and the average trustfulness and trustworthiness of civilised countries in modern times, there is an infinitely wide gulf; nay there are oasis of Faith and Desert in the barren wilderness of the morals of man. These may sometimes be tapped and fertilised under specially happy conjuctions of circumstance, as when in spite of Milinkoff's warning, the socialists of the Neva rushed the Czar's palace and produced a revolution, or as the miraculous unity for five days of the German proletariat carried out a General Strike and dethroned the Kapp-Ludendorff combination which had all the troops and armoured cars and machine-guns. It is true that Kerensky did not last long, and that Berlin might yet be Bolshevised; but that is because Kerensky played with Korniloff and the Bourgeois parties, who sought the overthrow of the Revolution and of Kerensky himself, who were saved only by the liberation of the Bolshevist prisoners of July 1917. The Soviets, seeing the peril of a Counter-Revolution, put into power their liberators. Kerensky having been caught manœuvring dangerously, was found untrustworthy and had to go. The same may be said of President Ebert and Noske who lost, or are losing, the trustfulness of a confiding population. The Reserve forces in a Society, invoked by direct trustworthy and able men, have shown themselves competent to bring to dust Militarisms and Machiavelisms whose demolition is essential to find elbow-room for Symbiosis. Other conjunctions of circumstance gave to the world 150 years of undreamed of peace and happiness from the reign of Nerva to the death of the Antonines, a result which was mainly due to the virtues of the princes and to the principle of Adoption in the hands of those princes which led to a different type of Emperors from those which hereditary succession would have given to the Roman Empire. It is for Indian leaders to *seek out* such favourable combinations of circumstance and impose them on the new Constitution. They must see that holders of authority in India may be feared like gods, but never trusted or loved; and the character of politicians has no where inspired confidence. Nevertheless, any advice must be such as to deserve and invite trustfulness from the mass; indeed the mass is too willing to accord this confidence and love prematurely to those who assume the prophet's mantle and don the ascetic's tatters. Yet the mass has not to be led like sheep; the mass mind has *not* to be unified as by some spiritul steam-roller; the masses have to be *trustworthy* as well as trust-giving; to be able to choose the executants of their will. We may agree with the cynic that no miracle will very much change the complexions of Legislative Assemblies; that there will be Ministers, opposition parties, programmes, battle-arrays, din and dust and some Business Done, such as Punch's Parliamentary diary can record. But we may set against the ambition for power and authority, the higher ambition to guide, persuade, influence; against the craving for Fame and to be acknowledged infallible, the higher assurance of being open-minded, helpful, co-operative; against the never ending stir about stock questions of political mechanics. the higher recognition of the importance of Life, of the condition of the unrepresented classes, of the duty of always tracing the world-consequences of each narrow decision. The stalwarts, who are to effect this, need not be very numerous; they need not give a lead on every question; they should not form a party, should not promulgate programmes, should disdain Ministry, should disown perpetual opposition, should not even concentrate on Politics except in so far as Politics are symbolic of the larger life; should wield no weapons beyond a weekly organ, which would inculcate no definite creed; should be supported by donations from the discerning who would find it more useful to give

10,000 rupees in support of the weekly organ than to the Party chests; might establish schools to form receptive and open minds, disdainful of ready-made *panaceas* and instantaneous re-actions.

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The Khilafat.

The upholders of the Khilafat might be reminded that it is a sin against the Holy Ghost, to make wrangling over the Khilafat the occasion of losing "Self-determination" for millions of men under Turkish domination, that the Turkish question cannot stand by itself, that it is not merely a Turkish question, that it is not at all an Indian question and that it is a world question which cannot be, ought not to be settled except as conducive to the largest Symbiosis. The threat to make their allegiance conditional on other Governments making a settlement against the conscience and convictions of those Governments about human happiness ought to be immediately disowned. The question of the Holy Places can be settled independently of Constantinople; and it must be realised that the fortunes of Muhammadan Empires ought not to be tied to Absolutism for all time. If it be asked what would be the proper inscription on the Muhammadan flag for this world settlement during the present difficult times which the principle of Symbiosis would prescribe, the answer obviously would be self-determination by all the inhabitants of all lands, and therefore self-determination of all Muhammadan lands by the Muhammadans.

EQUALITY

III

THE AIM OF EQUALITY

By Jean Roberts

We affirm that everyone in full possession of those gifts and faculties of spirit, soul and body that constitute a Self, has a right to claim equality with his fellow-men. We define equality as an equal share of diverse qualities not as uniformity in bits such as is a dissectable puzzle put neatly together. Each self is a different self from its fellows, and equality consists in freedom to use individual capabilities and in scope for development of gifts peculiar to each person in such manner as to ensure the expression of each personality. Expression is the going *out of self* in the service of others and, necessarily, involves sacrifice. Sacrifice to be of worth in racial development and the world's progress must be offered to that which is the Law and Principle of progress. Sacrifice must have an end and aim beyond the aim of benignity, in order that the life offered may be merged in the current of the Life that originated it and be carried to the "Yonder beyond all ends."

We have seen that the beauty of Equality is right proportion—the characteristic of every form of Beauty. Proportion is the relativity of subordinate parts to a supreme point as illustrated by the human frame, in the phenomena of Nature, in Art, in statesmanship and other abstract complexities. There must be a true poise, a right balance of parts for Beauty's object of inspiration, stimulation and satisfaction, to be achieved. True Equality is attainable only through knowledge of the Truth.

What *is* Truth? We all ask the question in our own way, and with more or less zeal according to our various temperaments. Knowledge in our present earthly life must necessarily be imperfect and gradually acquired of that which is beyond the limit of our senses and intellect in this temporal phase of our existence. It is sufficient, however, to reveal the Truth as a vision of the Beauty that is so complete a satisfaction of desire as to be beatific, and so exhaustless in originative force as to be a perpetual stimulus to further progress.

This Vision is, in terms of religion, God; and, in proportion to our perception of it, will be our realisation of true Equality. In order to attain to ever increasing knowledge of the Truth, we must learn to know ourselves that we may express ourselves with the relativity made possible by our individual gifts and characteristics. By adequate use of our equipment we express something more than ourselves; we give utterance to the thoughts of the Mind of God, thoughts which are the quickening force of *our* thoughts and faculties. Their utterance in activity and practical life, as well as in meditation and mental toil, is obedience to the law of our being, and this obedience is the means by which knowledge of the Truth is increased, just as repetition of the words of a poem makes us know the gist of it. Our acquisition of knowledge is also diffusion of that knowledge for others. Consciously or unconsciously we make God known by our influence. We increase the momentum of Good. For God is *Good*, is *Love*, and cannot falsify Himself through whatever feeble channels he may work.

But we must remember the opposing current to Goodness, Harmony, Equality. Contemporaneously with the stream of living Love that is flowing into the flood of Life and Light and inexhaustible Beauty, flows a turbid stream of evil on its way to the darkness of hate and despair, a stream that disintegrates combinations of good, makes chasms of separation, and results in disorder, chaos and ruin wherever it flows unimpededly. And the stronger the current of Good becomes, the more resistless does evil try to appear. This fact is disquieting, but by no means hope-quenching. On the contrary, the more forceful we see evil to be, the more we realise the infinite power of God. Evil must succumb to Good sooner or later. Darkness must be swallowed up by Light. The more persistently we range ourselves on the side of Good, the sooner will the day of Victory come. It is by undeviating recollectedness of our part and share in the struggle that we help the growth of that Equality that makes for the emancipation of the human race from evil; that we have our share is the generous Will of God to make us fellow workers in His divine purpose. That it is His Will assures us of the power to accomplish it. Therefore we are undismayed by the opposition to Peace and Progress. Intense darkness means, we know, the screen He draws in-order to protect us from the Glory until our spiritual vision is prepared for it. And through the tumult of dissension and discord we can catch the rhythm of celestial harmony, the great bell voices of the multitudinous sounds of aspiration and adoration unified into the note of Love. In the perfect chord of practical obedience to Divine inspiration is the final expression of true Equality. Its aim is God, and God is Love.

A SONG OF LOVE*

By Ikbal Ali Shah

Love's wound is in my heart, a wound that bleeds
Past wit of man to cure. At every breath
Life flutters up and trembles on my lips,
And I am set in dusty ways of death.

Ah, when the heart is full how swift the pen!
At dusk I thought to print one single leaf
With love's fond message to my love: Night fell—
I bound my leaves like lilies in a sheaf.

Thy lips, beloved, are not as other lips,
Fragrant, dew-laden. In my eyes they gleam,
Carved from some lovely ruby of the mine,
Rose-red, translucent, or I idly dream.

Love, I have set thy throne within my heart
Were thou abidest, crowned. Yet still it stands
An empty throne since thou dost love me not,
And, lacking love, how may I clasp thy hands?

There is an ill that turns sweet life to death;
It is the pain of sundered hearts that cry
For one another, as I cry for thee.
Death is to miss thy foot-fall. Must I die?

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* *From the Persian.*

DEMOCRATIZE EDUCATION

BY F. H. SKRINE

"Suppose that it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of everyone of us would, some day or other, depend upon a game of chess, should we not all think it our duty to teach our children the principles of the game! Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune and happiness of everyone of us, and more or less of those who are dependent upon us, do depend on our knowing something of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman being one of two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the "Laws of Nature." The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always just, fair and patient. But we know, alas to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the slightest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong show delight in their strength. And one who plays badly is checkmated without haste and without remorse. My metaphor may recall the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing chess with a man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend a calm strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of life."—
T. H. HUXLEY.

The entire system of Elementary Education stands in need of drastic reform in the direction of: (*a*) Adequate salaries for Teachers, which are now below the average wage of skilled labour: (*b*) Provision for the comfort of Teachers, by common-rooms, cloak-rooms and lavatories: (*c*) Reduction in the size of Classes: (*d*) Improved facilities for Manual Training: (*e*) Preparation for a career---70 to 80 per cent. of boys leaving school enter 'blind alley' callings, whence the death of skilled artizans and agriculturists: (*f*) The removal of galling and antiquated class-distinction: principles---compulsory elementary education for *all* children, and payment of school-fees by *all* parents able to defray them.

. . .

The schoolmaster follows a noble calling. On him is laid the duty of developing a capacity for citizenship in human raw material at the most impressionable stage of its growth. Unhappily for civilisation, Western Europe has inherited the culture of ancient Rome, which relegated teaching to a servile class. Hence the modern schoolmaster has not come into his own; his occupation ranks beneath the profession which we style "learned," and the remuneration assigned to it is correspondingly low. Under the scale of salaries proposed by Lord Burnham's Commission, Head Masters will receive about £6 10s, and Head Mistresses £5 a week; Certificated Assistants, with two years' College training, will draw about £3, while their uncertificated colleagues are deemed "passing rich" on a weekly wage of less than £2. Such pittances as these contrast most unfavourably with the remuneration which organized labour has wrested from Capitalism. The Welsh coal-miners threaten to strike unless the minimum taxable income is raised in their case to £250, or nearly £5 a week, while teachers have to pay tax on an income of £131. I can adduce cases in which unskilled dockers earn £7 a week; and of boys aged 16 who are better paid than Assistant Masters of the highest grade. Nothing is so disheartening, so destructive of efficiency, as a rankling sense of injustice: is it surprising that the teaching profession should fail to attract the flower of the middle class? If our politicians were capable of looking further ahead than the next General Election, they would accord salaries to teachers at least twenty-five per cent in excess of those laid down by the Burnham Commission.

Inadequate pay is not their only grievance. Unlike those of the old School Board, the Cauncil's architects appear to have left the teaching staffs out of their calculation. In a boys' school managed by the group to which I belong, the teachers' common-room is little better than a cupboard, without sufficient hooks for overcoats; and their lavatory is alongside the children's closets out of doors. Every elementary school should have a comfortably furnished common-room, suitable to its staff, with a lavatory, etc., quite apart from the accommodation provided for scholars.

Every child possesses a distinct and, indeed, unique personality. Many have special gifts fitting them to attain eminence in a future career; others are handicapped by an inherited predisposition to vice and bad habits bred in their squalid home-life. So each has a claim to individual attention, which cannot be satisfied in classes numbering forty and upwards. The teacher finds it difficult, if not impossible, to keep such a crowd within the bounds of discipline; and backward children are, perforce, neglected, although they require more sympathetic care than their brighter fellows. Educational experts agree that thirty is the maximum number of boys or girls which can be efficiently handled in class.

Millbank Boys' School, Westminister, possesses a Manual Training centre accommodating forty boys for a school population exceeding 1,500. It teaches drawing to scale and carpentry; but its equipment is very poor, and it is impossible to work in metals, owing to the lack of a Drummond lathe. Yet many of the boys show genuine artistic talent, the majority are craftsmen in embryo, and all labour with a zest which deserves the utmost encouragement. I doubt whether other districts are better able to satisfy the Greek ideal of parallel training given to the intellectual and motor centres. For the framers of the Council's educational curricula stick fast in the ruts of that 16th century Renaissance of letters, which has so sinister an influence on the older Universities and the so-called "public" schools. They are blind to the revolution wrought by invention and discovery; they have not grasped the self-evident fact that, as their sorely-tried country needs far more artists, scientists and artizans than clerks, it is of greater importance to train a child to make the best use of his hands than to cultivate his memory. I venture to think that facilities for acquiring the rudiments of the Arts and Crafts ought to be provided on the same scale as those for mastering the contents of books.

A normal child at 14 is as a plant which is just bursting into flower, and therefore needs special culture. But at this critical stage of adolescence he leaves school with the power of assimilating trashy or mischievous literature, and lacking the tastes, habits and interests which would enable him to make a civic use of money and leisure. Too often does he become clay in the hands of the Bolshevist potter; to defective elementary instruction I attribute the astounding selfishness which prompts organized labour to throw this country's economic life out of gear in order to secure some exclusive advantage. But concrete facts are more telling than the most powerful rhetoric. The majority of the Poor Law Commissioners found that seventy to eighty per cent of the boys who leave school at fourteen, drift into "Blind-alley" callings. This estimate finds corroboration in the results of an intensive enquiry into the economic condition of workers recently carried out at Sheffield, showing that only a quarter of them were adequately equipped, nearly three-fourths ill-equipped, and about one-fifteenth not equipped at all! These statistics are in themselves a crushing indictment of our educational system.

Forty or fifty years ago, " Government of the People by the People " seemed a utopian dream. Society preserved the horizontal stratification which it had inherited from Feudalism. There were an upper crust consisting of the noble and rich; an amorphous middle class which gave the country the larger share of its brain power; and a huge, poorly organised substratum of manual workers. The framers of the second Education Act (1876) did not foresee the sudden upspring of Democracy. They drew an irritating and invidious distinction between the Classes and the Masses by confining compulsory school attendance to scions of the latter. Hence the Board Schools which came into being were ear-marked for the "Lower Orders" and, thanks to British snobbery, their successors are eschewed by parents who cling to the illusion that they occupy a superior social grade. Now in Scotland and France, children of every rank in life sit on the same school benches, with the result that mutual ignorance disappears in early life, and the democrati regime is strong enough to resist disintegrating influences. It behoves us to transform the horizontal formation of society into one that is vertical, with a real aristocracy---an aristocracy of brains--- at its apex. The first step. in the process must be to enforce periodical examination and attendance at Council or provided Schools on every child in the land. Another glaring error was perpetuated by the Act of 1891 which saddled ratepayers with the cost of elementary schools: in other words the "new poor" are mulcted in order to provide education for children who will compete with their own, and whose parents are, in most cases, far better able than themselves to pay school fees. Nothing is valued except that which entails pecuniary sacrifice. Sitting as I do on a Local Attendance Commitee, I am confronted every fortnight with a string of mothers who are ready to make every kind of excuse for keeping their children at home. In view of the vast rise in wages I affirm that the working classes, as a whole, can well afford the cost of children's education. If they had to defray it, they would insist on "having their money's worth."

It may be urged against me that my remarks are a string of platitudes which are out of place in a gathering of experts. But a truism is not quite the same thing as a home-truth, which mankind accepts *in foro conscientiæ*, but ignores in practice. Among the latter is the necessity of democratizing education. Again, it may be argued that the Act of 1918 will cure all admitted defects in the existing system. But most of us are aware that a powerful conspiracy is at work to nullify its most useful provisions. And when (if ever) that Act materialises in its integrity, Education Committees must see to it that the children who leave their elementary schools are ripe for more advanced instruction. Of what use can the ideal "educational ladder" be if its lowest rungs are rotten?

THE TYRANNY OF LABOUR IN ENGLAND

By R. M. Relvani

The phenomenon of Great Britain swinging uneasily in the shifting winds of economic uncertainty, has dismayed many minds though it has not failed to stir some to cope with the gigantic task of the re-settlement of the situation. The end of the war has not been the end of difficult problems for the British. While at present there is serious unemployment, employers and the Government are faced with the most extreme demands of organised Labour. The avowed object of the leaders of Labour is not to come to new terms with Capital. If that were all, adjustment would be easy, but it is to overthrow Capital and the capitalistic system. That object may or may not be justified. However that may be, just at a time when everyone is quivering under the heavy strain, economic and political, this new and pressing danger is, consciously or unconsciously, aimed directly at the productive power of British industry. Without any regard to their effects on the general prosperity of the nation, the fermenting industrial elements have chosen this critical moment to make demands which touch the very nerve-centre of industry and even of social order. The methods of obtaining these demands concern the thinking men of every country, including our own.

Let it not be forgotten that this matter of industry and production intimately affects the carrying of the huge war debt. England has a gross National debt of £ 7,800,000,000. The interest and sinking fund require about £ 400,000,000 a year——more than double the total amount of her pre-war revenue. That is, in brief, the prodigious burden placed by the war on British industry. Can she withstand this pressure? War-demands can be met only by taking out of the country's production an enormously greater sum than was ever dreamt of in the past. But if anything should be introduced into the situation which would lower the output for the same unit of labour, capital and management, then the task may well be regarded as insuperable. One doubts whether the tyranny of German military autocracy has been a more dangerous menace to the commercial existence of Great Britain than the new form of tyranny which is now rising to grasp the very throat of industry. The danger that England is facing to-day is the organised tyranny of organised Labour. The Labour leaders to-day have industry and the Government under their thumb. They propose to force their views, or that of a minority, on the country as a whole.

The struggle which has passed through many phases last year, has been, and still is, a struggle between Labour and the State, to decide whether Trade Unionism shall be a subordinate force within the State or a ruling force above it. Trade Unionism is now fighting not only for privilege but for domination. That is the modern form tyranny assumes in a democracy corresponding to militarism in the Prussian autocracy. Strikes, under-production, higher wages and shorter hours——how is a democratic Government to deal with insurgent and mutinous Labour, clamorous for political power and improved conditions of life and work, but stolidly refusing to accept the sole condition on which its gains can be consolidated——increased production?

We admit that Labour, like every other section of the community, has its grievances; and in sympathy with its hopes, it must be said that the lives of many workingmen are passed under conditions so drab and depressing that all fair-minded persons should join in every effort for their improvement. Their dwelling places are causes for degradation and waste of human lives. That the industrial system should be a means to an end resulting in a fuller and freer life, we are all agreed. The only question of doubt and disagreement remains as to the means to bring about the desired end.

The power to take by force from others cannot for a moment be recognised as a means for bringing in a new social order. Is any form of "direct action" to be accepted as the true remedy for impatient workers who long for a larger consumption? Shall the man who wants, take? Or shall there be some test of the relation between a worker's power to consume and his power to produce?

Let us now examine the demands of Labour.

(a) Labour demands a new share in, if not the whole, control of industry. "With increasing vehemence Labour is challenging the whole structure of capitalistic industry as it now exists." That is, the new order is to be socialistic. "The extension of public ownership over vital industries should be accomplished by the granting to the organised workers of the greatest practicable amount of control over the conditions and the management of the various industries." In brief, that important factor of production, management—which is a function separate from Labour or Capital—is to be handed over to Labour, which has been misled by the Marxian teaching into believing that Labour creates all wealth, that therefore Labour should possess and control all wealth, and that the capitalists are the enemies of the human race. Capitalists do not merely represent cash as is commonly supposed. Wealth is the creation of the co-operation of three factors: Capital, Labour and Brains; and the last is the most important of the three. Without the expert organisation required in modern industry, both Capital and Labour would be powerless.

(b) Nationalisation, or a socialistic control over industry, is to be had by threats to employers and the Government, that the failure to grant it will be followed by widespread unrest, which may assume "dangerous forms." The real issue, therefore, before the British public is unmistakably clear. No where in Labour's scheme is there any admission that the possibility of higher industrial rewards should have any relation whatever to increasing productivity of industry. In contrast with the masterly offensive of organised Labour, the employers are inarticulate and make a pitiable presentation of their case. Thus the situation grows more and more dangerous for British industry.

With full sympathy for Labour's desire to obtain a higher standard of living, how can the worker obtain this? Obviously not merely by having more wages to spend, because, when the wages in a particular trade are raised because food and clothing are dearer, the products of that trade are automatically made dearer for the rest of the community. And so the wage-increases act and re-act, and the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. The real remedy lies in the lowering of the cost of living, not in increasing wages. And it has been shown that war wages have been more than sufficient to obtain decent houses but that adherence to old habits is so strong as to prevent any improvement in the standard of living. A reduction in the hours of labour by no means leads inevitably to mental or moral improvement, but only too generally to more hours in the public houses.

Granting, however, that higher wages bring a higher standard of living, can it be obtained by political action, or by merely shifting the forms of control over industry? If nationalisation were realised, there would come with it two questionable results: (1.) Should higher wages be reached without higher productivity of industry, the increase in costs would mean that the higher wages should be thrown either upon the consumer or the taxpayer. (2.) Should a larger share of the management of the industry be transferred from the best trained experts to those who are chosen because of affiliation with organised Labour, we are likely to see reduction in the efficiency of technical and financial management which can have no other outcome than higher costs and a blow at British commercial supremacy. That is, the Labour programme, if wages are increased according to its theories, aims directly at a result which must militate against the very maintenance of these higher wages. It can hardly be more clear that the labour programme is obstinately directed against the prosperity of the nation as a whole. Its success inevitably means a crisis in British industry.

Yet every friend of the workers must hope that they will gain a higher standard of living.. That consummation would be a happy result not only for them but for society as a whole. As they are being at present advised, they are inevitably following a hopeless quest. The desired results can be had only through changes which will bring in higher ethical standards and a system of education which will produce a widespread intelligence and skill. But with these ethical and educational changes there must be combined a steady industrial progress in all the equipment and in the various devices by which the productivity of the industrial factors---of which the chief is management---should be enlarged. And yet the Labour programme consists mainly of reasons why higher wages should be paid; while the means to obtain them, such as nationalisation and an increasing share in management, do not provide for increased productivity.

Productivity then is the crux of the whole conflict. It will be a national disaster if it is by any device reduced; and until Labour recognises that Capital must have its fair reward, that Labour has obligations and duties as well as rights, and that Capital must of necessity always exist and never will be overthrown, never will that happy industrial bond between Capital and Labour, which it is the duty of all right-thinking men to forge, be created.

THE LINE OF INDUSTRIAL ADVANCE IN INDIA

By B. G. Bhatnagar.

Early in the Nineteenth Century, India was a more or less self-sufficient country. It will not be strictly accurate to say that she did not import or export anything from or to other countries. But it will not be far from the truth if we say that she produced enough of agricultural and manufactured commodities to meet her limited needs. There were few articles, such as spices, arms and woollens which she imported, and muslins, shawls and brocades which she exported. All the indigenous products were manufactured by hand, assisted by simple implements; but the continual practice, year in and year out, had given her workmen a dexterity of hand, a skill of combination, unequalled by the highest artistic productions by machinery. It was, therefore, generally for their unique value as high specimens of art and workmanship that Indian goods were coveted in and outside the boundaries of India. Running side by side with this medieval industrial organization we had a standard of living at once modest and simple. Wants of the people were few and simple. The muslin which is now seen on the backs of low paid probationers in the Revenue Courts was then the Court dress of the kings and courtiers, and the *kinkhab* which may now be seen in the cushions of the junior professors, decorated the harems of the then rulers. The combined result of this simplicity in the methods of production and the way of living was an air of serenity pervading the life of an Indian home. In every walk of life, and in whatever the people did there was a dignified calmness, which is seldom met with in modern India.

The increasing contact with the West resulting from a development of the means of communication, and the domination of a Western nation, soon began to assail the old industrial activity of this country. The phenomenon of political subjection, combined with the phenomenon of inventions and the development of arts in the West to uproot the prime industries of this land. The process of decay and degeneration continued for about fifty years, at the end of which period India stood as an importer of those very goods which she exported before. However, the tide began to turn again when India introduced the manufacturing methods of the West. This modernization of Indian industrial activity took a definite shape in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, and has been going on at an ever increasing pace in the early years of the present century. Side by side with this change in our industrial organization, a change has been going on in our ways of living and the out-look on life.

Just as in the countries of the West, the use of machinery and the consequent adoption of large scale production, resulted in congestion, drink, disease and death, so in India we see the same happening although on a scale commensurate with the stage of our industrial development on those lines. Just as in the West modern industrialism introduced a high way of living in society, and a concentration of wealth, resulting in unrest and dissatisfaction in the poorer classes, so it is doing in India before our eyes. We have in India, although in a miniature form, the same phenomena of an ever increasing desire for wealth permeating every grade of society. The results of this new distribution of wealth are being evidenced in the all pervading dissatisfaction, and the embryonic strife between Capital and Labour.

It was the sight of things like these, so repulsive to the Indian mind, and so foreign to our traditions, that led a few independent thinkers in this country to bewail the loss of the old regime, and to question the desirability of a new. They even questioned the necessity of new methods of production, and advocated going back to the old handloom.

Quite in opposition to the above there were others who looked upon these changes as inevitable and considered the resulting congestion, drink, and death as necessary evils. The present paper is an attempt to point a line of industrial activity which may at once harmonize the requirements of our changed economic environments and our ideals of sublime serenity: in other words, plain living and high thinking.

The Medieval Industrial Organization of India was designed, as I have remarked above, to suit self-sufficient and isolated village economy, and now as that isolation is being broken, its self-sufficiency and arcadian simplicity of life are disappearing too. When people, who have studied the various phases of Western industrialism, witness on a small scale the same phases being repeated in India, point out the undesirability of such, there seems to be no reason to differ from them; but when they advance a step further, and say that we should relapse into the old order of things to get rid of the evils supposed to be an integral part of Western industrialism, then I do not agree with them, because I for one believe that it is now impossible for us to go back to the old conditions and because the evils so conspicuous in the West are not at all an integral part of industrial organization. We have not the same surroundings, we have not the same circumstances: how can we then have the same industrial organization and the same way of living? The psychology of people who advocate going back seems to be that although we are now linked to the outer world, that although this interlinking has materially changed our relative position and our physical conditions by which our socio-economic activity was conditioned in days gone by, yet it is in some ways possible for us to retain the old simplicity of life and individual independence of production. People of this way of thinking would like to see India, for they are patriots too, fully opened up by railways, canals and steamships, with her independent army and navy, equipped with the latest developments of art and science to keep her national integrity inviolate by other nations, but at the same time they would like to see her a self-governing nation among nations, in which every little village formed a little republic independent and self-sufficient in every sense of the term. Certainly such a combination is very desirable, but have they ever stopped to think if it is possible under the changed conditions? To say that it is possible would be to ignore the fact that if we want to win back our national integrity and then to maintain it, we must keep ourselves in line with other countries of the world.

In a humorous contrast with these are those who believe that, as some of our old environments have changed, we must change all our industrial ways and our way of living; that all the cottage industries must necessarily give place to big factories resounding with the hum of machinery and the pur of electricity; that the village must give place to big cities and towns, and that each locality in the country must specialize in the production of those commodities only for which it is most fitted by Nature. In brief the psychology of people of this way of thinking is that connection with other countries of the world makes it inevitable for a whole-sale adoption of their productive organizations, and their way of living. These people do not stop to think that productive activity in a country is not only conditioned by the physical surroundings of that country, but is also influenced to a very great degree by its socio-religious ideals and that this last factor has always played a very prominent part in India, and will play it in the future.

All through the discussions on this topic there seems to be a fallacy of exclusiveness. Only one aspect of the problem is being looked at at one time, and by one group of people. One, in his enthusiasm for the old regime, forgets to take into account the inevitable effect of the closer contact between India and the outer-world, while the other forgets to allow for the harmonising tendencies of our religious and social ideals on the character of our future industrialism. The true line, however, as it seems to me, would be a compromised resultant of the interaction of Western methods of production and Indian ideals of life. It will neither be a thoroughly urbanised India where everything is produced by machinery and in big factories, nor would it relapse into an archaic village, with its cottage weaver and its antediluvian handloom. In her future industrialism there would be a harmonious combination of cottage, workshop and factory production---all three blending as it were imperceptibly while having each its distinct sphere. The question what branch of industrial activity would come under one of the three systems, will not be answered by our predilections, but by the competition of producers of the same goods in other countries. That method and that system will be adopted in which our labour and capital will be most effective to compete successfully with the foreigner. It is not a law of Nature that steam power should supersede hand-power, or that large factories should displace cottage or workshop productions. It is the result of calculations of the relative costs of hand-power and steam power, or electric power, which decide what power is to be used in manufacturing a certain commodity. Hand-power being very expensive in Western Europe and America, where the masses have been led astray by that perverted philosophy which inculcates that the greater the number of your wants the more civilized you grow, manufacturers strive to replace it by any power other than man's, whether steam or electric. But in India, so far, hand-power is cheap and it is generally more economical than steam power. There is no doubt that at present it is not so efficient as the hand-power of other countries, but give it half of the wages it is getting in England and America and provide it with their standard of knowledge, it is certain that it would successfully compete with advantage with Western competitors. If, however, we want to keep it cheap, we should make every effort to eliminate the definition of civilization, as given above, from the minds of those who have been infected with it, and to keep it at a distance from those who have not imbibed it yet. Let me here explain myself. I do not mean to say that our labour should continue as ill-fed and ill-clad, as it is now or that it should live in insanitary surroundings as it does at present. It should be well provided with all those things which make life fuller and happier, for the life of our labourer is really bad, but there should be a reasonable limit to all that. These things should be looked upon by them as a means to an end, and not as an end in themselves. Let our ideals here come in to put a check upon this insidious tendency which turns a man from a human being into a grasping, dissatisfied, ever grumbling brute. If we succeed in attaining this harmony, I am sure we shall be able to compete with success with commodities produced by power-driven machinery.

The point which I wish to emphasise, is that although our changed conditions might compromise our old methods of production, old ways of living, old distribution of population, yet it is possible for us, if we keep this in our mind, and if we make sustained efforts, to keep inviolate our old ideals. If we succeed in keeping that spirit of plain living and high thinking alive, the change from the old order of society to the new will be softened, and even ennobled. It is that spirit alone which will save our Nation from the evil effects of under-production and over consumption—or rather from bad distribution which is threatening so rudely Western society to-day. To be more concrete: we might have to adopt large scale production, with all its appendages in some branches of industry, but it is not necessary to have all the evils repeated in this country which prevailed in the West. The history of Western industrialism is before us, it should be a guide to us in the acquisition of its good points and the elimination of all that is bad. For example, to get rid of over-population in cities, with its resultant congestion and dirty living, our large scale producers should provide decent and sanitary dwellings; to keep in their employers the fire of humanity burning for ever, they should provide for them both secular and religious instruction; they should not work them for long hours and thus leave them more time and inclination for the pursuit of other desirable pursuits. This means that just as Labour is to recognize a reasonable limit to its increase of wants, so Capital should also recognize a reasonable limit to its profits. By a judicious combination and by a mutual spirit of sacrifice and good will on the part of Labour and Capital, most of the evils of Western industrialism can be got rid off, and I believe it would be possible then for us to realise all the advantages of large scale production, and yet eliminate the attendant evils. However, it would be clear from what has been said above, that it needs a great sacrifice on the part of Capital to attain this end, therefore let it take note that if it does not valuntarily enter into the new spirit, there are forces at work which would compel it to yield, it may be, a major portion of its gains to those who are now smarting under its strong hand.

Then again it is impossible with enlarged manufacturing production to have no change in the distribution of population in this country. As we are changing from a system of industry which could be very well carried on by a population dispersed over the whole length and breadth of the country, to another where aggregation is more suitable, and as we have changed from a system of multitudinous governments to that of one consolidated government, it is impossible for us to have the population distributed entirely or the old basis. If formerly we had a hundred cities and towns, now we are bound to have more. How many? The exact number would be determined by the degree of change from the old to the new order. But as the chief industry of India, so far as my vision can penetrate the future, will still be agriculture, there seems to be no reason to believe that the village will disappear. It will still continue to be a very important part of our new civilization. No doubt there will be other and bigger institutions, but the presence of these does not necessarily mean the annihilation of the village. From the village the major portion of the ideal middle class will be gone and employed profitably in cities and towns. Our old friend the venerable money-lender will be gone and his place occupied by co-operative credit societies—at once a symbol of a healthy new life and corporate individuality of the village. But there seems to be no reason why the peasant and the zemindar should disappear, as is feared by some. If agriculture is to be in India, we must have cultivators of the soil and their natural guide, the zemindar. No doubt the zemindar of the future will not be the same as of to-day: a mere drone who collects rents and spends them on unproductive luxuries in cities, without giving anything in return to the village. In future he will be the guide of the cultivator in his agricultural operations, and a constant source of inspiration and help in various other village activities. The cultivators will not be what they are to-day, but there is no reason to suppose that the present village sites will be given up for detached and scattered buildings on their farms. It is possible to retain their homesteads together as they are now. With the increase of education, they are certainly bound to be cleaner and more substantial than they are at present.

There is every reason to believe that the village of the future will have its village servants, the barber, the washerman and others. Better methods of production and organization on new lines might decrease the number of potters, carpenters and blacksmiths in a particular rural area. For example, if we have now a potter and a carpenter for every village, we might have then say one for every group of ten villages. Individual villages might lose, but the rural area as a whole would benefit. The mode of payment for the services of these gentlemen, which is now generally a fixed *fasli* payment in kind, supplemented now and then by certain fixed payments at the time of festivals, feasts, and marriages, might be displaced by money wages. But beyond these changes of form there is no likelihood that the rural area will be totally changed. I for one believe that the old cow-boy will still play his lute while driving the kine home from green pasturages, and village urchins will still play at hide-and-seek on the village green in the moon-lit-nights.

From what we have seen above, it would be clear that the future line of industrial advancement in India would not in any way be such as to be quite indistinguishable from what it was. To me it seems that it would be a growth upon, and a higher form of, the old. As the conditions now are becoming fuller, it would necessarily have to change and adapt itself to the new ones, but it cannot get away from those fundamental facts of Indian life which have conditioned and will continue to condition Indian life as a whole—using the word "life" in its broadest sense. During the period of transition, we might have temporary deviations from the true line, but in the end we will have to come to it, nay driven to it. But if we could realise at this stage of our national development what would be the true line of advance in a particular walk of life, and if we made conscious efforts to divert our constructive energies in that direction, we would save lots of time and effort which otherwise would be wasted in useless experiments. It is for such a body as this Conference to adopt measures to bring home to the industrial public of India, specially the big factory owners and capitalists, the danger of an unpremeditated and undecided advance on lines of pure immediate self-interest.

A PILGRIMAGE.*

By Captain Wilfrid Ewart.

It was morning. Flooding October sunshine, cold and gold, kindled the roof-tops of London, making anew and almost beautiful that old familiar world; whilst across the hard blue of the early sky, clouds, boat-shaped and dark, drifted, light, wind-riven. Sunshine streaming through the great glass roof of the station lightly touched Fiona's hair that was itself of the golden quality of autumn. She sat in an outer corner of the carriage: she, whose slender lines barely betokened the passing of girlhood into womanhood: whose face contained something gay, evasive, far-away. Her dress was plain to severity. In her hands she held a parcel tightly, Outside the carriage the bustle of the departing Continental express went forward. There were many people—people in sables and fur-coats and astrakhan collars, gentlemen in tweeds and wrappers, Jews defiled by too-palpable riches, red-capped British officers and wives and families, King's Messengers enthroned in first-class carriages surrounded by bags; foreign couriers, and the peculiar travelling type of waiters and cooks and repatriated refugees sandwiched in the third-class carriages of the second train.

From the subdued glow of the station the train moved out into the brilliant sunlight. Smoke was ablowing. London flitted past---London, which is for ever turning on its own axis, where no one sits still; where housewives hang out washing in back-gardens, where children scrape out dishes for grimy fowls; where, on every station platform, crowds of brisk-looking workers await their early train. What a kinemetograph of life! Then the suburbs---so eloquent of our mortal respectability---and then the common English countryside burnished in the colours of the resplendent autumn. The ploughman was at work, rooks hovered above the stubble, and the still green of the oaks and beeches mingled with the saffron of elms and the deeper orange of the chestnuts, that were a background to the ethereal yellow of feathery birches upon silver stems. There were to be seen oast-houses, warm-red among the hop-fields, while from tumbling orchards the streaked thatched and dull break of old farmhouses often peeped.

To Fiano's features, too, had come something of these warm tints. Not Time. It was seen, but some obscure tragic hour had set its mark there; and the expression of her face, for all its tender fairness, contained that suggestion of depth in experience and of suffering not long past, which easily out-runs the years. "How I love the autumn," she said. "It takes off the rough edges. It makes the world look kinder." And the spirit of the russet woods, the brown and yellowing fields, contemplative, quiet, was wafted in through the open window, so that even the Jews became comparable to the peasants, and the too-luxurious Pullman car a simple thing. And closely Fiano clutched the parcel in her lap.

II

Humanity huddled together on a boat. But it was all the same to the children who, flushed, with hair adrift and tense spindly legs like birds', revelled in the blow of the wind and their first sight of the sea—and the salt of it—crying out for joy, and praying the parents to walk, to run, run about the deck. Folkestone smiled—and the green-fringed cliffs and headlands of England. The crane ceased to clank, the sea-gull to cry; and there was presently only the sea now blue, now green, little wavetossed but never rough; and smiling—smiling too. And the clouds went billowing overhead like ships of the air, like gossamer shadows of dreams. The sunshine called to youth. The children danced for joy and called, playing their games of hide-and-seek among the coils of rope, the funnels, the narrow gangways between the deck-cabins. Soldiers smoked stolid pipes; old ladies glowered amid wraps; gentlemen (in caps) strode manfully up and down the deck, two at a time, disdaining chairs. The crew did nothing. The King's Messengers and couriers lurked in cabins.

No destroyer-escort; no tactical courses; no issuing of life-belts or excited pointing at inoffensive buoys. No mass of soldiers tightly wedged, with laughter on their lips and dread of battle in their eyes. That tableau had passed. The sea smiled at Fiona; Fiona smiled at the sea. It was the most familiar scene in the world.

III

There were the Customs at Boulogne. But if the English became abusive, the French were coldly rude. Nor was there any diminution of the life of the place. Only the great hotel on the quay---once instinct with khaki activity---seemed to be in the way of an early demise. But along that quay the motor-cars raced, the dull khaki War Office cars and the French grey ones; and there were women in khaki and British girls driving British officers; and a stream of humanity crossing and re-crossing the bridge; and a mass of fishing-boats in the basin; Red Cross ambulances: even yet a lingering suggestion of war. French girls, accompanied by English officers, tripped along the Paris train—French girls in frocks of the shortest, with broad hats oddly tilted, with parasols carried head-first insinuatingly under the arm. What a chapter of life that was, too!

No waiting hours or days for a troop-train; no philosophical farewell to civilization or outlook upon a journey of uncounted length to an unforeseen destination in a vehicle that might break down. But a seat in a restaurant-car—and Fiona, looking out upon the French country, clasping still her parcel in her lap. She spoke again of the autumn: "How wonderfully it touches everything! Look at that pale green light on the poplars! Look at that silvery shimmer of the willows in the wind! I love poplars and willows; they're queer and sad. And the sunshine on that grey church-tower. Tell me, will it be like this—there?"

Yes---the wavering sunshine made it a thing of Corot. For did it not kindle the whole of the broad river-valley with its low hills crowned by stubble, its lush valley-bottom, marsh-yellow and grey-green with trembling aspen and shimmering willow, where snipe fed and wild duck rose in the dim of the evening? The poplars stood in rows;

magpies fluttered down to the railway embankment and back again; in orchards, peasant-girls and children were still agathering the fruit; light and shade trembled like chords of music in that wistful pleasant scene.

We passed through sand-dunes, and heard not even the surge of the sea: only the twisted pines stood on their crests, by their protesting attitudes seeming to whisper of the bitter winter that was at hand. But we---we pursued the river-valley, and so came to Amiens in the waning afternoon. Crowds filled the station. They were black crowds of women carrying large bags and bundles, with many soldiers. Outside the station, on which builders were at work, dusk was already falling. It was as though Winter himself had suddenly appeared. And the trees of the boulevards of Albert and of Paris were sere and leafless, and from end to end of them the cold stony figures of Conscience and of Rence Goblet gazed upon the crowds moving in the main street, while lights began to wink among the houses, and the workers to go home. And above the city rose the great mass of the cathedral, beside which the clangour of the tram-bells and the stir of the streets in the falling dusk were as the tinkling of children's toys.

There was desolation in the heart of the town---open spaces of flattened ruins where houses and shops and gay *cafes* or restaurants once had been. Yet in the life of the place, which had three times been broken, there was now no pause. An advancing enemy had come and gone, an army in flight had stumbled through its echoing streets of deserted houses, bombs and shells had lit it up with the slow glare of impending doom, while the impact of vast explosions had shaken its foundations from end to end. But now the lights shone, the shop windows sparkled, clangour of trams was the speaking voice of the city; and from the over-full *cafes* long after dark came music of dancing feet and violins.

IV

Morning light shone upon the cathedral—pale through the mist of the rainstorm, its slender spire upward pointing above the mass of the Gothic: that so great monument to the majesty of God and the humility of man.

And it was cold out upon the Albert Road. That road runs straight as a ruler to the gates of Bapaume, following the adjacent valley of the Ancre with the rolling plains of Picardy on either hand. There is neither relief to the eye nor satisfaction in such monotony of distance. Little of life was to be seen, but a bitter north-east wind swept across the uplands, whispering ever to the heart of coming winter. Black rooks tossed above the fallows. Leaves anon came fluttering down from wayside trees. Fitful sunshine gleamed from grey-cloud-drift. A man and a woman were sowing in a field, the man slinging the seed broadcast, the woman, in drab garments with a shawl over her head, dragging from a nearby waggon the sacks full of grain: it was the woman's part: on both their faces the dull dead look of the French soil. There was little traffic on the road, save where a high springless peasant-cart or a French army motor-lorry or slow-moving dray rumbled past. Patient German soldiers worked in gangs at the surface in bright green jackets—the surface of the road that was a series of steep holes—and by the wayside could be seen rusted wire and stakes heaped up, and old dug-outs in the cuttings. Ploughmen and their teams dotted the high land beneath which Albert lay in view. Here all the once familiar houses and streets shared the common ruin, and were indistinguishable. It was as if a giant had walked over the place. The great new red-brick church with its garish frescoes and barrack-like interior had fallen almost in a heap; and the sole reminder of the leaning Virgin was a twisted iron bar jutting out at right angles from the tower. Strangest of all, many of the inhabitants had returned to the place. A number stood talking and purchasing in a butcher's shop: in a hastily-rigged wooden shanty a chemist had resumed his trade. Human beings might be observed passing to and fro like jackals among the ruins—chiefly old women and young children. German prisoners were at work here also, French army lorries rattled along the *pavé* road. The fringe of the great battlefield was marked by skeleton fingers of blasted trees on the edge of the plateau that seemed to warn the stranger not to approach the region of death. The unbending highway of Bapaume stretched ahead as lifeless and deserted as the vast cemetery on either hand. The penetrating silence of the scene was at once felt. Desolate it had always been, that stretch of country, but never so utterly silent. One brief year ago motor vehicles of all kinds had streamed endlessly along this broad high road, parties of men were for ever moving backwards and forwards, while overhead aeroplanes never ceased to hum. For months at a time guns were never silent; shells might be heard bursting in the distance with a peculiar hollow sound, and all one winter's day, when the surrounding plains were covered by a mantle of snow, shells went droning overhead to explode in Albert. But now a silence, remote and brooding had succeeded, and already the battlefield seemed wrapped in a sort of after-death.

At La Boiselle the road turns off to Contalmaison. It was necessary to slow down, unfilled shell-holes and holes made by heavy traffic spoiling the surface of the road. On every side, as far as the limits of the horizon, a gloomy moorland stretched, dark green or brown, overgrown with the red sorrel, vetches, and the long rank vegetation. A little further on appeared a large coolie camp in the flat space between roads. Those grinning brozne unnatural-looking denizens of another world—they were of apiece with the battlefield: its colour was their colour, and they gaped at you as grotesquely as the gaping shell-holes. There was an almost complete absence of natural life. No lark sang. No rook or plover tossed above the waste; no pigeon soared. Nothing was seen in all the vast stretch of heath but an occasional rabbit, a covey of patridges, a winchat, and a few finches flitting ahead. Rarely the figure of a man appeared. Nothing was heard but the keening of the wind through the high-growing grass.

V

But strange that I was not told
That the brain can hold
In a tiny ivory cell
God's heaven and hell.

After all, Fiona—she was so small so fragile, so infinitesimal beside this crude dynamic blasted thing: she, whose rusty-black was the sackcloth and ashes of her own blasted life: she, who had blithely danced her way through the pampered elegance of existence. The laughter had faded from the blue eyes that had always laughed: the lips wore no smile, but the rose had not died from her cheeks, nor the gold from her hair. How inadequate she was---unequal in years to the burden of sorrow: her sorrow itself so inadequate! After all---yes!---she had danced, won love and held, been gay, lived for the joy and the quick music of things, known two immortal years, and never yet the deadening pulse of Time---nor Death---but borne a great man in her heart.

It was clear she had never expected this---this world that was of the fibre of an earthly hell: she who had only lived for to-morrow, and this was the yesterday of all time. She had never expected this. Upon the face of the battlefield, as upon no other thing, is inscribed the very character of war: the naked fear and fury of struggling humanity, the conflicting ghosts in the minds of men, the reflected passion of the last moments of uncounted human beings. As sin prints itself upon a man or a woman's face, so was crucifixion expressed and printed here.

She said: "I never expected this. I have tried to think of it, and of him in it, and of what hell looks like. But I never imagined such lonliness and dreadfulness and sadness in any one place in the world. One cannot imagine it. I thought I knew what it was like, but I only thought. I never felt until now."

It was simple and straightforward after this. There were no tears. All that was inadequate to the immensity of the tragedy printed here upon earth. The earth which was contorted into a hundred different shapes, which was riddled with holes, scarred with the handiwork of man, and hid in its breast a thousand secrets; flecked with the grey wooden crosses, ribbed with the ruins of hearths and hearts; hiding in its breast---how tenderly, how bitterly!---the last clothed emotions, the apprehending agony of a countless sleeping dead.......

The aspect of the country was that of a face contorted beyond recognition in a furnace of pain. By one unknowing, it would undoubtedly have been mistaken for the scene of some colossal crime.

VI

Fiona searched. Another was already searching among bricks and bits of masonry. She was a peasant woman, unkempt with straying hair, mahogany-featured, slatternly, depressed-looking as French peasants are. To the strangers she paid no heed nor even raised her head. But a short distance away the sawing of wood was heard, and there could be seen a low wooden shanty at the cross-roads above the village. Beside it was the great crater of a 12-inch shell; behind it rose, on high, a rough hewn crucifix flanked by crosses. A dirty child peeped out from the shanty, at the door of which hung a card almost illegibly inscribed with the words: "*Estaminet. Cafe et biere.*" Then the sawing ceased. A grey-haired, grizzled, middle aged man in, cap, blue blouse, and soiled white linen trousers, appeared. In an almost unintelligible *patois* he began explaining or offering something. The interior of the home he was building, it was possible to see, consisted of two compartments, the one opening into the other, their floor the rough ground. In the first of these a fire was burning on the hearth of roughly-laid bricks, there were a couple of benches, and a table knocked up of deal planks. It was obvious that the work had just begun. Outside was a litter of wood and shavings, a cart lay at hand, while a short distance away was a pony grazing.

Talking volubly, the man led the way down the road, upon either side of which a few bricks and an occasional household relic or block of masonry showed where a village had been. Strange things protruded from the chaos of ruins. A low brick arch, yet standing, was the portal of his former home. Amid a heap of rubble and greenery he drew attention to a large kitchen range rusted red: that, too, had belonged to the village inn. His life-story then appeared in a series of unconnected phrases and snatches of words. Early in the war he had been evacuated by the Germans, and had been sent as a labourer into Germany. At the Armistice, with his family he was shipped to England, and for many months had made his abode between the Strand and Leicester Square—he, a common peasant who could neither read nor write.

"And there," he said, pointing, "was the school and there the orchard and there the church and here—at the feet—my home. *Toujours les Boches......*" He spoke in a sort of melancholy sing-song with many shakings of the head.—"But what is this?"—A little cavern opened into the ground; a white wall above it; among the loose earth a French painted radiator of superior type.

"The Chateau stood here...."

VII

With that we dismissed him, knowing the end of our pilgrimage was at hand. We looked around for the other landmarks we sought. They were there, every one. We stood at the opening of a little valley, completely shut in and circumscribed. A row of derelict iron huts, black, rusted red and yellow, twisted into peculiar shapes, stood at some distance up the valley, as though contaminated and shunned by every living thing. Close to the ruins of the chateau two grass-grown roads met, winding down the valley and losing themselves ultimately in the grey-green waste. Naked, shell-stricken slopes, already high in coarse grass and every kind of weed, rose on either hand. In the midst of it an apple-tree pointed two twisted limbs towards the sky. Rank upon rank of greyish-white poles of trees stretched far along the valley, and stood nakedly against the horizon like fingers of ghosts or rigid corpses standing upright. Just within the wood was a forest of grey German crosses, all alike, but leaning to this side and that. Up above were the tumbled ruins of the village, grey also, and falling about the crucifix beneath which a man was rebuilding his home.

It was to this spot then that the pilgrimage had led us. And all was as had been related after three-and-a-half years: the village, the wood, the German graveyard on the hillside, the ruined chateau, the parting of the roads, the apple-tree.... It was simple and straight forward. There were no tears. It only remained to go to the cross that would be close to the apple-tree. Rain began to fall. The north-east wind drove it out of the scudding clouds. The sound of the wind and the creaking of the derelict iron huts and the flapping of their frayed canvas were, indeed, the only sounds in that solitary place. Fiona undid her parcel, took out her bundle of tattered letters and her laurel-wreath whose parent tree had come from Athens. We together went straight to the apple-tree. There were shreds of khaki, wet and draggled and discoloured and black, lying around. Several square yards of earth had been disturbed. A dug-out had fallen in. A spade lay. A rusted rifle was half-buried in a shell-hole: a steel helmet in a pool of water. Of a grave there was no sign nor any cross near.

All was complete but that. We searched. The rain steadily fell. Wayward rotting crosses "To an Unknown British Soldier" were found, hidden amid the high grass and the rank vegetation, among the brambles of the wild rose, the trailing campion, and the common cornflower; but of that we sought no sign.. There had been some mistake! Our information had been exact, but nevertheless we had come to the wrong place!... But no! There they were, as they had been three-and-a-half years before: the village, the wood, the German graveyard on the hillside, the ruined chateau, the parting of the roads. Here even was the apple-tree, and there—yes, distinctly enough—a trench.

Even the last letter truly spoke: "... It is very cold for the time of year. I am wearing your woollen scarf which keeps me warm. It is raining, but I am crouching under a piece of corrugated iron. Will you ever be able to read this? ... The Germans are about a hundred yards away, but I can see nothing except an apple-tree just above their trench. Our line cuts across a road into a wood where there are a lot of German crosses. Just behind are the remains of a village, with a chateau sort of upside down... ...Shells are buzzing over-head. We go for the apple-tree at dusk this evening. I wish it was all over. I am afraid, not so much of what is coming, but that I may not be equal to it. But after all I think I shall be.... There is only one more hour to go. Already it's getting dark. I think of you again and again. I know you'll give me strength—and of the little Fiona, though I've never seen her, and of the day that must come when we three shall be together...."

VIII

Yes—the evening was closing in. The rain began to sweep up in gusts, and a grey drab light to blend with the sombre landscape that now became a monochrome in grey. Grey-green the slopes of the valley, grey-green the soil at our feet, greyish-white the stumps of the shattered trees, grey the German crosses and the crosses of the unknown British soldiers, grey the ruins of chateau and village, grey the sky above. A grey figure stood watching us at the parting of the roads—that of the solitary peasant—like the ghost of Ruin itself.

Fiona knelt down beside the apple-tree and, making the sign of the Cross, laid at its foot the laurel-wreath whose parent tree had come from Athens. It is probable she felt some-prayer, for vaguely, disjointedly, Fiona believed in God. She, rising, said: "If only one could know—if one could *know*—that some day we three shall be together again...."

It was the question that very many years ago a woman, not less bitterly the sport of Fate than she, had asked beneath the monolith on Salisbury Plain in the closing hour of her own life. There was no answer given then; there was no answer given now but that of the crucifix, flanked by its two humble crosses, standing high above the ruined village, clear and distinct against the evening sky.

With that we went back into the world again. And the world was bright, and in high morning the city of Amiens sparkled and shone. And pleasant it was to see the children playing upon the boulevard, while in the windy sunlight, autumn leaves came falling, falling, yellow and crinkled, eddying, eddying, fluttering down. (How wintry already were the trees upon the boulevard!) And pleasant it was to know that there were gay feet and laughing voices in life-life in the keen air. And pleasant it was to see the rich light on the Gothic carving of the cathedral, that made of it so splendid and so beautiful a thing. And good it was to hear the bells, and to know that there were yet those among the faithful who answered them: and good to feel around, to hear, to touch the pulsing heat of life on every hand. And better far that the dumb pain of the world, the grief that may not be healed nor ever stilled, should throb on lightly—all unknown and all unknowing.

IX

For the rest—well, it was ended—of that Fiona spoke no more. She laughed—her little pretty face all over. She chattered blithely all the way to London. Her mind was her own, and it was possible that none should ever peep into it again. Women are deep; covering-up; deeper than the stillest, deepest pools. She went laughing into the world again: and people say, does she care so very much—for she dances and sings, dances to sound of piano and violin. Nor has the dancing light ever left her gay blue eyes. Her heart responds; she loves; she lives....

One other knows of what is written there.

HIR RANJHA.*

By Miss G. A. de Mello.

* * *

Prologue.

Where once flowed the Chandra-Bhaga
'Mid the smiling fertile land,
There now lies a waste of jungle
Dreary tracts of grass and sand:
And upon a lonely sand-mound
Stands a little shrine to-day
Speaking sadly of past glories
As it crumbles to decay.
But no tomb, no mosque more precious
To the residents of Jhang,
To the lovers of all ages
Old and grey or fair and young.
Once a year they go to pray there,
Thousands walking all the way,
Full of hope and fresh with courage
On that joyful festal day.
As they climb upon the sand-mound
As before the shrine they stand;
All their thoughts are with those lovers
In whose honour it was planned.

** The Story of Hir written by herself and now in possession of an Arab family in Mesopotamia.*

One whose boat once struck the shallows
Of the river, in his care..
Prayed to one of them to aid him
And 'tis said she heard his pray'r;
Then in gratitude he promised
He would build, this little shrine
To the lovers---e'er awakening
Memories of their love divine.
Cynics come and stand before it,
To their story lend an ear,
Laugh or sneer at lovers elsewhere,
You will pause in wonder here.
Or if heart so hard is beating
As to ridicule this tale,
Allah! drive it hence for ever
Lest it dare at love to rail.

In this spot so dear, so sacred
To the memory of such love,
Let but hearts of noble feelings
Draw the blessings from above.
Lovers best can tell their own tale:
Thus the story which is told
Bit by bit by Hir with Ranjha
Helping her is purest gold,
Wrought with pride and love and patience
In that distant Arab land
Where the lovers found a refuge
Wandering thither hand in hand.
Listen to Hir's voice of silver
As it tinkles through each rhyme,
Treasure in your heart her memory
To delight you for all time.

MESOPOTAMIA

Far away beyond my vision
Far beyond the rolling plain,
Where the sun is gaily rising
With his gold and silver train;
In the Land of the Five Rivers
'Twist the Jhelum and the Thal
I—the daughter of Mehr Chuchag
Chieftain of a tribe Sial,
Came into a world of pleasure
Knowing nothing of its pain.
Living only to be petted
Loving, to be loved again.
Darling of my noble parents
Joy and pride of all around,
I knew nothing of restriction,
Nor of wall, nor gate, nor bound.

Why, O Why, my noble father,
In those childhood years of mine,
Didst thou teach me love of freedom
In my youth to make me pine?
Mother mine, why didst thou lavish
Boundless stores of love on me,
If my maiden heart's affection
Should be trampled on by thee!
I was taught to worship beauty
Truth and every shade of love,
I was free to seek my pleasure
Just where'er my steps might rove.
Not a cow, nor goat nor buffalo
Not a single soul, in brief,
Was denied the least affection
Of the daughter of the Chief.
Yet—ah me! the day was coming
When the bravest, best of men,
Would be banished from her presence
Deemed unworthy of her ken!

East of Jhang, Mehr Chuchaq's village
Where the river smoothly ran
Where I used to take my pleasure
And the trouble all began,
There was kept a ferry boatman
And a boat, bedecked with care.
Only for the chieftain's daughter.
"Hir the beautiful and fair."

Now it came to pass one evening
As the river turned to gold
And the flights of geese came flapping
Down into the water cold,
That a tall and handsome stranger
Followed them as in a dream,
Till he saw the boat and boatman
Resting idly on the stream.

"Brother, day is fast declining,"
Thus the boatman he addressed,
"Keep me in thy boat till morning
I am sore in need of rest."
But the boatman did not heed him,
So the stranger took his flute,
And he played, till e'en the rushes
On the banks grew still and mute.

Quite enchanted was the boatman
As he bade him to desist,
And he gave him kindly welcome
For he could no more resist.
Then he rowed him on the river
While the flute's entrancing sound,
Wafted clearly o'er the waters
Struck the ears of all around.
And the news spread to the village
Whence a throng of ladies sped
Bringing Hir, herself, among them,
Curious as the rest 'twas said.

On that evening of enchantment
When Hir came upon her boat
Sailing softly on the river
With a handsome youth afloat,
While he played, as played he always,
With a sweetness heav'n-inspired,
Hir—the child—was gone for ever
And a woman's soul was fired

"Stranger youth," she shyly asked him,
"Tell me who and whence thou art?"
And he gazed at Hir's young beauty
And he gave her all his heart.

Then he said: "My name is Ranjha.
Hir, beloved, I know thy name
For thy goodness and thy beauty
Far and wide have spread thy fame;
Lo! the saints have led me hither
Neath thy lovely spell to-day.
From my home in Takht Hazara
Which now seems so far away—
Where my father is a landlord
And my brothers with him dwell,
But they always hated Ranjha
For my father loved him well.
Dearest Hir, I am thy servant,
Sacred chains draw me to thee;
I shall die if we are parted:
I shall live if thou love me."

There is oft a moment's madness
Born of circumstance—not soul,
That is spoken of as "loving"
Far from it as Pole from Pole.

Love can spring up in a second
Lightly as a blithesome bird,
But the force which drives it onward
Like a flaming, fiery sword,
Lets it neither pause nor falter,
Though it agonise or strain;
Tho' 'twere crushed and torn and trampled
It will live--and rise again!
This the kind of love was kindled
In two noble hearts that day,
Life or death might separate them
But their love would live for aye!

Hir took Ranjha to her village
To her father made request:
Ranjha should be given service
And her father acquiesced.
Thus Hir's lover grazed his cattle
By the grassy river side,
Openly Hir went to see him,
And it cannot be denied
She grew kinder, sweeter, gentler
As the weeks sped swiftly past:
Ah! although the clouds are rosy
Yet the storm must break at last!

* * * *

What is there the wide world over
Half so potent as the tongue
As it lisps and halts and whispers
And the wild words far are flung---
Tales, untruths, and mean suggestions
One would never dare to write,
Born of petty angry feeling
Envy, jealousy or spite?

One among the fellow herdsmen
Ranjha did offend one day
And the herdsman from that moment
Swore to be revenged some way.
When he saw the Chieftain's daughter
Next time seated by the stream
With her lover close beside her
Telling tales of love's young dream;
Forthwith hied he to the village,
Asked to see the chief alone,
When he murmured words of warning
In apologetic tone.

"What! my daughter loves a herdsman?"
Cried the Chieftain's outraged pride.
"Knave, thou'lt be the food of fishes
If I find out thou hast lied.
Lead the way: I follow after,
Not a moment shall be lost,
If thou liest--Heaven help thee!--
To the river thou'lt be tossed!"

Wondrous as the bonds of love are
Those of pride seem stronger still,
All the father's fond affection
For his child grew strangely chill.
When he saw the hand of Ranjha
Resting fondly on her hair,
And his daughter's head still cradled
On the breast of Ranjha there!

"Daughter! thus is thine affection
Shown thy mother and to me,
That this low-born stranger herdsman
Should be dearer unto thee?
Wretched man! thy base presumption,
Thine ambitions are in vain,
Put such thoughts from thee forever:
Thou shalt ne'er see Hir again."

"O my father!" Hir spoke proudly.
"Love I not my parents less
That the god of love has kindled
One more love my heart to bless.
See this little tender blossom
Growing humbly at my feet:
Does it e'er forget the sunbeams
Though it finds the rain drops sweet?
See those bulbuls on those branches
Breathing love-songs on the breeze:
Are they in that love unmindful
Of those small heads in the trees?

"Tis a miracle most mighty
That the smallest feeblest soul
Can enshrine so many in it
So that each one has the whole.
No one clashes with another,
Each one has a different sway:
Each one draws a different measure,
None need die or fade away.

"Thus, my father, in my passions
For my noble lover here,
I have not forgot my childhood
Nor one happy girlish year.
I have not lost my affections
For my mother nor for thee:
Not one sacred tie lies broken
Binding her and thee to me!"

Ranjha spoke: "Mehr Chuchaq! hearken
To the humble words of one
That is yet thy very equal,
For distinction there is none.
God created all men equal,
Tho' he placed some high, some low,
Only deeds can raise them upwards
From the level line below.

Only thoughts can make them noble,
Only love can make them good,
Only effort make them mighty,
O'that this were understood.

"As I stand this hour before thee,
As I look straight in thy face,
Naught is in my heart unworthy
Of thy daughter's kindly grace.
Naught is in my heart but worship,
Love like mine is strong and rare,
All my life I'be sworn to cherish
One so sweet and good and fair."

What were now the father's feelings
Sooth I really cannot say,
But he bid his daughter homeward
And Hir could not but obey.
Walking sadly to the village
In the sinking sun's last glow,
Hir could feel her heart was breaking
And her sun was sinking low.

Weeks had passed and Hir was seated
With her maidens in the shade
Of the mango-trees in blossom
In her father's beauteous glade,
When a servant bowed before her
With her mother's fond "salaam."
Hir obeyed the call with promptness
Striving vainly to be calm.

"Hir, my dearest little daughter,"
Said the mother, "list to me:
'Tis our wish thou shouldst be married:
We have made our plans for thee.
Though we would be glad to keep thee
Always at thy parent's side,
Yet the time has come we reckon
Thou should'st be a young man's bride.

"Lo! he is a wealthy Khera,
  Land and riches thou shalt have.
He will give thee every comfort
  That thy parents ever gave.
Hir, my dearest, best beloved,
  We must part from thee I fear,
Happy is the home that calls thee—
  Would that we could keep thee here!"

Up rose Hir from soft reclining
  Closely at her mother's side,
While with hands that clasped and trumbled,
  Eyes that closed, then opened wide.
Spoke the daughter of Mehr Chuchaq
  Only as a woman can
When her soul is wrung with anguish
  By the fatal love of man:
"Mother mine, the time for silence
  With this hour has fled away
All that in my heart is swelling
  Shall be told to thee this day.
Weeks have passed while I, a prisoner,
  In thy house obedient dwelt,
Though my heart with grief was breaking
  I before this never felt.
What care I for comfort, riches
  If my freedom be denied?
What care I for home or husband
  If I be a stranger's bride?

"God has given me a lover
  Handsome, noble-minded, great;
God has bound our hearts together,
  Thou dost seek to separate.
Would that I were poor and lowly
  I had never known this day
When my happiest, holiest feelings
  Thou shouldst strive to snatch away!
Mother, if thou e'er hast loved me
  Bid me not a stranger wed
Even should I ne'er wed Ranjha
  I would sooner far be dead!"

"Hir, my daughter, speak not wildly
Words thou will regret one day,
When thy parents plan thy marriage
'Tis thy duty to obey.
Put this foolish, youthful passion
Far away from thy pure mind;
How could such a low-born stranger
Make my daughter's heart so blind?"

"Ranjha is no stranger, mother,
Though he may be lowly-born:
I had known him many months---year
Till thy pride left me forlorn!
Ranjha's father is a landlord
But his brothers drove him thence:
Sooth I loved him ere I knew him
Who he was or came he whence!

"Wed me not unto another
Mother, we were wed by God:
Naught can ever come between us
Till our bones shall weight the Sod."

"Useless talking further folly!
Daughter go get thee prepared.
To refuse a noble marriage
No well-brought up girl yet dared---
Nay, speak not, I have no patience
More to hear---go thou away;
Never yet could I imagine
My own daughter disobey!"

* * * *

'Twas the eve of Hir's grand wedding,
Guests already had arrived,
Willing all to see Mehr Chuchaq
Of his only child deprived!
None could read the bitter sorrow
Dwelling in that peaceful home;
None could tell in those rejoicings
Days of trouble were to come!

Hir was seated on her doorstep
  Glad to be alone that night,
While the moon was slowly rising
  Making all the courtyard bright:
When she heard the flute of Ranjha
  Softly falling on her ear,
Then his voice, in well-loved accents;
  Telling her that he was near:—

"O beloved, wilt thou come to me
  Where the soft moonlight's shadows fall?
Ah, yes all will be bright for me
  If thou wilt but cross the wall.
See a strong, supple ladder hangs
  In wait for thy fairy feet—
Come belov'd to my willing arms
  I starve for thy sweetness, sweet.
O belov'd see the stars are hid
  When heav'n sends the moon on high.
Thus belov'd shall the moon grow dim
  When thou, my delight, art nigh,
I am weary of stars and moon
  My flute has refused to play,
I shall sigh till I see thee, hear—
  Belov'd, canst thou keep away?"

Swift she sped into the moonlight
  By the wall where Ranjha's voice
Calling her with such sweet pleading
  Made her aching heart rejoice.
What are walls but broken barriers
  When a lover waits behind?
Where were Hir's soft dark misgivings
  When she hoped her love to find?
She was soon upon the ladder,
  Sooner still in Ranjha's arms:
Close against his heart she rested
  Caring nought for night's alarms.
Words are useless things in sorrow,
  But in joy they may abound;
Few could understand their meaning
  Though with feeling they resound.

Leave the lovers one fleet moment
Sacred to their deep delight,
As they breathed their vows to heaven
On that wonderous moonlight night.
Then they put their thoughts together,
Made a plan to flee away
To the country of the Arabs
Eve the dawing of next day.

Now the brothers of our Ranjha
Having heard where he had come,
Followed him across the country
Till they came to his new home.

On that right of perfect moonlight
When they heard some old sweet song
They had listened to in childhood
But they now had missed so long.
Swift they hastened on their camels
Through the lovely village street
Following the form of Ranjha
As he went his love to greet.
Then they waited half in shadow
Till he bade his love farewell,
When they placed him on a camel
And they bound him fast and well.
Vainly Ranjha with them pleaded
While his voice with anguish shook:
They sped backward through the village
And their homeward journey took.

Naught can rightly tell Hir's feelings
On the morrow when---alas!—
No one listened to her speeches
And her wedding came to pass.

Parting from her slaves and playmates,
  From her parent's fond embrace,
From the village and the river
  From her childhood's dwelling place.
Hir's whole heart was wrung with sorrow
  And her dark eyes filled with tears;
Then her thoughts flew to her lover
  And her mind grew wild with fears!

* * * * * *

Ranjha stayed at Takht Hazara
  For a very little while,
Then he left his home for ever
  Walking weary mile on mile.
All along the way the grey hills
  Daily scowled upon his sight---
Here and there a tiny hamlet
  Kindly welcomed him at night.
Then at last a gleam of silver
  Where Chenab shone in the sun
As it raced behind the far hills---
  And the day was just begun,
Met the gladdened eyes of Ranjha
  As he hastened on his way,
Till upon the bank he halted
  Where a hoary boatman lay.
Ranjha roused him from his slumbers,
  From the sweet half-wakeful dream;
Begged him to prepare his "kisti"
  And to row him down the stream.

" Son, the day is but just dawning;
  Wait a while"---the boatman said.
" I must raise my thoughts to heaven,
  I must pray and eat my bread.
Thine own looks show thou art weary,
  Famishing for want of food!
Wilt thou share my simple breakfast
  Bread and milk---so warm and good?"

In the cities where the proud dwell
  Men are often mean, unkind,
Clinging closely to their riches
  To the needs of others blind;
E'en afraid to look around them,
  E'er afraid to ope their door
Lest some pleading hand should greet them,
  Lest some tearful eye implore!
But among the poor and lowly
  Dwelling close to Nature's breast,
Go whene'er thou wilt among them
  They will give thee of their best.
I---the daughter of Mehr Chuchaq,
  Rich and poor alike have known
And their worst and their best aspects
  Have to me been clearly shown.
Though my friends have e'er been many,
  High and low have crossed my door:
Lo! my heart's most kindly feelings
  Always will be with the poor!..........

Ranjha's frozen heart was melted
  And his eyes grew strangely dim,
As he strove to thank the boatman
  And to tell his tale to him,
How he came from Takht Hazara,
  Which was once his happy home,
But his brothers' hate and envy
  Made him far prefer to roam;
How for many years his burden
  Had seemed more than he could bear,
But his patron saints had helped him
  Given him their gracious care;
How they gave him their kind blessing
  As he played his flute one day,
And revealed to him his future
  How his life should pass away;
How he saw a lovely vision
  Of the wife that he should wed
And the scene of their first meeting
  'Mid the happy life she led..

Ranjha's voice here broke with trembling
And he turned his face away
For the memory of that vision
Brought back sorrow's sharper ray.
When the story was continued
Prayer and simple meal were o'er.
Ranjha told the rest more briefly
For his heart was bruised and sore.

"O good father"—he cried wildly,
"They have torn from me my soul
They have crushed my hopes of heaven
Hir alone can make me whole!"

"Son," then spoke the wise old boatman;
"Go not thus thy love to seek;
Cross the river and pass over
Up that narrow muddy creek.
Till the low bank gently rises
And a jhil is partly seen.
Partly hidden by tall rushes
And the paddy sown between.
Thou wilt come upon a pathway
Follow it where it shall lead
Thou wilt find a mango-orchard
Round a little thatched homestead.
They are friends of mine who dwell there
They will tell thee where to find
Balnath, Sanyasi jogi
Who will ease thy troubled mind.
Ask his help and his wise counsel
Trust him with this tale of thine.
Do not leave without his blessing
Son, thou surely hast all mine."

* * * *

Fields of sugar-cane and paddy
  Stretched towards the hills beyond
While beneath a shady banian
  Leaving o'er a shallow pond
On a flat stone platform circling
  The wide trunk of this old tree
Sat the Sanyasi Balnath
  'Mid the jogis yet to be.
How they worshipped him these "balkas"
  In their earnest youthful way!
How the Sanyasi loved them
  As he taught them day by day!
One especially among them
  Drew his thoughts from time to time
As he uttered words of wisdom
  And discussed the truths sublime.
When those dark eyes turned upon him
  Full of understanding rare
How the jogi's heart was gladdened
  That the boatman sent him there!

* * * *

In the strange long robe of orange
  Which some say has magic spell,
Ranjha stood before his jogi
  Ere he took his last farewell.
And he begged him for his blessing
  Begged him pray for his success,
Thanked him with a lasting fervour
  Love, that never should grow less.

"Go, my son", Balnath made answer
  "Peace and happiness be thine!
Thou shalt gain thy heart's desire
  Though all evil pow'rs combine!
Do not doubt this for a moment
  Even shouldst thou still be crossed
Keep thy faith in Allah's mercy
  Those who trust him ne'er are lost.

Those He loves, God often chastens
Tries them o'er and o'er again
When their share of life seems hardest
Lo! He takes away their pain.
Fare the well, my dearest 'balka'
I shall miss thee when thou 'rt gone
Thou hast nobly earned my blessing
Peace be unto thee, my son!"

* * * *

Lustily the voice of Ranjha
Rose upon the warm still night
As his boat sailed down the river
By the kind stars wondrous light.
And the song he sang must linger
In that boatman's grateful breast
For the simple words awakened
Thoughts no other had expressed.

TO THE CHANDRA (BHAGA)

Flow, flow Chandra-Bhaga river,
Flow swift through this thirsting land,
The course has been planned and guided
By Allah's most merciful hand.

Rest not Chandra-Bhaga river;
The goal is the far-off sea;
Rest not for thy kindly flowing
Is bringing my joy to me.

Flow on Chandra-Bhanga river,
Thy burden of water is sweet
With thought and with hopes and longings
Of the millions that pass thee fleet.

They came and they go forever,
But leave all their cares with thee;
They feel thou art surely flowing
To God on His boundless sea.

Go swift, Chandra-Bhaga river;
Go plead for the souls of men:
Bid Allah in mercy hear us
And make of this earth a heav'n.

Whilst thou, Chandra-Bhaga river,
Dost flow to the changeless sea,
Wherever my life shall wander
Thine image shall go with me.

Wide and shallow grew the river
In its changing sandy bed,
Field of grain on both sides ripened
Banks of sand rose far ahead.
Here and there a clump of kikars
Clustered close beside a well;
Here and there small coarse grass patches
Scorched beneath the sun's hot spell.
Near the spot long since deserted
Where Hir's ferry-boat had plied.
Ranjha's thought grew sad and troubled
As he glanced from side to side.
Peering in among the bushes,
Ranjha sat as in a dream,
Wishing he might see Hir rowing
As of old upon the stream.
Wider, deeper grew the river
Where the Jhelum joined its flow;
Banks with dense dark lai were covered,
River islands formed below.

Next a strip of rich sailába
Stretched some way on either hand,
And beyond the yellow cornfields
Groves of date-palms broke the sand.

Thus at last within the district
'Twixt the Indus and Chenab
Ranjha came to Ranjpur Khera
On a strip of fine sailáb.
In an old neglected garden
He elected he should stay;
The perrenial fire he lighted
Ere he knelt him down to pray.

And his pray'r grew ever louder
  More intense with fuller thought,
As Hir's image rose before him
  With its sweetest mem'ries fraught.
Then he watered all the garden
  From the dim pools that still lay
Where the river's last flood left them—
  And it soon bloomed green and gay
Ranjha wandered round the village
  Honoured both by rich and poor.
Begging alms at all the houses
  Till he knocked upon Hir's door.
When Hir saw her own dear Ranjha
  In a jogi's graceful guise,
She was filled with fear a moment
  Mingled with her glad surprise.
Oh' the bliss of those next moments
  When the voice she loved to hear
Murmured all its sweetest secrets
  Into her enraptured ear!
Grief and trouble all forgotten,
  Fled with mocking smiles away,
Waiting patient, for the moment
  When they should resume their sway.

Dark eyes watched behind a pardah.
  Sharp ears tingled at each word
Growing interest in the stranger
  Roused all envy's hellish horde.
Seti, sister of the Khera,
  Seeing all from day to day,
Thrust herself on Ranjha's notice
  In a sly persistent way.
But the smiling eyes of Seti
  Drew from him no answering smile.
For his love for Hir e'er left him
  Cold to Seti's every wile.

Thus a cruel rage was kindled
  In this woman's jealous heart,
Hir and Ranjha she determined
  Should be forced to keep apart.
Thus she went and told her parents
  All that had and had not been,
Of the love of Hir and Ranjha
  And the meetings she had seen.
When the lovers knew their secret
  Had by Seti been betrayed,
To escape from Rangpur Khera
  Many careful plans they made.

On a friendly peasant's camel
  Hir and Ranjha fled away,
Riding down the Indus lowlands
  Pausing neither night nor day.
Swiftly pursued by the Kheras
  Hot with anger at the flight;
Full of hopes and fears the lovers
  Quickly hastened out of sight.
But the cloud of dust behind them
  And the large prints in the sand
Were a guide to those who followed
  O'er that dreary waste of land.
Near the hills beyond the Indus
  In a Rajah's little State,
Their good camel sank exhausted
  Leaving them to meet their fate.

In the heat of those first moments
  When the Kheras race was won
And the lovers stood before them -
  Some dread deed would have been done
Only that the Rajah's subjects
  Intervened without delay
And before the Rajah took them
  That they each might have their say.

Hir was first claimed by the Kheras
  And the marriage register
They produced to prove their statements
  Showed they had a right to her.
"Hir belonges to me," cried Ranjha.
  "None can wed against their will;
All your registers and statements
  Heaven's law can ne'er fulfil.
Saints have destined Hir for Ranjha,
  Saints annointed her my bride:
God has linked our lives together:
  We shall e'er walk side by side.
Mark my bare back o'er with lashes;
  See the stripes on Hir appear,
For whate'er you do to Ranjha
  Do you also unto Hir.
Tear across those foolish statements
  Ere destroyed by pow'r divine;
Naught can rob me of my treasure—
  God Himself has made Hir mine."

But the Rajah would not heed him
  And the Kheras won their case,
Hir to them was given over—
  Then the sun e'en hid his face.
Dark clouds thundered out in anger
  Heavy hailstones formed and fell,
Sheep and goats were killed in dozens
  Children, men and women as well.
Then the Rajah sent for Ranjha
  And with tears his pray'rs besought:
"Stop this storm, O mighty jogi,
  Hir to thee shall soon be brought."
Ranjha prayed: and in a moment
  Lo! The hailstones ceased to fall;
Back the dark clouds rolled to westward
  And the sun shone over all!

Praise and thanks were showered on him;
But the jogi asked not these:
Only Hir's face and her loved voice
Had the power to move or please.
Thus he waited still in prayer
Till his pray'rs had all been heard;
Hir was brought back to her lover
For the Rajah kept his word.

Hand in hand and hearts swift beating
With the joy so long denied,
Hir and Ranjha down the Indus
Sped and vanished side by side.
But their fame arose behind them
Growing louder year by year,
Following in their very footsteps
Passing on from ear to ear;
Reaching e'en this far off country
By that river flowing there,
Where among new friends, new faces
Hearts for whom they've come to care
Hir and Ranjha perfect lovers—
He and I—from day to day
Live our wondrous life together
Blest of saints and God alway.

Day by day we kneel together
Praise and thank the same kind God,
Gazing towards the same red sunset
Bowing towards the same brown sod.
Day by day, and hour by hour
Thought by thought, and beat by beat
He and I draw ever nearer—
Nearer to the same dear Feet.
Though our lives have e'er been happy
Since the day that brought us here,
To this home-there springs a longing—
In our hearts for One more dear.
Up beyond the bright blue heavens
Far away from this sad Earth,
Allah! Call us Home together
Grant our souls one grand Re-birth!

MARIE OF FLEURBAIX

By H. W. Bailey

"S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose."

Thus sang Marie Vertot as she passed with light grace down the steep High Street of Fleurbaix, a pretty little village some ten miles distant from the important town of Vermandel. From the North came the sonorous roar of the big guns, never ceasing, scarcely ever slackening; while all around lay a desolation that made the heart ache to behold. But three months had elapsed since a sudden irruption of British troops had sent the Boches slinking homewards; and, even now, the huge holes in the crumbly brown soil indicated pretty clearly how near the enemy were.

But the sun was shining and Marie, who had lived so long cheek by jowl with death that its nearness troubled her nerves no longer, sang with a joyous trill that found its echo in the heart of a young officer who had just emerged from a ramshackle inn and was now hurriedly endeavouring to overtake her.

She heard the ring of his feet on the cobbled stones and slackened her pace sensibly. A sudden light flashed into the warm brown eyes when she heard a soft voice exclaim:

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Marie!"

"Bon jour, Monsieur," she returned.

2nd Lieutenant Hollowell of the 7th Loamshires saw the faint flush on her pale cheeks. Was it meant for him he wondered? His heart gave a great thump and his wonted quickness of speech deserted him.

"You are very dull this morning, M'sieu," pouted the girl.

Hollowell started. He had been dreaming.

"Marie!—Miss Vertot," he plunged wildly, for now that the crucial moment had come, he felt tongue-tied. "Do you remember our first meeting?"

"Yes," she answered, simply. "I was standing in the churchyard after you had driven out the Huns."

"Dressed in pure white," supplemented Hollowell; "and, in the gathering twilight, I thought you a ghost."

"I shall never forget," she said.

He took courage.

"Marie!" he whispered passionately. "Perhaps I loved you then. I cannot say. But, from that moment I have never ceased to want you; never ceased to hope that some day when this killing is ended for ever, I could take you back to the grey house on the Sussex downs and say to the dear, old Mater: 'This is my wife.'"

Her averted face gave him no clue to her feelings. "You do love me, Marie? You will marry me?"

Her oval face, crimson now from brow to chin, was turned slowly towards him. He bent lower and saw her eyes; he heard, too, the whispered word. In a second his arms were wholly round her and Time ceased to be.

From the 'park' at the foot of the hill came a loud roar as a fleet of motor-lorries set out with their noses due north. The noise served to recall the lovers to the immediate present and both gazed into the valley.

"Supplies for the trenches," observed Hollowell, laconically.

A drawn-out whine suddenly filled all the air, and man and girl ducked involuntarily. Came a loud crash that stunned the senses for, far down in the valley, the shell had burst and the two foremost lorries disappeared as if cloaked with the veil of invisibility.

"Dick!" whispered Marie and clung tightly to his arm.

"Fortune of war, dear!" he replied cheerfully. "We should do the same. Look! The others are going on."

The remaining lorries sped forward and were quickly out of immediate danger.

Hollowell glanced at his wrist watch.

"How the time has flown, Marie!" he said. "I'm on duty in ten minutes. I'll meet you at the church to-night, at six o'clock?"

II

Curiously enough, "Les Trois Hommes", the only inn the village possessed prior to the Hunnish irruption, had survived the flow and ebb of war.

Colonel Hollins, in charge of the 7th Loamshires, had made the stuffy parlour his head-quarters and his subordinate officers were busily occupied in the adjacent rooms.

As Hollowell entered the inn he was greeted by a brother Lieutenant.

"Old man wants you, Dick," he said. "Look out for squalls: he's in the very devil of a temper."

Dick immediately entered the room with its air of buzzing activity.

"Ah, Hollowell!" almost shouted the Colonel who was striding restlessly about the room while his long, nervous fingers incessantly toyed with his moustache. "They've accounted for two more supply lorries!"

The Lieutenant waited.

"And two on Tuesday," continued the Colonel.

"Not to mention half a company wiped out by that self-same gun two weeks ago," supplemented the Second-in-Command, Major Thorne.

Colonel Hollins banged his fist on the desk and tiny streaks of fire seemed to flicker in his steel-blue eyes.

"There's a spy in Fleurbaix! There's a spy in the regiment, and, by God! if I do find him—" he paused for breath.

"Have you any proof, Sir," enquired Hollowell.

"Proof, Sir! Proof! Have I not given you enough?" roared the Colonel.

"Our wireless at Vermandel has intercepted messages in a code it cannot understand," stated Major Thorne; "and the secret station is believed to be near this village."

"By the way, Hollowell," asked the Colonel in response to a pregnant glance from Thorne. "I believe you are very friendly with Mlle. Vertot. Have you ever visited the cellar where she lives?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you know anything further about her than that she was the only human being left in the village when we drove out the Huns?"

"No, Sir," answered Hollowell, rather bewilderedly.

"Do you not think it peculiar that she should have remained in the village when the foe first came, instead of fleeing with the other inhabitants?"

The Lieutenant began to understand the trend of his superior's questions.

"I have not asked her for information," he replied; "but I should like to inform you, Sir, that Mlle. Vertot has promised to become my wife."

The Colonel's face was immovable.

"My congratulations," he said drily; "but you must realise, Hollowell, that the reputation of the regiment is at stake. Until I discover the whereabouts of that secret station I suspect everybody. Everybody, you understand?"

Dick began to realise that the Colonel's attitude was quite justifiable.

"That's all, Hollowell. Ah! You might tell Mlle. Vertot that I shall have the honour of calling upon her to-morrow evening about seven o'clock."

A warning look from Major Thorne prevented further speech from Hollowell who left the room with his head in a whirl.

The Staff worked at full pressure all day and it was ten minutes past the appointed hour when Dick reached the church.

"I'm sorry, Marie," he apologised; "but I've only just succeeded in getting away."

The girl grimaced but Dick took her in his arms and, for a few seconds, speech was impossible.

"When will you marry me, dear?" he whispered.

"After the war."

"Marie!" There was a hurt look on Hollowell's young face.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Dick; but I could not be happy even with you while the Huns hold any part of my beloved France; while that gun is daily taking its toll of men or supplies. I'm certain the Germans have a spy near here to direct it," she continued. "It is impossible for them to see what is happening; their aircraft are losing their former supremacy; and yet, whenever a movement is made here---pouf! the gun speaks."

Hollowell gazed at her strangely for several seconds. He had fully purposed acquainting her with the information she had given him. He was betraying no trust; for, had not his Colonel told him to tell Marie of the intended visit?

But already the ground was cut from beneath his feet. What should he do, he wondered. He decided to try subtlety.

"You ought to meet the Colonel, Marie," he said. "He was stating a belief similar to yours only this morning."

"And some say women are inferior to men," she mocked.

"Marie?"

"Didn't you suspect?" she asked, suddenly comprehending his inability to understand.

"Not at all."

He was very simple this Anglo-French lover of hers, she mused; but he was such a boy---a dear boy. And a flood of tender passion made her long to take him under her wing and protect him as a hen protects her chicks.

"He should have been discovered long ago," she said.

"The Colonel's a tartar when he fixes his mind on a thing," retorted Dick. "I don't envy the spy. And, by the way, Marie, the Colonel intends---"

Hollowell stopped with a jerk. Confound this clumsy tongue of mine! he thought.

"Said what?" enquired Marie, sweetly.

It had got to come now.

"That he intends visiting your dwelling at seven o'clock to-morrow night."

"So he---he suspects me?" quavered the girl.

"He suspects everybody, dear," comforted the man; "until he has found the spy."

"And you---do you suspect?"

"Your honour is mine. I would as soon suspect myself as you. But," he continued, "you, are the only civilian in the village. Won't you tell me Marie," he whispered, "why you remained when the Huns first captured Fleurbaix?"

She turned her head, disclosing a face white with pain and eyes that had suddenly changed from brown to a deep violet.

"I---Marie Vertot---a spy!" she gasped. "And you, too, suspect me---you above all whom I have loved. To think that I should ever be suspected of betraying my beloved country! Leave me: your love was a mere sham or you would have killed the Colonel for suggesting such an idea."

She pushed away Dick's encircling arms and, refusing to listen to his protestations, ran along the churchyard path until she came to a grave. "Mother! Mother!" she cried, wildly, as she flung herself down on the brown earth. "Your child is accused of treason. Help me to defend myself against their slanders and lies!"

Hollowell waited until the storm of sobs had subsided. Then he whispered to the recumbent figure: "Marie---dearest, no one accuses you. Surely you see that as long as the spy remains hidden, the Colonel suspects every person in the village."

The girl rose and faced the subaltern, who could plainly discern the aspect of pride and cold disdain her face bore.

"Good-night, M'sieu," she said, icily, and gave him the tips of her fingers.

"Marie!" he protested, "I swear---"

"Good-night, M'sieu," she reiterated, and was gone.

Fortunately for himself, Hollowell received no time to think. Dimly he heard a voice at his elbow say: "Colonel Hollins requires your presence immediately, Sir."

He answered the salute mechanically and lost no time in starting for the inn.

III

In the afternoon of the same day, a dust-laden despatch rider buzzed through the sun-bathed street of Fleurbaix and alighted at the entrance to "Les Trois Hommes". He was hastily ushered into the presence of Colonel Hollins to whom he delivered the following message:

"Head-quarters,
5th Army Corps,
Sept. 27th, 1915.

You will send two companies to meet a force under Captain Davidson at the cross-roads to-morrow at noon.

(Signed) PORTON,
General-in-Command."

As was his invariable custom, the Colonel compared the signature with those on previous despatches. Satisfied, he glanced at the cyclist. "It shall be done," he said.

When they were alone, the Colonel read the letter to Major Thorne, who nodded, comprehendingly.

"I'll leave the necessary arrangements to you, Thorne" said the Colonel; "but I shall accompany the force as far as the cross-roads."

Mojor Thorne looked his astonishment but his commanding officer gave no explanation.

Came a tap at the door and Hollowell entered.

"You told Mlle Vertot that I proposed visiting her to-morrow night?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Bring an escort of six men. We will go at once"

"But---" commenced the subaltern.

"You have your orders," returned the Colonel, quietly.

The men were quickly assembled and, accompanied by the two officers, walked to the Mairie. On their arrival the bomb-proof cover was lifted from the cellar entrance and two of the soldiers, with lighted torches, guided the officers down the steep stairs.

The cellar was a large one and its occupant had made obvious efforts to beautify its bare ugliness. Two or three chairs were placed round a large stove for the stone felt damp and clammy; a small table, littered with the debris of a recent meal, stood in the centre of the cellar; crimson draperies veiled the bareness of one wall and, miracle of miracles! another wall had been papared.

"Mlle Vertot!" shouted the Colonel; but it was evident the cellar was untenanted. He crossed the room and, taking a brown jar from the table, appreciatively smelt the late roses. "It's the abode of a lady, Lieutenant," he said. "When she returns I shall present my apologies."

Again he sniffed the flowers and, suddenly, his expression began to change. Two vertical lines appeared at the apex of the nose and the glint that his men knew and feared shone from his steel-blue eyes.

To the astonishment of Hollowell and the soldiers he plucked away the roses violently and placed two fingers in the jar. They came out covered with a sticky mass.

"Paste, Lieutenant! It's paste!" he cried excitedly. "Strip that wall, men!"

While the soldiers were obeying his command, the Colonel walked from end to end of the long wall like a terrier that waits the gradual thinning of the last ten square yards of wheat.

In a few seconds one of the soldiers exclaimed:

"Looks like a door, Sir."

"Work on that patch, men!" ordered the Colonel.

It was quickly evident that the paper had hidden a door cut out of the solid stone. It yielded to a push and the Colonel, entering, gasped.

A pale shaft of light from a hole in the ceiling showed, on the low roof, porcelain insulators to which enamelled wires were attached. In the centre of the room stood two large tables crowded with masses of electrical apparatus. The Colonel understood.

"Receiving outfit," he murmured, pointing to the apparatus on the farther tabel; "and" nodding at the other, "this table holds a complete high power transmitting set. Telefunken, too!"

Hollowell's face was colourless and his brain seemed burdened by a wave of darkness.

"So Marie is a spy!" he whispered.

"This is certainly the abode of the spy though he may have entered unknown to Mlle. Vertot."

The clouds about the Lieutenant seemed to lighten.

"No; it won't do," added the Colonel. "The paste is quite sufficient to convict her of collusion at least."

"What do you mean?" asked Hollowell.

"The brown jar in which the roses were arranged so tastefully contained paper-hanger's paste," explained the Colonel patiently; for he understood the torments through which his junior was passing.

"So Marie must have re-papered the wall each time she used the wireless," muttered the Lieutenant, dully.

"Exactly!"

A wave of anger surged through Hollowell and made him forget whom he was addressing.

"I'll not believe it," he cried. "She could never have acted so superbly only an hour ago had she been a spy. She is the victim of some vile conspiracy. I'll never believe her guilty."

The Colonel bent closer.

"Come, Hollowell!" he whispered. "You forget the men are listening. Pull yourself together!" he continued, placing his hand on the subaltern's shoulder.

Then, in a louder tone: "It will be better to set a guard here: two men should be sufficient."

The Colonel disappeared and Hollowell, after mechanically arranging the necessary sentry duties, walked to the churchyard. He passed the night half-sitting, half-lying on the grave where his beloved's mother lay buried. By the light of a match he read the inscription on the stone which, in English, ran:

Annette Vertot
b. 1862. d. 1910.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

So she had not lied on that point, he realised. But the overwhelming array of evidence against the girl again filled his mind and he could not refrain from dwelling on the awful desolation of his future life.

When the morning came it was a relief to learn that he had been chosen to lead C. Company, which, together with D, was to meet the force from Vermandel at the cross-roads. Captain Weber, nominally in command, was to be accompanied by the Colonel until the forces met.

When they came within range of the German gun, Colonel Hollins broke the silence.

"I wonder---" he began. As if in answer came the familiar whine. "Cover, men!" shouted Weber.

With disciplined haste the soldiers dived into the brushwood cover that fringed each side of the road: but, before all had reached comparative safety there came a loud crash that shook the earth and shell upon shell fell with remarkable regularity for about five minutes.

When this "straffing" had ended, Weber and Hollowell returned to succour the wounded. Eight men had been killed outright and twelve others, including the Colonel. wounded.

"Hurt badly, Sir?" asked Hollowell, anxiously.

"I feel I'm done," replied his superior.

The Lieutenant perceived it was but too true for the wounded man's eyes were glazing and his face was becoming grey. With a last flicker of strength he sat upright and clutched Dick by the arm.

"I see her, Hollowell" he cried--- "in an office; and you are there too. Swear to me that you will be avenged for the regiment's sake!"

The Lieutenant felt as if a red-hot needle had been driven through his brain. His face became as grey as that of the dying man; but he answered, resolutely: "For your sake and the regiment's, I swear!"

A faint smile flickered at the corners of the Colonel's mouth. His body shuddered—again—and was still—

C. Company carried their dead and wounded back to Fleurbaix while Weber hurried to the rendezvous. When they returned Dick learnt that his forebodings were true. There had been no men from Vermandel at the cross-roads. A hurried telephone colloquy revealed the fact that the letter was a hoax and undoubtedly the work of the spy, Marie Vertot.

Life passed hardly with Hollowell during the next few days. Only by incessant work could he obliterate his thoughts. When the funeral of Colonel Hollins was over he was walking back slowly to the inn when he was accosted by a short, dark Englishman in civilian garb.

"Lieutenant Hollowell, I believe?"

"Yes."

"The evening before his death Colonel Hollins wrote to Head-quarters about the spy, Marie Vertot. He mentioned your name, too. I have been sent to investigate. My name is Willingham of the Secret Service." He showed Dick his credentials.

Together they visited Marie's abode and once there, Wallingham, in his brusque style, told Dick all he knew. Hollowell's face grew grimmer as he listened to what he knew was the stark truth. A black cloud seemed to float in the chill cellar; a heavy weight bore down upon his head and forbade speech. All he could do was listen—listen.

"I feel," finished Willingham,—"and my intuitions are often correct—that you and you alone will have the opportunity of discovering the spy. Shall you take it?" he asked sharply, for he could see the state of the Lieutenant's mind.

Dick found his voice at last. "Yes," he whispered; "if I live."

IV

In May 1916 the Loamshires were transferred from Fleurbaix to the more wooded locality north of the Somme and Captain Hollowell accompanied his regiment.

The intervening months, besides winning him promotion, had made him grimmer and sadder. His men now respected rather than loved him. They admired his daredevil bravery and fearlessness: they almost hated him for his lack of sympathy which extended even to apparent callousness; for Hollowell spared neither his men nor himself. He could never forget the memory of Marie Vertot and the knowledge that he had sworn to hand her over to death—should she ever come within his power—goaded him to unparalleled recklessness. He wanted to die. He longed for a shell or bullet to end the life that had become so wearisome to him. But, as is so often the case in such circumstances, the reaper laughed at him deridingly and passed him by unscathed.

One morning, immediately after breakfast, Hollowell was alone in the dug-out he shared with three other officers when Colonel Raymond, the successor of the ill-fated Hollins, entered.

"Major Thorne in the trenches?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir ."

"I'm rather pleased. I wished to see you privately. The General has given orders that one of the Loamshire officers is to be attached to the Picardy Regiment, under Colonel Bouget, on our right. Your knowledge of the French language makes you the ideal man for the post."

"Staff work—co-ordination and so forth—no fighting!" grunted Hollowell.

"Exactly!"

Dick's face clouded.

"I'd rather not take it, Sir, if you don't mind," he answered. "I should hate to miss the fighting."

The Colonel frowned and his junior caught the action.

"Orders, Sir?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'll report to night," sighed Hollowell.

True to his promise he entered Suzanne the same evening and, without difficulty, discovered Colonel Bouget's headquarters.

In the six weeks that followed, Dick learned to love the tall, taciturn Frenchman. Colonel Bouget's forte was staff work, for his brain was keen as an eagle's eye. Quick to come to a decision; loth to risk men's lives uselessly; a fearless soldier; an indefatigable worker: such was Colonel Bouget of the famous Picards who were so soon to wake the plaudits of the world by their imperishable deeds of glory. Gallant leader for gallant men!

So long as it was merely a question of trench warfare, Dick managed to restrain his bent towards active fighting.

But, when the great offensive began and report after report came to the dingy little room, he went almost mad. A soldier himself, he could read between the lines of the bald communiques. He realised at once—and the world soon concurred—how momentous were the fights being waged, while he was penned within four walls. It needed all his self-restraint; it needed many quiet words from Colonel Bouget to force himself to remain there while his every fibre ached for the glorious rush, for the chill of the steel, for the shrinking foe.

The glorious news of the capture of Dompierre was but twelve hours old when Ptes Jacques Plenneau and Gaston Blanc of the French Red Cross entered Colonel Bouget's room and saluted. They were escorting a woman.

Hollowell looked up quickly. His heart gave one mighty throb and then, apparently, ceased. It was Marie Vertot. He quickly averted his eyes from the sad figure with its blackened blouse, its torn skirt, its air of deshabille.

"Who is she?" asked the Colonel.

"Ah, M'sieu!" pleaded the girl, raising her hands imploringly.

"One moment, Mademoiselle! Allons, mes enfants! Where did you find her?"

Jacques Plenneau looked at his comrade beseechingly but that worthy shook his head. So, Plenneau, after hesitation, gave the necessary information.

"Mon Colonel, after our 'braves' had captured Dompierre, we followed behind to succour the wounded. Gaston here noticed a bomb-proof cover which had escaped the attention of our comrades. We raised it and discovered a dug-out beneath. The occupants were threatened with bombs if they did not surrender. Presently they came: twenty Germans and this girl. We handed over the men to Sergeant Buot."

The Colonel smiled and his face became singularly charming when he did so.

"You have done well, mes enfants," he cried. "Is their account true?" he added, addressing the girl.

"Oh, mon Colonel, help me!" caried Marie sinking to her knees while her sad, dark eyes eagerly searched the officer's face for a flicker of pity. "I am a native of Fleurbaix. I was captured by the Huns and forced to live with them---for years it seems. Oh, God, have pity! have pity! The devils! the devils!"

Her slender frame shook with sobs and her face darkened with anguish as she recalled her terrible suffering.

"Courage, my dear, courage!" whispered the Colonel, stroking her chestnut tresses. "You are a daughter of France and I swear you shall be avenged."

Dick glanced obliquely at the Frenchman and saw the tender look in his eyes, the softened curve of his upper lip. He saw, too—or thought he saw—a fleeting ray of triumph flash across the girl's mobile face. He hardened his heart and, writing several sentences quickly, passed the paper to the Colonel. The latter half turned towards his colleague in astonishment, but Hollowell made no further sign.

Colonel Bouget rose and bowed to Marie, saying: "My comrade wishes to ask you a few questions Mademoiselle. Plenneau and Blanc!" The soldiers saluted. "During my absence you will place yourselves at the absolute disposal of this officer."

With his eyes still averted, Hollowell said curtly:

"Search her!"

"M'sieu!" gasped Marie.

M'sieu!" gasped the Frenchmen.

Dick stood upright and gazed at the girl's shrinking form. "Look at me!" he commanded. Marie gazed, fascinated. "Yes," continued the man. "I am that gullible fool whom you loved at Fleurbaix. Loved!" He laughed harshly. "This is no time for speech, though." Then to the Frenchmen: "You heard what the Colonel said: you are at my absolute disposal. I say again: search her!"

The men hesitated no longer but gripped the girl tightly. "Hands off!" cried Marie. "I own myself beaten." Bending quickly she tore away the trailing skirt; in another second the blouse too had disappeared, and a slim young man, clad in a suit of blue serge, stood revealed.

"Who gave me away?" asked Marie.

"Wallingham."

"Did he tell you all?"

"Quite enough at any rate."

"That I was formerly a female impersonator at the Berlin theatres; that I was induced to join the Secret Service by treachery; that, above all, I love my country?"

"No more acting," interposed Dick sternly. "It will be far better to tell the truth. Your time is too short for lies to prevail."

"So the penalty is?"

"Death!"

There was a long silence. At length "Marie" whispered: "Dick, you loved me once, did you not? Can't you save me?" But Hollowell was adamant.

"I loved what I conceived to be an honest French girl named Marie Vertot, not Paul Lehrmann, the notorious spy," he answered sternly.

"You loved Marie Vertot?"

"I did; but I fail to see why it should interest you."

There was a faint, tremulous laugh from "Marie" and the man looked up, astounded.

"Dick," she said, "send these men away! It will be my last request." Hollowell was too puzzled to refuse. When they were alone, she continued: "You must believe all I say, Dick. I can't lie now. I am not asking for pity or leniency from you. I admit to signalling the gun by wireless; I confess to impersonating a despatch rider (I did not kill him," she qualified; "he had been struck by a splinter of shell and was unconscious); finally, I plead guilty to loving my country and making other interests of secondary importance......but the Colonel will be getting impatient."

With quick movements she released the fastenings that bound her hair and the long, nut-brown tresses, swelling to gold as a stray sunbeam warmed their fibres, fell shimmering down her back.

A soft light sprang quickly into Hollowell's eyes and the girl's face crimsoned as she saw it.

"I had to earn my living in a hard world," she explained. "It was easy to pretend to be a woman when I was one in reality."

"And your own friends believe you to be a man?" asked Dick, amazedly.

"You are the only person who knows my secret," was the response. "I deceived even Wallingham, the finest agent the British ever sent to Berlin."

Hollowell sprang forward and would have clasped her in his arms. Forgotten were her espionage, her past treachery! All he remembered was that he loved her. Every nerve in his body was aching for her.

But Marie evaded him with a twist of her lithe body and Dick found himself confronting the muzzle of a squat revolver.

" No, Dick," she said sadly; " that can never be."

" You love me! " he demanded passionately

" Else should I never have given away my secret "

" I can save you," he cried. " Marie, I love you! Nothing else matters. I could even deny my country for your sake."

"For the time being, dear," she answered. "No; your honour is more than your love. I would not have it otherwise. Could I live to see you become cold towards me when reason returned and you remembered what I had been?"

The man was silent. He was vainly racking his brains for reasons that would make her complaisant; but all the time, his being thrilled to the calm beauty of her face, to the liquid tones of her voice.

"Dick!" she murmured. "I loved you. That must suffice."

She turned her hand slightly. The revolver cracked sharply just as her lover, realising her purpose, clutched her wrist. She swayed and would have fallen had not Dick passed a supporting arm round her waist.

"My God! Marie!" he cried wildly, and pressed his lips ardently against her wan face. "She shall not die!" he shouted and clasped her form more closely to his own.

The delicately veined eyelids opened yet again and she motioned: "Forget......Dick....!!"

There was a faint sigh.

MY PET AVERSIONS

By P. Seshadri

Douglas Jerrold has an amusing story of how Henry Snow, in an unfortunate moment, tried to regulate Patty Larkspur's watch. It was sufficient excuse for her haunting him through life with constant requests for the correction of her time, till at last he was almost driven to madness, when events suddenly took a dramatic turn and he found himself her husband! Bequeathing his property to his nephew, he enhanced its value by the golden advice given on his death-bed: "George, my dear George, if you live to be an old bachelor, never, never attempt to regulate the watch of a middle-aged maid". There are certain aversions,—be they things or individuals—which seem to haunt us with the obstinate pertinacity of Patty Larkspur's watch, making us feel miserable, without even the compensating advantage of a consequent marriage! The exhortations of sermonisers notwithstanding, man cannot help cherishing violent aversions to certain things and individuals in life. And, after all, the capacity for dislike may not be altogether useless in the shaping of character, for has not an ancient philosopher said that by being directed against evil things and persons the emotion may help in the building up of the good?

As a student and as one pursuing a walk of life in which books and literature form the main object of interest, one of my pet aversions relates to books and it is none other than a book without an index. There are of course a class of publications in which an index is not an essential requisite but nothing is more annoying to a student than the absence of an index where it is necessary or even merely desirable.

When a writer launches forth a book of biography or criticism, a collection of letters or essays, without an index to enable a ready reference or a later recollection, it undoubtedly deserves to be placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* like some offensive volume provoking the wrath of Papal authority. Does the writer imagine that his reader's memory is dedicated solely to the service of his book, and he has nothing else to do in life than carry in his head the matter contained in its pages so as to dispense with the needs of an index? Or is its omission a personal confession of the transient value of his book and does he anticipate that it will never have the honour of second reference or perusal at the hands of the serious student?

There are sinners of a more serious kind, those who will allow an ill-prepared index full of errors to be placed with unblushing audacity at the end of their volumes, confusing the reader when he may have occasion to refer to its pages for tracing something in the body of the book. Within the last few months I have noticed two very valuable books, for which leading English publishers are responsible, disfigured in this manner by mistakes which even a student of average thoroughness would have detected with ease. One searched in vain for the names supposed to occur on certain pages and gave up the attempt in despair after a good half an hour's exhausting work. It is now several decades since Matthew Arnold complained of the inferiority of English books of reference and generally of all that may be called the 'journey-man work' of literature in the language. One has only to refer to a few volumes at random in the library to find that the grievance has not yet entirely been removed.

My next aversion is the Chairman of a public meeting who insists on making a long speech at the end of the proceedings, sometimes an inordinately long speech to the great chagrin of an unfortunate audience probably already bored by several dull speeches delivered in the course of the evening. Undaunted by the unmistakable signs of weariness on the part of the audience, the ceaseless yawnings and the listless adjustment of postures, and the relentless hand of the clock indicating a late hour, he holds forth passionately on the evening's theme already discussed threadbare by speaker after speaker. The dinner-hour has probably passed; hundreds of wives may be preparing themselves in their homes for violent speeches *a la mode* "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain-lectures" and the reporters in the press gallery may have entrained for their suburban homes taking the risk of presenting incomplete accounts of the meeting to irate editorial heads, but still he holds on and on and there is only the satisfaction that even long speeches must have an ending. And when it happens to be a type-written document of several sheets, prepared by a drudging private secretary—unblessed with intelligence being the failure of all professions---may God have mercy on the audience!

Apparently, chairmen of meetings often forget that they have been chosen for the honour, only for an ornamental purpose, and no member of the audience is so unreasonable as to expect them to throw a flood of light on the subject for discussion. The evening's lecture is probably on some special subject of scholarship or research by some distinguished student who is an authority on it, and it is futile for the big gentleman in the chair to imagine that he can do anything more useful than convey the cordial thanks of the audience to the speaker. It would result in diffusing happiness all round and make public meetings less disagreeable to all classes of people if this simple truth was realised. Presiding over a meeting of the Edinburgh Philosophical Association the other day, Lord Rosebery rose at the end of the proceedings and quietly walked to his car at the gate without the slighest attempt at opening his lips. It was thought by some present that the noble Lord behaved in this queer manner in a fit of absent-mindedness, but the truer explanation is probably that he thought it the ideal practice for chairmen at meetings. If Lord Rosebery, who is considered one of the finest orators of the Empire, and whose life has always been distinguished by a zealous pursuit of letters, could be content with this modest exhibition of presidential rights, others must have many additional reasons for exercising some restraint.

It is hardly necessary to add that this species is only part of a wider genus, the aggressive fraternity of valuable speakers undeserving of human sympathy in most circumstances. To speak at inordinate length is to be callous of all consideration to your audience; weaken the cause over which you are waxing eloquent and ultimately ruin your own reputation as a speaker, so completely as to lose all prospects of future invitations to lecture at meetings—and the irony of it all is in the fact that you achieve these undesirable results by dint of extra labour on your own part! It will be interesting to compare individual experiences in having been the unwilling listeners of lengthy speeches at meetings. Responding to the toast of "Our Guests" at the end of a College Day's celebration there was an eminent gentleman, who once adorned the High Court, speaking for a full hour unmindful of the fact that the hall was getting quite deserted and even the running of tram-cars in the street had stopped for the night. There was again the University Professor who, after having lectured for full two hours on an abstruse subject relating to ancient India, made the calm announcement at the end that he would finish it in a second lecture the next evening, at which the intelligent audience was naturally found to have managed to get thinner.

Even the risk of offending some dear and kindly friends will not prevent me from revealing my third pet aversion, the bad correspondent whose epistolary creed may be described in the sage philosophy of Polonious: "Give every man thine ear but few thy voice;" with this difference, that the reference here is not to be understood as applicable to the mere spoken word but to the more substantial written letter. Very often the inconvenience caused to you by a bad correspondent is not the result of any deliberate intent, but the annoyance is none the less real and is calculated to provoke the gentlest of mortals. It may be that some serious step is awaiting the reply; or you expect him to do a thing which he has always professed to be willing to do; or some intense anxiety can be relieved by the furnishing of information available with him---but nothing avails the bad correspondent. He is as stolid as ever and refuses to be disturbed by a shower of reminders. He is unshakable as a mountain in his convenient resolve of not putting pen to paper, even to please the most unflagging of correspondents.

There is a Protean variety in the manifestations of the bad correspondent. His memory is so short that when he is confronted with the absence of replies to letters, he denies their receipt and begins to read to you a lecture on the maladministration of the Post Office in a way which but for the fact that you are luckily not a member of the Postal service, would undoubtedly lead to an immediate breach of the peace, or he falls on your mercy with such a pathetic confession of guilt that you have not got the heart to up-braid him in any measure. Sometimes he does not even open the letters addressed to him--they are all there on the table, the dust of months safely deposited on them,awaiting exploration on a day of leisure which never comes before their interest expires. Or again his reply is so unsatisfactory that you look in vain for the information you have sought, and feel that he might as well have kept silent and spared you the trouble.

There is an aspect of the bad correspondent of which it is difficult to write with any patience. In matters pertaining to his own interests in life, he shakes off his lethargy and lashes himself to great epistolary energy. If it is to congratulate his official chief on the new title he has received; to order some conveniences on his own journey, or to demand the good things of life due to him--pen never flew swifter on paper and the typist never clicked his machine with greater agility. Incapacity to write letters comes in only when he has to correspond without benefit or return of any kind, and disguise it as you may, it is a matter which cannot be removed from its more serious implications of character. Consideration to lesser men in matters of correspondence on the other hand is a graceful quality worthy of sedulous cultivation on the part of the busiest of high-placed individuals.

There are other objects of aversion too, but they must be reserved for another occasion as aversions are not a theme on which one likes to dilate at a stretch. Pet aversions stick to the mind with grim determination and spoil the relish of pleasures associated with them and three of them are more than one can manage at a time. Even as I open a new book in which an index should be an essential requisite, I tremble to look at the end for the fear of its omission; entering a place of meeting, I am haunted long before the proceedings begin with spectres of speakers on their legs who refuse to sit down; and when I write to one or two dear and esteemed friends of mine it is with the absolute certainty of receiving no response.

HINDU CASTES

By P. H. Mehta

The cry against Caste is an old one, and has hardly ever been raised in vain, and on each occasion has served, to a certain extent, to loosen the hold of Caste, but has not yet succeeded in entirely doing so. Caste seems to have some inherent vitality of its own. Gaps have been made in this strong-hold of Hindu social life, but its structure is so vast and complicated that a few gaps here or there do not seem to touch its vitals, for closer examination shows that all attempts to break it have so far affected its merest superfices and left its core untouched.

This inherent vitality is certainly due to the fact that this institution is based upon certain fundamental laws of Nature. But this is true of the soul of the institution, and not of its outward form. And all reformers, whether National or Rational, have more or less recognised this fact in dealing with the subject. But it seems that each of these has been carried away by enthusiasm born of the conviction of the righteousness of his motives, too far along his own lines, to the neglect of the consideration due to the others. The Rational reformer, fixing his eyes upon the form and realising the limitations it imposes, simply tries to break the form forgetting that there is something inside it which gives it life, and remains all along unaffected by the heavy stroke that he deals to the form. The National reformer, on the other hand, fixes his gaze on the soul of the institution and when he finds it a little ugly, conjures up the beauty of the original and is so lost in the contemplation of that beauty that he forgets the present ugliness and pursuades himself that all is well or will shortly be so.

All social institutions are bodies, the outward structures devised as instruments for the physical manifestation of social life, which in its turn is an expression of the spirit---ordered progress—the mainspring of all social institutions.

Caste is one of the many outer arrangements—social institutions—devised for the manifestation of the spirit of ordered progress. But as the soul connects the body with the spirit and affords the necessary channel for the downward or outward flow of the forces of the spirit, so the institution of the Ashramas (orders) forms the life-bringing subtle instrument through which alone ordered progress can manifest through Castes. Hence that complete social institution is not Caste alone but is Varnashrama Dharma or the law of Caste controlled by Ashramas. Here it is that we find a complete social institution.

Societies are what the individuals composing them make them, and so long as individuals are incapable of embodying the spirit of ordered progress, societies will always remain confused and chaotic. The Ashrama institution is the soul of the castes, and Caste without

Ashramas is a mere corpse, full of disruptiveforces, spreading descase and death all round.

Viewed in this light the various constituents of this social institution will appear in their proper proportions and fall into their proper places. Standing as Caste does in the place of the physical body, it needs all the care that we bestow on the physical bodies of individuals to keep them healthy and vigorous, and stop them from becoming hindrances instead of helps. And when we find our bodies diseased or dying we do not ordinarily proceed to kill them. Doctoring, yes; amputation, yes; but killing, never; so with Caste. It is diseased, perhaps it is dying, but it is not yet dead, so that it is not yet time to dispose of it. It requires mending, not ending.

If that be so, let us see how it should be done. The diseased body is generally treated with drugs. But the present tendency of advanced science seems to be more towards keeping up and stimulating the vital forces than the use of drugs. Surgery is useful where it is unavoidable, but it is considered to be the last resort of medical science. The institution of Caste needs the same treatment of keeping up and stimulating the vital forces represented by the Ashramas, and when this remedy fails or is obstructed by an out-growth, social surgery must help the process. But where the latter treatment becomes unavoidable it should be adopted in the kindly and sympathetic spirit of the surgeon and not with the frenzy of a mad opponent. The cry of "Down with the Castes" needs, therefore, to be replaced with "Purge the Castes; purify them and vivify the Ashramas."

The graded life of the Ashramas is to individuals what the graded and larger life of the castes is to society: they supply the necessary individual discipline without which liberty becomes licensed, equality a curse, and fraternity a tyranny. The discipline of these Ashramas and their practical working constitute both the driving and the directing forces for the giant machine of Caste. The very rigidity and separative tendencies of the present day Castes point to the absence of the free play of the vital and life giving forces which always impart adaptive flexibility and coherence as well as unifying tendencies to the organization on which they act.

The institution of the Ashramas is almost, or shall we say, entirely dead, and the rigidity of Caste will obstructs its revivification. But, after all, the reinstitution of Ashramas is not so difficult as the killing of Caste. It is at least worth trying with greater effort and interest than it is being done now. Those who pass through these disciplines will then see that Caste distinctions come only in one of the stages, the second, the Grihasthagrama, and is entirely absent in the remaining three. The life of individuals begins in unity and ends with unity, but with a fuller realization of its beauty and splendour. Individuals so trained could not make society so rigid and hide-bound as we find it to-day.

The utility of this in securing the co-operation of the so called orthodox, who should rather be called slaves to customs or the Dehatmavadis of social life, is too obvious to need any detailed statement here.

The place of the Ashramas is to-day taken by education and social life. But these, at best, are very sorry substitutes or mere makeshifts for the noble institution of Ashramas. These substitutes supply the education, but entirely lack the discipline and culture which are the essence of the institution which they have displaced: hence the supreme importance of concentrating all efforts towards the reinstitution of the Ashramas, in a form suitable to modern conditions.

The noble efforts made in this direction in the Theosophical Education Trust Schools and in the Arya Samaj Gurukulas are indeed in the right direction, and deserve our warmest gratitude, backed up by substantial help. But they are as a drop in the ocean, and touch but the merest fringe of the vast Hindu population. This brings us to the modus operandi.

In all societies, whether in the East or in the West, we find two broad divisions: the few who lead and the many who follow. Whatever may be the form of Government, both social and political, even in the most advanced democratic constitutions, there are always the leaders and the led, those who set the fashion and those who take it up, those who legislate and those who adapt themselves to the laws. This distinction is based upon the relative depth and breadth of both the knowledge and the experience of leaders. In the earlier stages of society this distinction was very sharp and therefore very effective, and shistachara—the conduct of the leader of society—was more binding than the most rigorous law ever put upon the Statute book. For there is a moral force in shistachara, which is completely wanting in Statute laws. But in the march of Evolution, society arrives at a stage when this distinction between the leaders and the led looses its sharpness. It is at this stage that the socialist programme of Propaganda and Legislation takes the place of shistachara. The awakening of the intellect in the masses, the led, obscures, for the time being, the moral sense, and shistachara is replaced by an appeal to the intellect---propaganda---backed up by a threat of physical force---legislation.

Of these two, propaganda and legislation, legislation of the right kind is possible only in a self-governed community, and is therefore out of the question, just at present, so far as the Indian community is concerned. Moreover, legislation is the imposition of the will of the few on the unassenting many and lacks the inwardness of a motive for action. If laws imposed from outside were capable of guiding permanently, the laws of Manu should not have been neglected as they have been. Legislation is at best only a temporary device, and in democratic countries only brings into focus the accepted views of the many, a majority, of course, but only a comparative majority called the Demas. Here too popularization for the purposes of smooth legislation needs propaganda.

Propaganda, then, is the only agency open to us for directing social forces into the right channels and, if rightly and earnestly used, it is a weapon capable of accomplishing wonders.

We know, to a certain extent, how to push our goods in the market, but we have yet to learn how to push our ideas in the intellectual world. The work generally done by means of the Press and the platform is very poor and besides being so it leaves the real factors of national life, the youths of the nation, mostly untouched. Instead of wasting pen, ink and paper as well as breath and thought over those grown-ups who have already been cribbed, cabined and confined by the conventionalities of life, an organised effort is made to reach the children and the youths of the country found in its schools and colleges, by means of special papers, magazines and lectures designed and run in their interest, many of the difficulties of progress and reconstruction would be easily overcome.

Something is no doubt being done in this direction by means of students' brotherhoods and young men's unions; but such activities are found in provincial capitals only, and rarely, if ever, in outlying towns and cities, and never in villages. The villages, the towns and the cities where the bulk of the nation lives thus lie neglected, and still we fondly expect that yearly or six-monthly lectures delivered for a couple of days, from some height here or some valley there, will, like the spirits of God, move upon the face of the waters and bring forth the world, converting chaos into cosmos. But we have had enough of this farce. Shall we not now recognise the futility of concentrating all our national endeavours in capital towns and begin to decentralise them, so that all the vital centres of our national life, the villages, the towns and the cities, all may throb with the same life and respond to the same impulses?

To this end a central organization will be needed with working committees in different provinces, towns, cities and villages. This central organization and the local working committees may be formed of all those interested in this work, who under the ancient system would be fit for the Sanyasa and the Vanapratha ashramas. The central organization should plan and direct the schemes of national endeavour, having sufficient scope for local details to be planned and settled by local talent, but in perfect accord with the larger plan and principles laid down by the central organization. The local execution of the scheme should be left to such local manhood (and also womanhood) as would devote time and energy to such work, aided by such young men as have just finished their studies and are about to enter the householder's life. Many young men would be quite willing to begin life with a sacrifice that a giving of about two years to this work would involve, and they would be all the better for it for the work of life they may afterwards take up. These young men may first be asked to work up the villages as regards the general education of village children, and the cultivation of public opinion of the village, working under the guidance of experienced men, and strictly in conformity with the general plan and principles laid down for them. Where necessary a subistance allowance may be given in kind which I believe can readily be raised from the village. Such of the young men as find this work agreeable may be retained as paid workers. This will require money. But under modern conditions nothing could be done without money and if the whole scheme is planned and laid before people, money will surely be forthcoming. Besides, it would be quite enough to form an all-India central organization with provincial branches to begin with. The provincial branches will then begin with the villages in suitable places, and as the work proceeds and the workers gather round them, the towns and cities might be taken in hand. But the main work will first have to be done in villages. As the work is being done and the people see and understand it, there would be no paucity of people gathering round it.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Living Ideas.

The results of the Great War and the treaties that followed, defeating the great expectations of a growing humanity, broad based on democratic equality founded on the highest aspirations of human nature, seem to have been barren of fruit. The high-flown words of small statesmen in high places almost indicate as if an unmerciful providence were exclaiming to us all:—

> Come weal, come woe,
> Come calm, come storm,
> I will see you all blessed
> Ere I give you reform.

The promise and the failure of the mission of President Wilson, his rise to the prophetship of a war weary world, and his fall as a negotiator, belieing all the promises of his earlier prophetship reveal the paradox of his individual psychology. The New Republic of March 1917 under the title "The Living Ideas of President Wilson," strikes a hopeful note that phoenix-like his ideas will rise from their ashes.

In America and in Europe alike, the ideals that emerged out of the Great War remain, in spite of the peace treaties which tried to ignore them. Human nature, uneasy except on accustomed heights, rarely accepts defeats. Mehdis and mad Mullahs, Mahatmas and Lloyd Georges may produce frenzies in populations maddened by untoward circumstances, but the robust virility of human nature will extricate itself from the coils and make a rebound to sanity. Who now cares for the trial of the Kaiser and war criminals? Who does not perceive that the Kaiser and his partisans acted according to their lights? Those lights were bad, and who does not feel indignant at the desire in other quarters to take up methods of German frightfulness, and justify the use of gas and air raids as the quickest way to victory? And what sane mind is there, which rightly led, will not ascend from this exhibition of universal wrong-mindedness during war, to the general feeling that war itself must be bad, and that means must be discovered to avoid wars if mankind is to retain its sanity.

* * *

The Fundamental Enquiry.

The world war which is over, will it not lead to the fundamental enquiry why wars have not been avoided in the past? And will not the enquiry lead to the conclusions when stated, that wars are the results of a system of thought thoroughly antiquated and unsuitable to the rising intellect and conscience of mankind? That system of thought expresses scientific and strategic boundaries to be defended at all costs,—Alliances based on passing interests to help any national defence, and the discovery of the inadequacy of defence since every nation is a possible enemy, compelling the same ruinous preparedness amongst all nations, robbing the men in the mass of the fruits of peace and the enjoyment of leisure. The science which was to serve mankind has been used only to enslave man, it renders ancient methods of defence useless, it forges deadly weapons to destroy from the air fortresses invulnerable by land or sea; and millions of men toil in munition factories making the new weapons of destruction while they might be working to add to the wealth and happiness of mankind. When this system of ideas is analysed, its poisonous nature stands revealed.

It is a system which proceeds on the creed of the jungle, when men were untrusted and untrustworthy, and where the growing worthiness of men was not given a chance to grow. The men in the mass have thoughts of peace in their hearts; while their leaders have memories of the jungle, of the lions and tigers and warhorses, and whose aims are dominance and glory. If only these super-men could by some chance be deported to another planet, then the Symbiosis, of which Christ spoke would triumph, and share the vital forces of humanity towards unity. The "Great Men" would then be discovered to have been veritable rapscallions in spite of Carlyle's glorification of a Frederick or a Fritz.

* * *

The New India.

It is important, therefore, that in the making of new India, we should discard the worship of wars, and proceed on a new line of peace.

It is important that there should be some men uncommitted to the old ideas, men ready to test policies and measures at the altar of the high ideals of World Unity. In these paragraphs, last month, it was admitted that the party system had come to stay in India. We only pleaded that there should at least be a certain number of unattached men to serve as the nucleus round which the better nature of India would gather in emergencies. It was also stated that in England during the very period when the party system took shape, and had its greatest successes, during the ministry of Walpole, a certain number of men, Pitt, Fox, Mansfield formed themselves into a band in opposition to the minister, were derided by him as "boys," and sometimes as "patriots", who carried no weight at all with the governing castes. Then came the Seven Years' War of the humiliation with its first fruits, and opinion was very glad that there had been "boys" and "patriots" however ridiculous, round whom not merely gold boxes. but high spirited opinion might range itself. The essence of such a nucleus is just to be a nucleus-to keep alive the dormant forces of better nature. This better nature comes spontaneously into play when the emergency arrives, and then there are triumphs, not for the nucleus, not for the band, but for the nation as a whole.

* * *

Party System.

It is worth while to state at this stage that symbiosis is by no means hostile to the party system. The party system is a machinery without which, in the present state of mind of the people, certain constitutional changes cannot be got to work at all. The only thing for which symbiosis is stipulated is that the party system should work rationally, and should not degenerate into a scramble for position and power. The advantages of the party system may be definitely stated as follows:—Division into parties tends at all events to force the hand of the governing authorities, to look into questions which they otherwise would not entertain. All authorities need to be shaken out of sloth of mind, and the party system acts as an organisation for such shaking. The party system and the appeal to the elector, and an array of battalions on all sides, permit the ventilation of all opinion, promotes some thinking on the various aspects of a question, and resources to be found to organise the thinking, and to disseminate the thoughts. Party systems also are a method of collective bargains between different sections of people; and the discovery of leaders to whom can be entrusted both administration, and design of new policies, and the lead of the section of the people who would follow them. After all voters are not primarily voters but men and women, who have to earn their living, and look after their families. They have no ready-made answers to political puzzles, and have not the time to think out new politics. If citizens are to perform the functions put upon them, they have to be supplied with materials, and without a party organisation and funds, citizens cannot supply themselves with such materials. There is nothing degrading in the most intellectual and upright citizen saying that division of labour requires that he should attend primarily to the maintenance of his own family, and that he would generally trust a leader or a band of leaders because he or they have been found trustworthy. I would not therefore be supposed to be an opponent of the party system *a priori*. I only wish to raise the question whether, as it has worked, and as it will be transplanted into India, it has no objectionable elements against which precautions might be taken. That precaution, I suggest, is that a small number of men who want to devote themselves to learning and thinking on public affairs, should detach themselves completely from the party system, should be uncommitted, should hold only provisional views, and should not wish to do more than influence public opinion by a statement of reasons, and should not bother about triumphs.

I would further invite my readers to understand that whatever opinions I speak, or write, or even publish, are held by me only provisionally, and I am not committed to maintaining or propagating them in case of further evidence, reasons or knowledge.

At the present moment I feel that what the world needs is unbroken peace; and that symbiosis is the means towards this world unity. Symbiosis is an atmosphere rather than a creed, an influence and light rather than a principle, and yet can be applied to the solution of the most intricate problem of the day.

* * *

The need of Unity.

Is it merely a coincidence that one reads in the same week, half a dozen unrelated bulletins, yet all enforcing the same lesson---the imperfectly realised symbiosis, yet the acutely perceived need of more of it? Whether it be Mr. Hoover recommending acceptance of the bad Versailles Treaty with the worse Senatorial reservations, or Sir Stanley Reed protesting in the "Times of India" against General Dyer's assumption of unanimous Indo-British support of his work in Amritsar, the things that leap out to perception are the real unity of the world, and our imperfect realisation of that unity. Hoover says in effect in the "Washington Star," "The world is drifting into a crueller war than the last, unless the League of Nations get to work; more is spent on armaments to-day, there is more arming to-day in Europe than was before the outbreak of the War; shall America let the world die, or shall it make the League of Nations a working body? If America retire from the League, it is perverted into a new Holy Alliance of Conquerors." M. Millerand reads out to the French Chamber a document whose facts are not to be denied—the size of present German armament, the German ignoring of the Allied Commission of Control, the creation of a military situation which France cannot permit for the safety of her own realm and of the world. What the French Premier omitted to say, Reuter has volubly cabled out, the ambitions of Poland and Roumania, the hero-worship of Pilsudski by his million and a half of warriors, the ambition of the Roumanian Premier to join Poland in the operations to throttle Bolshevism. Meanwhile, the "New Republic" (March 17) disillusioned of President Wilson's personality but still under the glamour of the Fourteen Points, distinguished between the President as negotiator and failure, and Mr. Wilson as prophet, with living Ideas which appear dead only when he seeks to apply them, but which Europe, her warriors and merchants alike, hasten to make their own, as soon as it appears that America would willingly let them perish. The world recognizes its unity, recognizes the woes that would overwhelm it, if the unity were not acknowledged, but is free to commit suicide because the available political machinery kills the souls of men, and makes havoc of their better judgment. Shall a future Homer ring changes on:

President's wrath to World, the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, American conscience sing.

The March of Life

The forecasts of the Hunter Report, the Congress Report, Genl. Dyer's interview with the "Daily Mail." "The Times of India's" repudiation of it, the condemnation by contemporaries of the Bombay organ's outburst as the scream of hysteria---all tell the same tale. If Government now wish to right themselves with Public Opinion, it is necessary that they acknowledge that they wrongfully flouted the same Public Opinion when it was in the public interest that they should have reckoned with it. Sir Stanley Reed's manful comment all the more forcibly recalls the ill-service of his locum tenens, who, during a crisis, when he might have served the Public, preferred to serve a party—the Party of Ascendancy. The North India papers might have usefully called on Congress leaders to condemn abominations on *whichever* side they appear, instead of being content with, and gloating over, alleged atrocities on one side only. There is a clear indication of the world steadily entering the imaginations of men of influence as one and indivisible; there is an equally clear indication that the quarrels of a world that ought to be dead, and the partisan habits those quarrels fostered still handicap the march of life. The combination of good men into Parties to defeat the combination of bad men against Public Interests is as desirable as it is necessary; to act on the supposition that these good men will always think alike on every measure, or that they will always act rightly unaffected by imaginary personal interests, is mere fatuity.

* * *

Justice.

The old American predilection for twisting the Lion's tail had been morally supported by school text-books in history according to which George III was the undiluted villain-of-the-piece, and George Washington the Angel. Coincidently with the outbreak of the war, American Historical Research has been revising these hardy veterans of national belief with some surprising results which have not a little made easy the entrance of America into the war on the side of Great Britain. It would be too much to say—Irish-American influence alone would make impossible that a sounder historical perspective has at last entered the national consciousness of America; but it is not an overstatement that the sincerity of American scholarship disdains the "patriotic" perversion of history for the purpose of justifying unjustifiable passing prejudices and aversion. What have the character and conduct of George III to do with the stand professed to be made by British intrepidity against German contempt of International Law? What, indeed? And what have the loot gathered by English factors, after Plassey, got to do with the questions to-day of Indian Constitutional Reform, Land Revenue, Railways and Irrigation, Frontier Defence, Village Panchayets, Relations of Capital and Labour, Town and Country? Will *Indian* Scholarship *somewhere* devote itself to the act of national reparation similar t American Scholarship? Admitting, with the enemies o Warren Hastings that certain specific acts were unworth and challengeable even from the point of view of the age o Frederic and Catherine, is it not possible to acknowledg the great work of the first Governor-General of India, hi steadfast devotion to justice and law, his repugnance t mere extension of Empire by conquest, his care that the British realm in India was never for an instant swept by hostile armies, European or Native, even during the wars for which he accepted responsibility, his great and ardent desire to promote studies of the various Indian laws, customs and literature, so that India be governed by Indian ideas where their disreputability (as in the matte of Sati) was not unquestionable? And if this act of historical reparation be overdue regarding the events of the first Governor-Generalship, why should it be postponed regarding the events of the Viceroyalty of Lord Chelmsford? Indian Liberalism will win a great triumph in having extorted confession from authority that it had been unduly, even wildly overstrained; but this triumph will be more creditable to men of the English race who have not hesitated to make the *amende honorable* when the claim for it was proved. Men of the Indian races have yet to win their spurs in the Chivalry of Truth; and they will not win them unless, and until they *candidly* get to the bottom of the story unfolded in "Blackwood's" and the story of Lyalpur posters mooted in Parliament. If the same class of men who wish to obliterate one side of contemporary events also enter the region of Science to exhibit the antiquity of Indian civilisation based on calculation on

Orion, or to demonstrate the knowledge of the Luminiferous Ether in Ancient Books, such Scientific researches will be rightly suspect to a world which has seen the history and achievements of German Kultur distorted in the service of German patriotism—made to act like a dope to stimulate armies to deeds of valour or frightfulness unacceptable to mere common sense.

JAPAN OF TO-DAY.

BY TH. BATY LL. D., D. C. L.

Japan!—the land of contrasts: —where the left side is the seat of honour and social precedence belongs to the masculine—where the cat is the emblem of tenderness and the dove of war—where white is the colour of funerals and it is a sign of due respect to remove your overcoat—where it is an insult to tender naked money—where the carpenter planes towards himself and clothes need no buttons, hooks or pins——...........

Where, in short, many conspicuous customs of the West meet with a decided reversal, administering to the jaded palate pleasant shock of novelty. Where the wild cherry blossoms, and the deep places of the mountains brim with glossy evergreens. Where the *samisen* tinkles, tinkles, as the passing day melts into evening. Where the wide green rice-fields lie in the rain and sun, receiving daily the patient toil of d amp and perspiring labourers. Where the long, low stretches of iron-grey houses thicken the roads into towns and villages, peopled with good-natured, warm-hearted folk, whose children sparkle in mingled coral and orange and violet. Where the cinnabar temple solemnly but protectively rears its dull gren roof aloft, amid the foliage of the hill, and proclaims to all that this is a Land of the Gods!

What is its significance for the world?

Where Fuji San lifts its white cone into the air, placid in its perfection,—where the glittering shrines of Nikko lure the tourist to join the streams of happy pilgrims—where Kioto, that ancient capital, spreads her daily banquet of loveliness for all comers—where the waves break in the sun-swept bays of Izu, or ripple round the islets of sheltered Matzishima, or kiss the feet of the Goddesses' sea mountain of Miyejonic, shall we look for the snower? Or shall we look rather to the black regions where the whirling smoke and acid fumes speak of mines of coal and copper? to the cement and steel blocks of business-hives in modern cities? to the barrack-factories of industry? to the hard causeways and bridges of modern engineering? to the spectacled students of the universities and colleges? to the white-frocked doctors and nurses? to the editor's dusty office and the printer's rattling shafts—?

We must look at them all. And if we can arrive at some kind of synthesis, it will be a miracle. But there are two facts while we shall do well not to forget in forming our impressions of Japan. The first is that it is not a museum and art gallery. The second is that it is growing—it is informed by a vital impulse.

Japan is not a museum and art gallery, inhabited by a race of djinns worthy of the *Arabian Nights*. The Japanese have their peculiar characteristics: but, as Mark Twain observed after his travels—"there is a deal of human nature everywhere." Nowhere will you find as pleasant and kindly a people—but they are not fairies, and do not pretend to be. Nor are they the inhuman automata of the late Professor Lowell's imagination—endued with a single iron will and devoid of individual self-consciousness.

They are patriotic, and they have strong family ties. They help their relations generously and devotedly. Workhouses, as a consequence, are unknown in Japan. But this does not exclude, it rather implies, a high degree of individuality, which displays itself in these acts of dutiful piety. The student of things Japanese will be well advised to expect to find in Japan quite normal human beings, with the usual human outlook and the usual human appetites. Their most salient characteristic is surely good-humour. The celebrated "politeness" of Japan was to some extent in the past a matter of etiquette. In a regime of strict social demarcation, politeness is sharply enforced by each class on the classes beneath it, and becomes habitual. Artificial politeness such as this may have no firm roots:—but the Japanese good-humour is spontaneous and deep-seated and wells up perennially. Any little accident is greeted by a burst of laughter, in which the victim himself is the loudest to join. A Japanese laughs where a foreigner swears. And that, I think, is the most remarkable point of difference between Japan and the Occident. Next comes the universally admired fact that the Japanese will never disturb your composure with his own troubles. He will refer to them, but with a smile or giggle, as to a thing which may possibly provoke you to gentle laughter.

My jinricksha collided one day with a coolie's cart. The wheel was twisted and broken. Can we imagine the mutual objurgations of a Western cabman and carter under such circumstances? Their Japanese confreres, however, passed no sarcastic remark. They laughed and bowed, chattered an amicable condolence, and parted with contented mutual esteem. *Shikata ga nai!* Nothing else to be done!

Where manners are bad in Japan it is almost invariably the result of Western intercourse. There are a few—very few—Japanese who confuse the foreign off-hand ease of manner with blunt inconsiderateness, and adopt blunt inconsiderateness accordingly as their line in life. These are usually very young men who have travelled a little; they are as amusing and omniscient as very young men who have travelled are apt to be. But they do not count, in the great world of Japan.

A constant readiness to be amused, and to treat the serious affairs of life with a smile, is thus a very prominent feature of the Japanese mentality. But the Japanese character if a light-hearted, is far from being a frivolous one. The themes of the popular theatre are almost invariably tragic. Let a piece begin as a screaming farce, and the chances are that within twenty minutes it will have developed a gloom to which that of Hamlet is gay merriment. The audience expects it, and would feel defrauded if it were not afforded due opportunities for sympathetic tears. Yet the tragedy of the stage is not quite as deep as it seems.

The Japanese is firmly convinced of the unity and indestructibility of life. The intelligences which gave birth to him and taught him love and courtesy, right back to the source of all in the Sun, he realizes as permanently persisting, and as bound up eternally with his own existence. So he is not unduly perturbed by the changes and chances of mortality. He "changes his world" and passes to join the company who have gone before. Buddhist stories of retribution and of Enma's boiling oil do not essentially touch him. It is comforting to know of boiling oil for the thoroughly wicked, and he knows that Enma (Yama) can be relied on to be fair. Death is an adventure. A moving and tragic adventure: but not a blank wall.

The Japanese tenderness for children and instinctive feeling for art are too well known to require to be expatiated on here. It is true that the feeling for the beautiful is diffused throughout the nation: and it is difficult to account for the floods of crude lithographs after the foreign style which abound in the cheaper shops. Do the purchasers admire them? or do they only congratulate themselves on the possession of curious specimens of alien culture? The vulgar horrors of the cinema, which Granville Barker has seriously told the Western public will destroy civilization and which is in every way fitted to do so, have spread their cheap and nasty allurements to the East. The bouncing heroine with goggle eyes and a mouthful of crocodile teeth—the crude melodrama—the cheap thrills—the grossness and egotism—in short, the whole repulsive *ensemble*—of these productions, is the same all the world over. And it must give the Japanese a very poor opinion of the beauty and intelligence of the West.

Conceit, personal and national, is not infrequently put down to the debit of the Japanese. The present writer can only disclaim ever having come across it. The vapourrings of chauvinistic journalists are alike in every country: and indeed, Japanese newspapers appear in these days to be much more given to searching of heart in view of real or supposed national shortcomings. The boisterous arrogance of so many uncultured Germans—the insular conviction of invincibility entertained by so many uneducated English—the self-satisfied egotism of so many bourgeois French—

is not readily to be encountered in Japan. It is entirely foreign to the Japanese idea of good manners to exalt one's own belongings or one's own country: and it would be a strange thing if conceit were readily to be detected behind this impenetrable veil. Possibly the legend of Japanese conceit is traceable to the stories of foreign teachers whose well meant efforts at help may often have been rejected by their pupils out of sheer sensitiveness.

For another characteristic of the Japanese which has been generally remarked upon is this sensitiveness of theirs. Not even among the Spaniards has the point of honour been so sedulously regarded as among the Japanese—and although it is not often carried to such extremes as in feudal times, it remains a very marked feature of the national idiosyncrasy. It pervades all classes of society. It is not only the nobleman who takes as his motto *mori quem dedecori :* the signalmen whose carelessness caused the death of a man at a level crossing just outside Tokio the other day calmly arranged their few belongings, wrote an apology, and sat down before an approaching train.

The Japanese have no cruel sports, unless baseball and long-distance running are to be reckoned such. There is a little shooting for pleasure, but no fox-hunting, no bull-ring, no pigeon-shooting. Some things strike the stranger rather curiously. Thus for instance, he may have been inclined to consider the Japanese a very small and slightly built race. They are not tall, it is true, though it is believed they are growing taller; but they are certainly not all slight and wiry in build. Apart altogether from the highly specialized class of wrestlers, the Japanese are frequently plump, substantial, and even rosy-cheeked. The Japanese lady, however, believes in enhancing her good looks with white powder: it is not a case of *ars celare artem*, for the powder is candidly displayed as an improvement upon nature, rather than invoked as an assistance to it. Another feature for which books will hardly have prepared the traveller, is the prevalence of *hakama* (wide stiff pleated trousers) as the working costume of educated girls. School girls, typists, clerks and students are almost invariably when on duty bent to be found in this rather ugly integument which has nevertheless the *cachet* of extreme respectability. It forms part of the gentlemen's full-dress attire, and corresponds to some extent to the silk hat or the frock or morning coat of English life. The Tokio Club strongly demands the wearing of *hakama* by its members when in Japanese dress on the premises. So do Government offices and official institutions generally. School girls wear it of maroon, crimson, violet, dark blue or pea-green: and such is the reverence for this garment that a person who has had "a past" (however unsuspected) has been known to be unable to bring herself to wear it.

Then the garden of Japanese is not a flower-garden, still less a lawn-garden,—it might be much more accurately described as a moss-garden. Ancient moss and ancient stone are its essential features. And beaten earth is regarded as the most appropriate setting for these jewels. The modern engineer, with his bare hard gravelled roads and ruthless broad stone channelling, is as remote as possible from the delicate and fastitious artist in stone and moss. His work is to be seen in some of the great centres of thought and worship. Time will mellow it. Another superficial aspect of Japanese life is that Japan is indifferent to mud. The Japanese walks in *geta*, which are neither clogs nor sandals, but a unique foot-gear the essential feature of which is that it is supported by two deep cross-ridges of wood. These raise the wearer well out of the dirt, and as the *geta* are invariably left outside in the road, the pedestrian is entirely indifferent to their muddy condition. She steps indoors spic and span from the worst mess outside. There is no half way house, so to speak, between the road and the drawing room—nothing really corresponding to lobbies, corridors and porches. And when you enter you will probably find the old greeting "*Ohayo!*" ("Still early!") superseded by "*Konnitshi wa!*" ("To-day!")

Somewhere I have seen it stated that the Japanese increases his caloric in cold weather by piling on more and more *Kimono*. I doubt whether this is much done, now-a-days. The texture of the *Kimono* varies according to season. In winter it is well quilted, in summer it is very thin, in the intermediate months it is subjected to a regular gradation. But it is not often duplicated—though the effect of duplication is given by the *eri* or fichu, worn beneath the *Kimono* at the neck. The *yukata* or gay figured bath-gown is of course a purely informal garment, for use at the sea-side and *en famille* only. The most ceremonial costume a Japanese lady can wear (short of ancient court costume) is of sober black, with a perfectly plain white silk *eri* peeping out. A less formal dress, much worn on special occasions such as evening parties, is of coloured cloth (just now, blue is a popular colour, and young girls are always right to be in mauve) with embroideries, generally very eleborate and beautiful, on the skirt in front. The ordinary dress is of striped silk, brown or indigo,—the width of the stripes corresponding to the age of the wearer: a loose mantle may be worn over this, and if it is of black silk with the small *mon* or badge embroidered (or, still better, dyed) in white, we have a very correct and refined costume for making calls. Of course the *obi*, or broad stiff sash, (narrow and soft for men, and worn lower down), is too well known to need remark. It may still, even in these utilitarian days, be as vivid and gorgeous as desired, and is often enriched with gold. It is not a very extravagant *obi* that would cost 1,000 rupees: and many cost much more. It is in a way, the jewellery of the Japanese lady—unless foreignized, she wears no bracelets, necklaces or ear-rings, though handsome finger-rings are becoming frequent. The eleborate coiffure is very frequently rejected in favour of a plain puffed chignon. Very foreign ladies part their hair and dress it low in the foreign style:—this is especially affected by the artistic and soulful.

Fashion changes, in Japan as elsewhere. The patterns of to-day will be hopelessly out of date in a year—colours will change—the favourite restaurant will be deserted—the guide-books will continue to prattle of discarded delights. O Kiku San now-a-days resents the pretty form of her name, which with its round initial circle makes you think of full moons and lakelets and song:—she prefers to be "Kikuko San", and leaves "O Kiku" to chambermaids.

It will not do to enter on the *geisha* problem. The missionary says that every *geisha* is improper. Enthusiasts for the defence assert that a *geisha* is a skilled entertainer; that and that only, and no more likely to be improper than anybody else. The truth seems to lie mindway. Like the actor's profession in Europe and America, the *geisha's* puts her very much in the way of objectionable advances: and not even the enthusiast could say that nothing ever comes of it. But exactly what proportion cross the line, it is difficult to guess. The fact that police inspection is not enforced seems to point strongly to a favourable conclusion. Recently it was stated that the foreign community in a seaport town had declined to attend an entertainment at which *geisha* were to be present:—the curious thing is, that the Japanese put it down to their unwillingness to mix with the *geisha* as social equals, and assured them that the *geisha* could play their little part and disappear! This, of course, would hardly have met the objection on the score of morality!

Before we pass from the subject of costume, let us assure the reader that the terrible combination of felt bowler hat and morning or frock coat is no longer a common sight in Japan. This salutary revolution has been accomplished by the Tyrolese hat—which has two great victories to its credit: the other being the dethronement of the top-hat in the United Kingdom.

But this is not a catalogue of "queer things about Japan". I come to my second point—Japan is growing. Not merely growing in wealth and power and knowledge and material possessions,—but seething with the ferment of vital growth. Japan is alive—vividly, consciously alive: reaching out in all directions towards a fuller development and a more complete self-expression.

For sixty years Japan has been busy assimilating the material fruits of western civilization. She is now hard at work examining its social and spiritual problems. The world may be assured that, detached as Japan may seem to be from the main current of economic, industrial and social developments, she is moving rapidly in these matters. It does not necessarily follow that she is moving exactly in the Western direction, or that her solutions are going to be precisely the Western solutions. She hopes to solve many problems which the West thought it had solved but of which it finds the solutions break down. Representative government and parliamentary institutions are no longer regarded as the last word in political science in Europe and America and Japan is not a country to swallow discarded shibboleths. The position of women is no longer regarded in Europe as a thing to be settled by Factory Acts and restrictive legislation of that type: and in Japan it is undergoing, all unseen, a profound transformation. In all directions Japan is growing, and though the result of the spiritual ferment may not be apparent for years, the observer who looks below the surface will be convinced that in this region of the earth, before very long, there will be seen a development of thought and practice of the utmost value and importance for the world. Japan will not be content with the Occidental solutions, but will apply to the problems of society, industry and politics her peculiar solvents of good temper and delicate tact and harmony.

The variety of magazines, well got up and eagerly read by millions, is amazing. The keenness of desire to get at the root of social problems, and to solve them for the benefit of humanity, is equally striking. In the West, there is nothing like this popular urge towards a right social development. Western thought on the subject of progress is dilettante on the part of the well-to-do and crudely confiscatory on the part of the masses. There is little of this infertile antagonism in Japan. Instead, there is a real stirring of the intellect and heart throughout the nation, a determination to carry out the Japanese spirit (*Jamato-damashii*) to a triumphant flowering and development, ever progressing from achievement to achievement, until the children of the Sun Goddess have finished the work she began myriads of ages ago.

This is not a matter of vulgar territorial ambition. It is not a desire to "paint the map red." The question of territorial expansion is a quite different question, and varying opinions may be entertained regarding its advisability. We may be sure, however, that if Japan's territory expands it will not be through aggression. After two wars with great empires, (both forced on her if she desired to remain Japan at all), she has no ingrained liking for the hell of which she has twice in twenty-five years experienced the horrors. The only cause of war is, and always will be, human ferocity---and the Japanese is not ferocious! The kindly missionary Verbeck was not, perhaps, happily inspired when he entitled his book---"*Among Gentle Japs.*" But he was a good deal nearer the truth than those who affect to regard the Japanese as a nation of "militaristic" swashbucklers. The Japanese is brave and sensitive, but he is a gentleman, and he keeps his temper well in hand. Centuries of discipline have made it part of his nature. You will never see a street fight in Japan. Or, if you do, it will stop at vigorous pushes---the brutal fisticuffs of the West are beneath even the lowest coolie-boy.

Japan's ambitions are not set on aggression and expansion. What she does, however, earnestly desire is something which no other nation will lose by giving her, and that is due consideration and respect. She has adopted the "simple life" for which the West professes such disinterested admiration: and she does not like to be looked down upon for it. She has not yet adopted the new gospel of the hatefulness of work; but she thinks she has a right to please herself in this matter. She is proud of her idiosyncrasies, and she does not see why they should disentitle her to respect. It is undeniable that special regulations directed overtly or covertly against her people, are resented as implying inferiority or dislike. It is useless to say that such regulations are rendered necessary by the mere difference which exists between Japanese and Western customs, without implying praise or blame. Such an attitude would set up a Chinese wall of exclusion, which in fact no nation desires. Good manners and customs, however novel, are eagerly welcomed. Everywhere Japanese art and literature have profoundly modified Western thought for good. It is not because the Japanese are different that such pains are taken to exclude them. No doubt, the person who leaves his country is not always the most favourable specimen of his race. But when the offscourings of Europe are freely admitted, can it be wondered at if the excluded Japanese feels that he is not put on the level which his culture entitles him to? Whether it be on account of racial dislike, or whether it be merely on account of the desire on the part of the Caucasian "to shut the door by which he himself entered," and to prevent economic competition, exclusion is felt by the Japanese to be the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit.

By all means let a nation fix its standard of immigration. Let it work out its own destinies in its own way. Impose any tests that may be desired on the newcomer: the Japanese is willing to satisfy them all, provided they be tests of worth and capacity. But if they are the mere caprices of jealousy: if they exclude the best and most capable of men simply because he happens to be a Japanese, then there is aroused a sense of bitterness which cannot but rankle in the mind.

If legitimate Japanese aspirations are to be accorded their due satisfaction, such racial discrimination must be abandoned. The alien immigration laws of the United States (whatever may be the case in British Columbia and other colonies of the British Empire) are quite strong enough to exclude the ignorant, the dirty, the vicious, the rebellious. Why should the invidious assumption be maintained that to be a Japanese is necessarily to be as undesirable a neighbour as any of these? "The Japanese cannot be assimilated!" But do we want to be all alike—turned out to one uniform pattern? And is American culture so unattractive and weak that it glides off from the Japanese like water off a duck's back? And has the experiment been tried? *Are* Japanese not to be assimilated? The candid inquirer will, it is believed, find a multitude of instances to the contrary. If American and British civilization is the beneficent thing that it is generally believed to be, it need have no fear of failing to assimilate foreign elements.

But in truth the issue is seldom placed on that plane. However attempted to be justified on the grounds of "difference" or "unassimilability", the exclusion is as a fact felt by the Japanese to be a slur. However different or unassimilable they may be, they feel that they would not be excluded if they were respected as equals in culture. No nation can permanently tolerate such a position.

It is particularly hurtful to Japan to find occasional Britons joining in countenancing such intolerance. For in Japan Britain is known to be a firm friend. She has more than once proved herself such; and a slight from a friend is hard to bear. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the cardinal proof of Japan's policy, and will remain so, through the nature of things, under whatever shifting changes of form. It is not an alliance *de convenance.* A real and hearty mutual appreciation has subsisted for twenty years between the whole people of the United Kingdom and those of Japan. It would be nothing short of lamentable if the jealousies of traders, and the crude xenelasia of perfervid patriots should cast a cloud on this happy *entente,* while is one of the surest guarantees of the world's peaceful development in the future.

This, and this alone, is Japan's ambition. To develope her genius and culture to the utmost of her power, and to have it recognized by the rest of the world on a footing of equality and harmony. Such an ambition can hurt nobody: and a nation can entertain no higher aim.

Well, *sayonara,* reader! This varied and lovely Japan does not show her highest beauties to the hasty visitor, so that the explorer still has much to reward him. The exquisite shores of Amekusa—the Scottish like fiord of Omura Gulf—the Corniche roads of Atami—the lakes of Surwa and Towada—the lagoon of Hamamatsa—did you ever hear of them before? No; of course not! There are endless new scenes for the enterprising traveller*: besides the established glories of Kioto, Nikko, and the Three Scenic Beauties. And in the exclusion of the Unbeaten Tracks one finds at its best the spirit of Old Japan. For the unimaginative, who must have their breakfast bacon, their blankets and their billiards, there are the comfortable tourist hotels at the tourist centres, well worth staying at, and superbly worth seeing: but this is no new story.

Sir Edwin Arnold used to advise the traveller in the East "not to complain if he found a few rose-leaves crumpled under him." But in Japan the crumpled rose-leaves are not to be found:---except by those who make it their business in life to search for crumpled petals.

If the visitor forgets that there is a good deal of cold weather in Japan during the early months of the year---that Tokio and the great cities are in a state of transitional architecture---that the rainy season is apt to be wet, and that he has come to see novelties and not familiar objects of the breakfast-table---he may be likely to find crumpled leaves. Few visitors are so irrational—but the species is not unknown.

Japan is peculiarly a country whose problems and conditions must be studied on the spot. It will repay long and loving study---but it will not unlock its secrets to the crude inquisitor. It does not wear its heart on its sleeve. But to penetrate its secret there only needs for the traveller to take in his valise the magic powder of respect and sympathy.

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* The excellent magazine published by the Japan Tourist Bureau, Tokio, is quite invaluable for pointing them out.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

BY MARGARITA YATES.

An appalling sound as of a violent explosion followed by a long series of creaks, groans and gasps, and a suffocating smell of petrol, caused Noellie, the charming French maid who had been leisurely dusting my piano, to rush to the window and fling it open. Living as I do upon the main road from Paris to Marseilles and being, especially since the war, forcibly accustomed to every variety of sound emitted by the passage of troops of all lands with their war paraphernalia, I followed more slowly, and just in time to see an English uniform emerge from the cloud of dust and smoke that surrounded a very decrepit motor lorry which had suddenly precipitated a portion of its internal mechanism into the road and had come to a most complete standstill.

"He's English," said Noellie sympathetically, "and that lorry will never move again if I'm not mistaken; poor thing, all alone in a strange land! Of course you'll go and talk to him, Mademoiselle?"

Noellie is the most graciously sympathetic person I ever met; she has the extraordinary capacity of putting herself mentally into the position of every person she comes into contact with. For that reason she has the appearance and dignity of a princess because she never thinks of herself, but is always calmly considering how she can best please and solace the persons in her immediate vicinity.

However, I did not at once go out to speak to the Englishman. At least two million Englishmen have passed my window during the last five years, and we have spoken to some hundreds of them, and found by experience that our well meant efforts at hospitality were not always well interpreted. As, for instance, when having invited four very dusty and tired young officers, *en route* for the Italian plains, to dinner, one of them remarked audibly and languidly as he left us, that he was "tired of being invited out to dinner by strange people." So I waited until some more enterprising person should tell me what sort of an Englishman this might prove to be. An hour later "Takko" came to call on me. "Takko" is our town's best chauffeur and does a flourishing trade in driving hired motors for a local proprietor. He seems so intimately part and parcel of every variety of motor car, and knows their idiosyncrasies so perfectly that he is considered by all to be himself a sort of living motor, hence his name, which in the slang of the French soldier means simply "Motor." "Takko" was unusually and exceptionally dirty; he wore his "blouse d'ouvrier" and explained that he had emerged from beneath the English Motor Lorry, and that it would probably never move again of its own accord in this world. He had gathered from its driver, who spoke some French, that the lorry had been part of the original "Armee active Anglaise," and that since the Retreat from Mons it had never ceased to render service. He continued by saying that the Englishman was very nice, that he, personally, had invited him to dinner, and that it was my duty as an Englishwoman to invite him to supper. I never quarrel with "Takko"—he is too useful. When all the trains are out of order—as happens frequently in these parts—for a reasonable sum he conducts me rapidly and safely to any place to which I may desire to go; besides this he defends me from unjust extortion by the way. So the Englishman was invited to supper, and he came, delighted, having in the meantime found a Senegalese, conductor of a French lorry who had towed the disabled English one on to the "Place due Taurobole," where the Gendarme had said it might spend the night.

The "Englishman" informed us he was Irish, and came from Dublin. He was quite a nice young man, modest, intelligent, well behaved, also he talked well. He had been in France "from the very beginning;" and he held forth on all he had seen and heard, and his own impressions of the country. "And the most wonderful thing of all," he said, "but of course you know it as well as I do!" He paused to give more emphasis to his words. "The French are all so very rich; they all have enough to eat; there are no poor in the country."

He then launched forth into a long discourse on the difference, the appalling difference between Ireland and France, between even England and France, and the pain he was going to suffer on his return home on seeing such real and heartrending poverty. I agreed with him. Every time I am in London, I come in after the shortest walk with, either an empty purse, or an aching heart that forbids me to eat my dinner in peace, and makes me consider myself a malefactor for daring to have a solid roof over me. Here, nothing of the sort occurs; I know that all the people I meet are probably much richer than myself. No one begs from me. No one looks hungry, and, when I have finished with my clothes, it is difficult to find any one to give them to. I am certain no one in England can even imagine the well distributed wealth, the enormous riches of France. France is certainly destined by Providence to be the happiest country in creation—not of course while the war devastated a portion of her fair face, but under all ordinary circumstances. Even during the war, all those not immediately engaged in fighting, have been gaining such stores of gold as we can hardly dream of, and not merely gaining it, but keeping it, which makes all the difference.

Whereas in England, well paid miners and other workers, have certainly been spending their money on trips to the seaside, ornate brass bedsteads, heavily framed enlarged portraits of their grandparents, and many such trifles, the French working classes have been laying aside solid stores of money, or else buying such useful and profitable things as vineyards, farms, or well-stocked, well-placed shops. Thus, not only is their own future assured, but that of their descendants. During the war, the French workman and French peasant have been rising slowly but surely into a new class, a sort of "sub-bourgeoisie", if one may so call it, and at the present moment it is extremely interesting, especially to a foreigner, to watch its gradual evolution. I have spoken perhaps a little too disparagingly of my own countrymen, so I must here admit that money is made far more easily in this country than in England, owing to the fact that the labour does not meet the demand for it, and there is no competition.

France could easily support twice the population she has at present, and no one for that, need be any the poorer, since her natural riches are so great, and they suffer much from having too little labour to work them.

Let us take a few cases to illustrate this. In the small town where I live, a certain wine merchant has been hunting for an office boy for six months. So far, in spite of repeated advertisements in papers, and enquiries all round, not one boy has applied for the post. A friend of mine who had a large garden has been obliged to sell it because, not even by offering the most princely wages can she succeed in finding a gardener. My friend "Takko" tells me he has recently been offered fifteen posts! I believe him; here he makes £1 a day exclusive of tips. He stays because he likes the neighbourhood; also the "Villa des Tulipes" is for sale, and he is thinking of buying it, because there is a cherry orchard attached to it, and he can make nearly enough money to live on for a year by selling the cherries at ½ a lb.—their usual price since the Armistice.

This brings me to another point: the enormous wages that this new class asks and gets, wages that would make discontented sufferers from "the increased cost of living," in England gasp with astonishment. Any self-respecting workman in a large town now easily makes £2 a day. Here, a child of 14 learning to make boot-blacking is paid 13 *s.* a day. An odd job man who has recently worked for me asks 16 *s.* a day and refreshments, which include two bottles of wine, coffee, liqueurs. Deprived of the "refreshment" he would simply leave his employer "plante la," as they say here; otherwise in plain English he would go away, leaving his work in the middle, and would call for his money the next day!

Being possessed of so much money, this new class is becoming very powerful. What is it going to do, and what is its ultimate position? It will not displace the Commercial Bourgeoisie, because that class too is increasing its profits in proportion, and is on its way to become a race of millionaires---French ones, I mean, for I am thinking in millions of francs and not in pounds sterling. Millionaires in pounds sterling will, I believe, always remain comparatively rare!

No, what will happen and is indeed already happening, is that the person with the small assured income will cease to exist, because in order to meet the frightful demands on his purse, he will be forced to work, and, having begun to work, and seeing with what facility money is made in these days he will develop a taste for work, and thus help to increase more and more the phenomenal riches of this country, since, up to the present, lack of labour has been her chief obstacle to success. In the old easy days before the war France abounded in "petits rentiers." Men retired early in life from Bank, Office, or Railway, and, content with modest incomes of from £80 to £500 a year according to their position, lived in the utmost comfort in this land of plenty, where fat fowls cost 2-6 a pair, and eggs were 3½d. a dozen. Where, in the country, you rented house and vineyard for £12 a year, and where railways transported you where you wished for eight centimes a kilometre 2nd class! In the beginning of the social upheaval the "petit rentier" was very cross. He groaned and gasped, and talked about "trying to make both ends meet." Finally, when the ends did not meet, when even by cutting down such expenses as a daily paper and an occasional visit to his married daughter in the next town, he could not manage to live; he ended by accepting work of some kind and is now beginning to flourish again.

I know that, according to statistics England and America are far richer than France. That is because some few and happy mortals possess the wealth of Croesus and this counterbalances the poverty of large classes of the people. I do not know America, but in comparison with England, France presents a pleasing and comforting spectacle. Why, I wonder, when we are the most powerful and important nation in the world do we allow all foreigners to be horrified by the spectacle of the poverty too plainly visible in the streets of London? A French lady recently returned from thence, told me that the thing which had impressed her most in the streets of our capital was the sight of "hundreds of children dressed in worn out rags begging for pence."

This is the direct contrast to the first impression of our Irishman here, and it is a by no means incorrect one. I have never been able to understand why we in England have always been so anxious to give away money to foreign charities when such painful misery exists at our own doors, and when the same foreigners we succour criticise us so severely for it.

Perhaps we do not need more charity that begins at home, but more economy, more method. Probably; I only wish our working classes could come over bodily and look at the French ones and learn some lessons from them!

Quite lately I came across a book on England written for the use of schoolgirls in the French Lycees. This book, after discoursing on the poverty visible in London, went on to say that it was due to the fact that the women of the British Working-classes did not know how to sew, and consequently they and their children were always in rags. But, even if they all knew how to sew would this poverty cease to exist?

I doubt it. The root of the whole matter seems to me, that, as a race, we are not economical, while, as a race, the French are almost always intensely so, nay even often avaricious.

As I finish these lines I see, walking down the road careless, dirty, and happy, Theodore, our dustman, who every morning from 6 to 10 a. m. scrapes up with his shovel, and throws into his cart, the multifarious debris which in this not unhealthy, but unconventionally unsanitary spot, the inhabitants have thrown from their doors into the road. Theodore, according to an announcement in the "Nouvelliste de Lyon" has just asked and obtained an increase of 83 francs a month in his wages. His income is now high, but, as I am not quite certain with its various recent "rises" what are the figures that exactly compose it, I cannot give it here. I know however that Theodore lives in a nice house of his own and has £2,000 and more safely invested!

I had mentioned Theodore to the Irishman. He groaned. "To think of it!" said he, "and where in Ireland could you find a dustman with £2,000? When I see this how can I ever bear the poverty of Dublin!" Nothing after this could cheer him. In vain we offered him "Vin Rouge de l'Hermitage," and "Petits Sabots", with jam in.

He was lost in impenetrable gloom. Suddenly, however, he seemed to cheer a little, he even smiled. "Such a lot of money must be a care to them," he said. "They must be afraid of losing it at times. After all, I'm glad I'm Irish; we're a more cheerful nation; these people don't know how to enjoy themselves!"

Somehow or other, I found he had the clue to the whole matter. One cannot be cheerful and very economical at the same time, and it is certain that in the whole of France there is not so much innocent, cheerful gaiety, as in the heart of any normal Irish or Englishman. Should we like to barter our cheerfulness for France's wealth? I doubt it.

We ended our dinner by singing "The Harp that Once Through Tara's halls," and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," most lustily, and in toasting the merits of our respective countries. Why those two songs you may ask? Because as the Irishman said "they are so entirely unforeign"! "God save the King" and "Tipperary" have become dangerously cosmopolitan, and as for Coon songs why I was once awakened at 2 a.m. by the passing of a French Regiment, the men of which were singing "Navaho" *in English*, and entirely out of tune!

I do not, however, think that Theodore would like to exchange his £2,000 for the Irishman's cheerfulness. "Chacun a son gout," but to return to our first subject, and at the same time to end:—France is a *very*, VERY astonishingly rich country!!

REFLECTIONS ON THE PROGRESS OF LABOUR.

By R. K. Sangameswara Iyer, M. A., L. T.,

"Those that most loudly clamour for liberty do not most liberally grant it."---Johnson.

From the latter half of the nineteenth century 'the labour problem' has been absorbing an ever-increasing share of attention in the current politics of all European contries. But within the last few years, the position of 'labour' has become so unique, that it has usurped for itself a very prominent, if not the first place, in national and international politics. In the first decade of this century a person of even the most conservative views would have unhesitatingly admitted that labour had a great future before it in the twentieth century and that "the economic organisation of the nineteenth and early tweentieth centures will not endure for ever, but will be gradually replaced by something else more suitable for its own day and generation;"* but in the boldest political prophet could not have anticipated with certainty the amazing developments of labour during the last few years.

Like all reactions labour has taken an extreme swing, at the end of which it stands in an "unstable equipoise with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning towards one side there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other." In the hands of liberty like England, France and the United States, the stages of its progress have been on the whole, of a steady, wholesome and progressive character, any excesses of the reaction having had a timely and effective check or restraint. On the other hand, in the lands of unveiled autocracy like Russia, being kept down for long under the iron heel of despotism, labour has at last burst all bonds with astonishing strength. During this convulsive struggle of labour for freedom, societies have been upset, crowns and kingdoms brought to dust, and time-honoured laws and institutions gasping under its death grip. To such an extreme has the cause of labour and 'democracy', blinded desperate men that tasted liberty for the first time. Whether the success achieved at so great a cost will be used wisely to good and noble ends is still a matter of speculation and must be left to history to decide. It will not be a surprise, however, if even this extreme revolutionary school, come to realise, sooner or later, that after all progress of a solid nature, conducive to the common good of society can be achieved in a far more satisfactory way by conscious, peaceful evolution than by catastrophic revolution.

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* Prof. Cannon: Coal Nationalisation.

If the masses were made to realise that progress would be smooth, steady and certain when it takes place gradually in a normal evolutionary way, accelerated, if necessary, by conscious direction along wholesome lines, and that all other abnormal attempts guided by "laws imposed by the will," only retard it and often set back the hands of the clock of progress, much could be accomplished by way of world progress. The evolutionary point of view would again bring hope to the desperate, a cheerful outlook for the forlorn, and ultimately drive out all thoughts of progress by short-cuts from the human mind. It would again emphasise the fact that the present changes, economic or political, "are merely a link in a great chain of continuous development that extends back to the beginning of human existence and that must continue in the future." * No doubt the changes appear to be especially rapid at present, yet the forces can be consciously directed to good ends if sufficient thought and consideration are bestowed upon them and the lessons of history are not left unheeded.

Let us briefly examine how labour attained the enviable position of to-day when it is recognised as a potent factor to be reckoned with in national and international politics. It has, certainly, not reached this stage by endless and abrupt revolutions at every stage. We can clearly mark out distinct steps in its progress, each succeeding step proceeding out of and dependent upon the previous one.

When labour in the modern sense came into existence at the end of the eighteenth century its position was like that of a puny infant under the care of a step-mother. It was ill-paid, ill-housed and ill-treated. For example in England in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the rising new towns, studded with factories 'belching smoke', was a vast field for the free play of innumerable unwholesome forces on the poor, destitute factory labourer and his family. "The new species of gentlemen", bucked up by the "insular doctorines of the older economists"

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* Prof. Ely: Evolution of Industrial Society.

utilised child labour, as well as labour in general, so greedily and mercilessly, that it was feared that there would be national deterioration ere long. The physical and moral wreck brought about by the new, unwholesome factory conditions, on the lives of men, women and children, were such as to "undermine the English race itself." In this initial stage, labour, itself an infant, was helpless, and it sought help at others' hands for its amelioration. The much-needed help readily came; humanitarians and philanthrophists made common cause with the government and labour was safely nursed to maturity.

The next phase in the history of labour is marked by the recognition of its *individuality*—an object achieved mainly by the exertions of labour itself, when it had grown sufficiently strong to make its existence felt. The earlier industrial era was conspicuous by the complete absence of the personal tie between the employer and the employee, resulting in impersonal and cold-blooded bargaining. While there was every facility for concerted action by the employers, the labourers had none, and were entirely at the mercy of their masters. But improved education and the effectiveness of concerted action, showed them the path for the attainment of their goal. Unions of workmen in the different trades began to present a bolder front to their unscrupulous employers. The legitimacy and the economic soundness of these trade-unions were apparent, and although they were at first looked upon with suspicion, they were ultimately destined to triumph. The movement was a natural reaction to restore partially to the individual labourer, as a member of the union, that independence, which it had been his lot to lose in the transition from the small to the large-scale production.

The next phase again, in the history of labour is characterised by labour aspirations of a far-reaching nature. Labour comes to be more and more associated with democracy and representative government and there is a growing tendency on the part of labour to secure for itself a share in the art of government.

In its original sense the word democracy has been identified with representative government, as opposed to a despotic or oligarchic government, where the interests of one or those of a particular class of society alone are prominent in the art of governing. This aspiration of labour was crowned with success, as in the nineteenth century the political emancipation of labour was also gradually and successfully effected.

Coming to recent times, we find the word 'democracy' has been slowly undergoing a change in its connotation, simultaneously with the further progress of labour. The new democracy is associated more and more with a government headed by, and confined to, the working members of a community alone. The new democracy is not content with securing for labour a voice in the councils of the state, but it attempts to concentrate governmental authority solely in its hands. "It is this bid for monopoly (of sovereign power) which inevitably detracts from the representative character of the movement, and threatens to deprive it of the benefits attendant on a strictly representative institution---the charm of which consists in the opportunity it furnishes of discussing a particular question from various and not unoften conflicting points of view."

This oligarchy of labour that is really behind the charming word of democracy at present, has not only all the defects of any oligarchy, but possesses a number of other shortcomings in addition. The eagerness for power does not presuppose the capacity to handle it, as contemporary history has proved in Eastern Europe. Again, when labour becomes the sole sovereign authority it will naturally generate every suspicion and heart burning in the minds of everyone belonging to other classes of society; and the solidarity of government will thereby be undermined. To use the words of Sir Hugh Bell, "a cure will speedily come, but it may come after great suffering has been inflicted on the whole country." Yet this appears to be the exact line of progress that labour endeavours to chalk out for itself at present everywhere.

At present the enormous concentration of wealth in a few hands and the existence side by side of extreme luxury and abject poverty so characteristic of modern society, have given birth to the most re-actionary schools of labour. The extreme schools propose to do away with all existing institutions of society to bring social inequalities to a level. They demand a complete revolution of all society—in religion, in family and in politics—to bring about the desired end, *viz.*, a change in distribution. It is profitless to discuss these new Utopian schemes since "we are so habituated to the ways and means of the present society, that we cannot easily imagine what would be those of a society essentially so different."

Even the milder re-actionary schools of labour seem to be desirous of revolutionising the economic structure of society in the face of fundamental economic laws. The universal labour unrest in a country like England is, at present, as before, characterised by a persistent demand for better pay and more leisure. In order to effect this satisfactorily *Nationalisation* is proposed. If the state becomes the owner of all industrial enterprise, it is hoped that will bring with it higher wages and more leisure. But some thoughtful writers* have recently arrived at the conclusion "that the problem of securing high wages which people rather optimistically believe to be immediately possible, is to a great extent independent of the question of national and individual ownership, unless it is seriously believed that production would increase greatly if the state were the sole employer. The wealth of the country, however divided, was insufficient before the war for a general high standard of living; there is nothing as yet to show that it will be greater in the future. Hence the most important task---more important immediately than the improvement of the division of the product---incumbent on employers and workmen alike, is to increase the national product, and that without sacrificing leisure and the amenities of life." Again, "the demand for higher wages without a corresponding increased output was causing anxiety before the outbreak of war. The inordinate expenditure which the war brought with it seemed to justify the contention of the workmen that the claims they had put forward could easily have been met in the past and must be conceded when things became normal again. It was forgotten that all thought of economic production had ceased (during the war). We

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Prof. Bowley: The Division of the Product of Industry.
H. G. Williams: The Nation's Income.

were living not on the earnings of the year, but on credit raised on our expectations of the future." (Bell).

If that be the true picture of the situation, then the present inexorable labour demands will only bring the reverse of good to a nation. Nationalisation followed by fixing of wages and output, by acts of the Legislature regardless of production may prove to be a suicidal policy to the state. The incentive to individual gain, which is the crux of our economic structure at present, would disappear, and with it "the developments needed to find employment for our young people" in future will also disappear. In a word industrial progress will come to a standstill.

Sir Hugh Bell* has thus summarised the present position: "A universal unrest pervades the world. This had indeed already become apparent before 1914. The war has exacerbated the symptoms which were already sufficiently menacing. Remedies by legislation had been applied here and elsewhere without success. In the 19th century the political emancipation of the inhabitants of this country was gradually effected and brought about with relatively little trouble. It is not surprising that this should have led to the conclusion that economic changes could be effected with equal ease: Perhaps the confusion between a "law" imposed by the will of a legislature, and a "law" of nature, so called, is responsible for this conclusion. Having gained political freedom, comparatively easily, people seem to have thought that economic freedom could be got with equal facility. Concessions have been made, but the funds out of which these concessions were to come has not been increased.....We must obtain a larger product if we have more to divide. Restrictions in output whether produced by the act of the Legislature, the will of the worker, or the hindrance of a tariff, will fail to effect this....statutory prices and statutory hours offer no solution---rather increase the evil, than lessen it."

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* Presidential address to the economic section of the British Association.

Such in brief is the history of labour---a history that hardly extends over a century. What the future of labour will be, and whether it will utilise its power and influence in the economic and political spheres, for the general good of society, are only matters of speculation. But of one thing we may be certain, that the world may well regard its progress inextricably bound up with that of labour. One more thought occurs in this connection and that is this: "An exaggerated doctrine holding forth hopes that can never be realised, enlists the generous-minded to take up a mistaken cause and the result is seen sometimes in disappointment and wholly or partially wasted lives, and at other times in reaction and the abandonment of moderate measures which would be successful." Also the unrestricted tyranny of the strong follows in the wake of the levelling down of society and in the absence of all social regulations. Plato clearly realised this when he asserted that "the most aggravated forms of tyranny and slavery arise out of the most extreme form of liberty," and contemporary history appears to confirm it at every step.

INVOCATION.

By N. C. Raad.

Immortal Loveliness, Eternal Lord!
  From the empyrean of perfect bliss,
Through the illimitable azure deeps
  Of waneless, wild, unwitherable stars
Come lovingly, like one who is adored;
  Dear as the moon of Ramadan, whose bars
The muezzin marks, and unto him who weeps
  Dear as the sudden kindness of a kiss!

Come as the breath and blooming of a flower
  In barren pathless places; for my heart
Is like a mighty wilderness o'erstrown
  With broken relics of forgotten dead,
As passionless as they: infuse a power
  Into my nerveless frame, such strength as led
The Israelites, and rocked the pillared throne
  Of Pharoah, while he mused on magic art.

If I am humble shall I not be heard?
  Will not the Heavenly touch sad things of dust
And limbs befouled with failings of the flesh?
  Shall not my pleadings pierce the distant dome

Of the cathedral skies? Shall not some word
  Draw near me from my ante-natal home?
Must I be caught in a material mesh
  And cast forsaken on the shores of lust?

Rise, sweet quintessence of unwithering
  And all-redeeming love! Out of the womb
Of Time and loathy things that crawl and creep,
  Into the pure empyrean of power,
Resanctified through sin and suffering—
  Speak! I shall be holy in that hour.
Touch me, and the scorpions shall sleep
  And wake no more, nor sting me in the gloom.

Then shall I rest me in a golden dream
  Under the palm-trees, under the blue,
And many birds shall meet before my tent,
  And carol magic tales of Eastern lands;
Then I will watch the stars, till it shall seem
  That I can almost touch them with my hands,
Touch them, and draw down the firmament.
  So I may see thy face, Lord, looking through.

(From "Puck's Garden." Selwyn and Blount, London, 3/6).

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TREASURE.

BY MEREDITH STARR.

—o—

One draught from the secret well of Life
Is worth all empires bought by strife.

Things that can never be bought or sold
Turn to ashes the world's proud gold.

And a wandering beggar's simple prayer
Outweighs all thrones that are propped by care.

EXCESS VERSUS MODERATION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO BOON COMPANIONS.

Rendered and adapted from the original.

BY N. Y. Z.

FIRE-EATER---Greetings---May the Peace of God descend upon you.

SLOW-COACH---Halloa! I reciprocate your blessings. Hope you are well. What an age it is since we met. Why friend! what is the matter? We never seem to meet and you don't appear to bother about us poor folk! Why are we estranged?

But never mind, let us have a rare old buck. I'll just launch forth---Tell me, why do we see nothing but topsy-turvydom, all round us in the World now-a-days?

Good Lord! If things continue very much in this way, then what will happen? "Nunc dimittis!" "Thy Kingdom come," I presume!

But seriously have you thought over the matter from this point of view? Wherever you turn, you find nothing but confusion worse confounded. We seem to have fallen upon strangely evil days---for on all sides we hear nothing but the counsels of perfection. One chap says---"Strike" ---another says "boycott". Some preach "Hartal", some others concentrate on the "Khilafat question"—In the midst of all this the women-folk of the country are working out grand plans for themselves—borrowing ideas without examination—as the ground work of their schemes. To crown all prices in this country seem to have developed a spirit of rivalry with the American "sky-scrapers."—Heaven knows what is to come next.

But, please God, even these the clouds will disperse, leaving sunshine behind. Life is never the same and I fancy in all ages sorrow and happiness have alternated. So let us pray:—"Oh Merciful God, Creator and Protector of the Universe have mercy on thy Creatures. Whether good, after Thy heart, or full of evil—we are Thine and owe our existence to Thee. Keep us from evil and lead our steps on the path of righteousness. Oh God Almighty—it is the truth and nothing but the truth that not a single leaf on the branch of a tree can move except in obedience to the laws ordained by Thee." Old friend! it breaks my heart to see that in these days of civilisation and advancement, man is rather intent on ignoring God and discarding all moral responsibility—Is not the exhortation "Live for others" as full of wisdom to-day as ever it was? Then why don't we help each other instead of cutting each others' throats.

Why don't we apply ourselves to the prosperity of the Country and work for peace and all its blessings! Mark my words—Egotism, which is at the bottom of all selfishness and all strife, will yet sound the deathknell of civilised society.

But let us take one thing at a time. I am afraid I am monopolising the conversation—which has so far been very one-sided, but you are the wise one and I seek enlightenment---what is this bogéy of "Khilafat"?

What are the true mainsprings of the deep sympathy which is being professed? Can you give me any instances of sympathy felt for us in distant countries the memory of which imposes upon us the moral obligation to sympathise so actively now? I, for one, don't remember any talk even until only a few years ago as regards any such obligation under which we had been placed. Bearing in mind the grateful nature of our countrymen, it is hard to believe that if there had been any call on our gratitude it wouldn't have rung through the length and breadth of the country. My knowledge of history may be defective, but so far as I know it, I can't remember any occasion on which the people of other countries showed such marked sympathy with us that in return we are now obliged as moral beings to reciprocate.

If I am right in my facts, then why this turmoil? If the fuss we are making is based upon expediency, then our tactics are unquestionably wrong. Is it not possible to eschew aggresiveness and adopt methods that would be an example to the world: in other words, can't we gain our ends without throwing mud and getting bespattered ourselves?

I grant that the pursuit of such a course presupposes the exercise, in the highest degree, of the virtues of forbearance and unity, not to say of knowledge and impartiality. And further, the virtues must be supported by honesty of purpose, truthfulness of speech and above all by Godfearingness. We may shut our eyes to it---but it is an eternal truth that these virtues alone lead to eventual success---and I think I may say that even the happenings of recent times have vindicated this truth. Of course it is a question of time. You know the old children's story of the tortoise and the hare.

To adapt one of our own proverbs:---"It is better to eat bread that is cold than to eat that which is too hot."

With my 19th Century outlook on life, what I am bothered about is that if the present conditions as to aims and methods continue the consequences to the country may be very grave indeed. I want to feel assured that there is intelligent and practicable thought behind the course that is being pursued. I, for one, feel that we are perilously near disaster.

Have you ever considered that the weaker always goes to the wall and further that strife and controversy always react upon the poor and the rebound is never over the heads of those who have egged them on to action which they never understood. Why should the ignorant poor be dragged into your political or economic battles: but they are and on the principle that the wrong doer must suffer they have to pay the penalty of being the apparent miscreants. Therefore, don't we owe to the poor toilers to tell them not to be taken in by the blandishments of those who, though they may be perfectly honest in their aims, yet have not the faculty to forecast the result of their acts and who suffer from a morbid craving for excitement. They must be made clearly to understand that when the time for the reckoning comes those who have championed their cause and stirred them to white fury will not be those to weather the storm which their ostensible philanthropy has raised. For my part, I can only proclaim from the house tops:---Oh poor:—Oh innocent, don't be gulled by the prospect of the millenium of to-morrow and don't sacrifice your lives and the happiness of your homes for the chimera of better conditions. In the name of Heaven, consider your helpless wives and your even more helpless children. Perhaps it doesn't matter what happens to you but what is to happen to them poor unfortunates. True the All-wise, Omniscient God looks after the humblest of his creatures but why has the omnipotent endowed you with reason and why do you, with your eyes open, court disaster for those near and dear to you? So don't be trapped and don't yield to any witchery but go steadily along your appointed route cheered by your faith and your honest heart within.

Dear friend, I know you are just bursting to criticise all that I have said, on account of your convictions which are bred of the new fangled notions but you quite realise that I have no ulterior purpose to serve and my only desire is the good of the people. I don't hanker after fame—no, not even after popularity—and certainly I have no private end to serve. Therefore, I have ventured to say what my conviction impels me to say for the good of my countrymen, for the good of our brethren. It is up to you to listen to and ponder or to reject it all with scorn. One thing is clear that the poor go to the wall. Show me a case in which the "Big Guns" have ever suffered. My one regret is that even those whom a Wise Providence has called to give us Peace and Contentment have so far done nothing to enable the people to understand the real facts of the various cases—and how they are coloured and distorted and embroidered to mislead the public.

Take the question of prices. They have attained a level which has given rise to a dismal outlook. As a sign of the times, I recall the fact that the other day some one pleaded through the public Press with the trading world for consideration, but that pleading seems to have gone for nothing, probably because the suggestion put forward was summarily dismissed as quixotic. So much might be said for the Government that it is awkward for them to interfere in matters of this nature which are best settled by invoking the public spirit of the people who are directly concerned with and control these affairs. In that view, would it not be better if we public men got together and evolved some way out of the difficulty in a spirit of compromise and humanity. Supposing we formed a representative body which would command respectful hearing and advise as to the lines on which the poor can be saved from starvation, consistently with leaving a fair margin of profit to the trade and ensuring the prosperity of the country. It is true that such a *via media* will make excessive profits being earned by traders and merchants impossible but lower returns thus secured, there is no question of loss, it can be surely made up by increased enterprise and a wider field of business which is the real desideratum. Let it not be forgotten that the health of the labourer is the greatest economic asset, for on it ultimately depends the earning capacity of the big capitalist.

I plead for going slow as regards the various questions that are being taken up all a heap. "Hasten Slowly"—percipitous haste is disastrous.

An essential factor in our progress is the working shoulder to shoulder of East and West resulting from genuine mutual good will and an earnest desire on either side to help and co-operate with the other. We should clearly realise our dependence upon the West as regards invention and execution; our knowledge of industrial chemistry, the Engineering sciences and the healing arts, three of the most important fields of present human activity: for that matter all knowledge of any practical utility is derived by us from the West and we are dependent upon it for being kept au fait with the advances made in this direction. Not only that, but we have developed such a penchant for things Western that they have become indispensable to our daily life. As against this, we find an entire absence of confidence, amongst ourselves, in our countrymen who know the practice of these various arts and sciences. What a pretty predicament we are in then?.

Of course the reply to my pleading for working hand in hand with the West would be that the nations of that quarter of the globe are so intoxicated with power that there can be no hope of fair play at their hands. Granted, but doesn't the remedy for this lie in bringing about friendly intercourse leading to a proper understanding---rather than in the Roland for an Oliver policy. Remember that the chances of success must remain remote as long as a thorough understanding is not established. I am sure many can speak from personal experience as regards the charm and solvent effect of happy social relations. I grant that as to this matter fearful short-sightedness characterises the attitude of both sides---but then we are in the position of those who have concessions to obtain. This view may be accepted or not, but the fact remains that there is no getting on without a correct understanding. Therefore, in the conditions that are, the best policy would seem to be to gain the good will of those with whom we have been yoked to pull together. Conceit will not pay no, nor insolence either. I think it is an accepted deduction of social philosophy that "Pride goeth before destruction." He would be a bold man who would assert that he is entirely free from defects. Human nature was not intended to be perfect in all details—all races, all communities, all individuals have their defects. So we, for our part, must take large views and preserve a human attitude—also let us make up our minds that we shall come out victorious only if we carry on the fight with the weapons of honesty and toleration. Those who are moved by false pride and who set a great store by mere cleverness are bound in the long run to be worsted in the struggle. Time must fight on our side and must have our patience as his ally.

The history of the world is the history of humbled pride: the wonder only is that even apparent dangers do not suffice to keep people from going headlong to ruin when they, by different tactics, might easily become public benefactors. Who knows but there may be a wise ordainment of Providence behind it all. Just consider what a riot of irrationality there is all around us. The world seems to have gone crazy and a particular "stunt" is the order of the day. The world all round presents an amazing spectacle---instead of being a sight for the Gods it is enough to make the angels weep. It all reminds one so forcibly of the words of Hafiz who when bewailing the cycle of the Moon said;

این چه شوریست که در دور قمر می بینم
همه آفاق پراز فتنه و شر می بینم
هیچ رحمی نه برادر به برادر دارد
هیچ شفقت نه پدر را به پسر می بینم
دختران را همه جنگ است و جدل با مادر
پسران را همه بدخواه پدر می بینم
اسپ تازی شده مجروح به زیر پالان
طوق زرین همه در گردن خر می بینم
ابلهان را همه شربت ز گلاب و قند است
قوت دانا همه از خون جگر می بینم
پند حافظ بشنو خواجه برو نیکی کن
زانکه این پند به از درو گهر می بینم

What is this riot that I see in the cycle of the Moon.
The whole universe seems to be filled with tumult and confusion.
Brothers have no mercy on each other: nor has the father any soft feeling for his son.
The daughters are eternally at war with their mothers; and sons actually wish their fathers ill.
The thorough bred horse is sorebacked under a mule load: while the necklace of gold goes to adorn the asinine neck.
The foolhardy's beverage is the syrup of rose and candy: while the lot of the man of wisdom is to subsist upon his own heart's blood.
Listen to Hafiz's advice. Oh thou respectable one go do good in the World: for this advice is better than all the pearls and precious stones.

Oh Lord! of the Universe forgive us our transgressions, listen to our wail: as the wail of Thy helpless ones in agony. Oh Loving Father ! guide our steps aright and give us the two highest boons: Peace and Contentment.

AT A SPECIAL SCHOOL.

By Constance Clyde.

After a varied life of journalistic adventure I found myself deprived of half my literary earnings by the war. Accordingly I furbished up my knowledge of mentality, re-read Froebel, Montessori and others, and seeing wanted a teacher for Mentally Defective Girls applied for the position. When I wrote later to a journalistic friend that I felt quite at home withe the imbeciles he seemed to think this statement rather a reflection on the newspaper office in which I had lately been employed.

Strange is that first glimpse of those queer little beings. Not that all are ugly, some are quite pretty, the latter beings often the more hopeless intellectually. They are entirely unselfconscious, however, and have little friendships with one another just like more rational beings. When I arrive they are playing a circle game, and true to the proper method of treatment I ask them to show it to me instead of immediately giving them something new. This I notice arouses the contempt of an attendant who remarks, as I afterwards hear, "Call that being a teacher." An uneducated person's definition of a teacher is always "someone who sees a child doing something and makes it do something else." Attendants in such residential schools are often more of a trial than the children. In fact after a while one feels a dazed wonder which are the imbeciles, children or caretakers. For instance I remember once remarking to an attendant who seemed more intelligent than the others that a certain mindless girl was probably a surgical case. Later over the teacups were heard screams of laughter as she narrated this extraordinary idea to a companion. They had not discovered it even in fiction!

Half the girls in my class were aphasic. It was quite an event when a new girl came, and "Teacher, she can talk" my monitor sometimes announced. Talking was like knowing Latin to an ordinary child. It was quite reasonable that a child should arrive quite ignorant on the subject, only it was her business to achieve something in the elocutionary line afterwards. I discovered, or think I discovered, a method of arousing the speech faculties, and then one schoolroom would be enlivened by rumours that some hitherto dumb child had been heard to say c. a. t. cat. Untruth as a mental more than a moral failing is one of the defects of the backward, and once they drag a child up to me with the awe-striken accusation—"Betty's swearing." Now Betty's contribution to our social chat has so far been a blank stare. Consequently were this report believable my reprobation as a moralist would be overcome by my joy as a mind healer. Emulation is a strong force with these little folks, and it really became a trouble at four o'clock to decide who should tidy up. When I see, however, how easily a child with very little mind can learn discipline and self-restraint I cease to believe in the uncontrollable child who appears so often in court with his spineless parent. There is no such being as an uncontrollable child any more than there is any such creature as an uncontrollable adult. That is to say both exist only in conjunction with some form of insanity.

My stay in this establishment has altered my ideas in some respects. Strange to say it has killed the modern notion that there is something unpleasant about these children and has induced the old fashioned Dickensian belief in their lovableness and innocence. Toots, Dorrit's Maggie, Mr. Dick, Smike, Barnaby Rudge, I have seen them all in female form. It would seem as if their heads were empty in order that their hearts might be more full. "There is not one of those children who has not something lovable about her," said a matron who was by no means prepossessed by them at first. The lovableness is caused by an ideal of service which I find easy to arouse in the fullest intellect. The service idea in its turn again inspires the intellect and helps to create co-ordination of ideas.

"Poor little things, do they ever guess what they are?" asks a sentimental lady visitor. "No," I reply brutally, "I sometimes wish that they did." What with visitors coming to admire their slate and plasticine work, some of my charges have an idea that they are "special" children in some complimentary sense of the word. I do not teach slang, or I'm certain Jean would say "I'm sure some girl," when she is successful at discovering that five and two are seven. Instead she runs up to me embracing me;—"Oh teacher, I am clever." "No, Jean," I reply firmly dislodging her, "you are a rather backward girl. In fact, none of you are very bright." "Oh! yes, we are," cry the speaking ones; "I think Mary's very clever," announces one, whereat Mary says her stunt c. a. t. cat rapidly. We discuss Mary and her perfect ability to make long speeches "when she likes." To chaff and discuss one another, to have fun is all part of the mind training. "Oh teacher I do love you," is a favourite exclamation when they enjoy the hitherto unknown pleasure of being chaffed.

The end of the war was I found a great disappointment to some of my charges. They had heard of it as a time when everyone would go home, and expected their own demobilisation in consequence. So I found Jessie C--in tears, Jessie whose ashamed parents have not had her home for two years. I comfort Jessie by drawing a possible picture of myself ill in bed and of her bringing in tea and toast of her own making. Jessie is really fifteen, but looks like a child of eight, rather long armed and bustling and housewifely, with an incipient maternal instinct that expresses itself in a strong love for "dear little babies." Our nature study for her has to stop at the dear little birds in their nests and the equally lovable little spiders in their silver tissue nursery. Needless to say insects that get into the schoolroom are tenderly raised on bits of paper and placed outside on the rose bushes. This type of child, contrary to what I have heard, seems to be devoid of cruelty.

Very many in the school are of the Mongol type. When a western child is born with a Chinese physiognomy it is a sure sign of idiocy though the same features in an eastern child might accompany high intelligence. The Mongol defectives are not very hopeful. Frequently they do not speak unless spoken to, and they will sit with down dropped eyelids for hours at a time. There is again the chattering type with the fixed idea. One of the latter threw her arms round me once. "Don't be so sentimental," I said thoughtlessly. "Don't say that," she cried. "Don't say what?" "Don't say I'm to be sent to the mental." Somone had told her that when backward girls are naughty they are sent to the mental, *i. e.* the mental hospital. The mental is the black hole of the normal child, but fortunately only the clever backwards as we somewhat illogically call them are ever troubled by the fear.

The life of a mentally defective child in a special school is rather dull, owing to a prevalent idea among the authorities that such children do not dislike monotony. As a matter of fact, as they progress they need variety as much as other young people. They rise at half past six or seven, the bigger ones dressing the little ones, at eight they breakfast, half an hour being allowed for each meal. Most of the worst cases learn to sit up and to eat with a little assistance. Until nine a. m. and sometimes later the scholars are helping in the house work, and I am afraid there is a suggestion of Dotheboy's Hall in the way in which scholars are called out to do something for the matron when they are supposed to be at lessons. These lessons consist of drill, dancing, the use of the Montessori apparatus, slate work, a little reading and writing, etc. All this is varied by walks and circle games. Mental training goes on during the day till four o'clock, and the teacher sometimes comes on again to supervise in the evening. On Sundays there is church going for the big girls, and it is pleasing to relate that only occasionally do good Christian worshippers object to their presence in the sanctuary. During the week there is occasionally attendance at a picture show, the manager kindly giving free admission. It is sad to reflect that a deaf girl simply on the score of plainness is never allowed to attend. Film pictures might well be an invention to cure imbecility as cards were for the insane, for they help towards co-ordination of ideas. Occasionally all the girls, a big family of seventy, are taken to the beach where they fraternize with ordinary children, to the anxiety of mothers who seem to think imbecility catching.

What is the future of these girls? Some will return to their homes, but even these, on the death of near relatives, will probably come back to end their days in an institution. Life is so complicated now-a-days, so much more will-power and self-determination are now expected that the number of mental defectives will technically, though perhaps not in reality, increase. Formerly when Squire and Parson could treat all peasants like mental defectives those that were really so could pass unnoticed. All the village was a Special School and all the villagers were lifelong scholars. This state of things, however, is of the past, and consequently we find in asylums girls who are merely simple and who, fifty years ago, would have married and brought up children quite unremarked. Housework is the best occupation for them; gardening is often quoted, but in this occupation the staff are more able to keep the lighter and more interesting work for themselves, leaving wheelbarrow and delving work to their charges. I have seen tree chopping by a stalwart girl (who at the same time looked after a mindless child) defined as gardening. Whoever pictures imbecile girls as pondering over seeds and bulbs while the attendants talk Froebel has I am afraid an exalted opinion of life in such institutions.

The difficulty of course in regard to a suitable staff lies in the isolated position often chosen. Women of the right type are not easily obtained; the annual holiday, two weeks per annum, is too short. The attendants are sometimes women of kindness and intelligence, but unfortunately the exceptions tend to take command. The idea too often is "Any woman is good enough to look after imbeciles," but the attendant often needs more self-command than the guardian of the insane, because she has more temptation to forget that her charges are not normal. In such school institutions again live girls of a higher grade intelligence than boys in a similar establishment, for parents will more easily keep at home a high grade imbecile boy than a girl, because the latter is so much less protected. As a result of this preponderance of high grade "backwardness" among girls, so much of the actual work is done by them that the attendants have too little. This is good for the girls, but rather bad for the caretakers who sometimes sink into the position of cared for. In our establishment it might be said that only the cook and the teachers actually did their own work. The laundress didn't wash, the scrubber didn't scrub, the relieving attendant didn't relieve unless sitting still and doing her own sewing is relieving. The cook in an ironic humour remarked once upon "A parcel of women who sat still while girls fetched and carried for them." The teacher found it safest not to be ironic, but to keep strictly to her own department.

It is a curious fact that though all educated women do not care for this type of child, it is only educated women that do so. Men again are more tender-hearted than women. During my two years in the institution I never found any woman visit us out of love for or interest in the children; but I knew many men do so. The uneducated women who are given control of so many helpless lives sometimes have the strangest views of their charges. In my department for instance the head attendant would never allow the younger children water to drink; she seemed to think that because they could not ask for it they did not require it. Therefore they had to make out with their cup of weak tea every morning and soup every second day. The same lady used to point out how this "class of child" always had bad skins (some of the house staff had a queer way of discussing imbecility as if it were a social misdemeanour only.) Another used to insist on their sitting quite still on backless forms for half an hour at a time or drilling for even longer. Great indignation was expressed by one of the house staff when she found that an imbecile child put to feed an insane one in a room by themselves had been eating the food herself. The imbecile was duly punished, and there seemed to be no feeling that the two should have been under supervision.

About this time Daddy Longlegs was played in the nearest town. Some of the attendants made up a party to see it, and came home full of the pathos of the incident where the small heroine consumed the gingerbread in the pantry. The same week, however, they were spanking a young, sweet-toothed child who had committed the same offence. Somehow it was not so pathetic an incident in reality as on the boards of the stage.

The stories of some of the elder girls would make pathetic reading. There is Ethel for instance who works for the head matron. Ethel is capable of third standard work, perhaps more; so she is quite advanced, the genius of the school. Her reputed father disowned her when she was five years of age, so because of some slowness of speech the authorities dumped her into this institution for the Feeble-Minded. (I expect to find a Charlotte Bronte at this establishment some day). Ethel is eighteen with the same instincts and desires as other girls, but she will be virtually a prisoner till twenty-one. She cannot go out of the grounds alone, and she is quite at the mercy of the head matron, fortunately a kind woman, till she has gained her majority. At that age she will go before a magistrate and doctor who will decide whether she is sufficiently defective for perpetual imprisonment. As Ethel meanwhile is getting no teaching at all, the likelihood is that she may make a worse impression than she should, and so the state will get a cheap slave for life. Again, there is Mabel, a stalwart, trustworthy girl who is never taught cooking or sewing as she desires because her mere muscle renders her so useful in yard and paddock. Mabel's parents, farming people, will not have her home because of her moral simplicity. They pay a pound a week for her maintenance, but she is worth two. Not that Mabel is unhappy; probably she is as happy at the Institution as she can be anywhere; but her parents might insist that she have a little tuition and the few ribbons for which she craves. However, all the big girls desire to vary their servile toil with fancy work, knitting etc., and very few of them are permitted to do it. Considering that some are there for life it is sad that they should not get the very simple pleasures that they crave.

The time comes when I must say goodbye to my little charges. The life has been an interesting one, but to the hard work of teaching other unpleasantnesses were added. For instance the teachers were expected to help in taking the girls home for their Christmas holidays. I have a batch of twenty, all to be dropped either at one wharf or several stations. With their usual delicate thoughtfulness the authorities decided on a school site so remote that there is the maximum of train journeying and transshiping to get them safely home. I pull through after two sleepless and almost eatless days and nights, but, as I write to my journalistic friend, "if it were not for the elder imbeciles reminding me of the luggage I could not have got through." Almost before the train stops at a particular station, a mother will be there wanting to know how Minnie has got on. I evade this by stating truthfully that Minnie is not in my class. She tells me of the little extra money that she makes by dress making in order to give Minnie a chance. I cannot tell her that her money is wasted and that Minnie spends most of her time looking after an insane child outside. Almost as pathetic is it when a mother writes later thanking me because "Edith is now a different girl." I have striven to give Edith mental training between times of her running messages for the staff, but if she is different it must be something in the child herself, for I have had little chance.

Yet the discipline, order, and regularity of institution life have their effect, so that perhaps some of the children are the better of their stay.

WORSHIP.

By Meredith Starr.

Humbled in the dust by my devotion,
I kiss thy lotus-feet, O Lord, and pray;
"Dissolve this dew-drop in thy boundless Ocean!
Eclipse this shadow in thy Perfect Day!"

THE SACRIFICIAL PYRE.

By Meredith Starr.

Burn up thy mind in Beauty's fire;
Burn up thy soul in Love's white flame,
Transmute all thought and all desire
Into the Beacon whence they came.

Then shall thy heart become a sun
Whose rays enlighten all the earth;
Thou shalt be merged within the One,
Beyond the wheel of death and birth.

HOW SHALL WE THANK AMERICA?

BY THE RT. REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, D. D.

(*Dean of Durham.*).

All Britons are eager at this time to show their gratitude to the United States of America. But do the citizens of the United States wish to be thanked? They have done their duty. They have played a splendid, and a decisive, part in the war. But the United States recognises the service done by Great Britain, as Great Britain recognises the service done by the United States.

But, apart from the formal expressions of gratitude, there are many ways in which Great Britain and the United States may and will draw near each to the other. Their armies have fought in the same trenches. Their national flags fly side by side. If Great Britain can celebrate Independence Day, still more can the United States celebrate Empire Day. The community of sacrifice between them has sanctified the community of blood, of speech, of law and of faith.

I hope that English school-boys and school-girls will be encouraged to study the history of the United States. They will learn there how the ancient principles of public life in Great Britain have been adapted to the circumstances of the great Republic with its population of a hundred million souls. They will find in the Constitution of the United States safeguards not recognised by the parliament, of the

United Kingdom. It was my habit, when I was a school master, to tell my pupils that they ought to read the lives of the presidents of the United States. There has been no nobler lines of governors in any country. Some of them have been men, such as Washington and Lincoln and may not I add Wilson? who have attained the highest rank among "the choice and master spirits" of the ages. Is it possible that at some not distant time a statue or bust of Washington should be placed in Westminster Abbey?

I look forward to a greater intimacy between the schools and the universities of Great Britain and of the United States. They might well be linked together not only by correspondence beween their pupils but by an interchange of visits paid for purposes whether athletic or intellectual by a reciprocity of honour. Nor should the historical sanctuaries of English-speaking Christendom, such as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, lose any opportunity of consecrating the relation between the two kindred peoples on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. It is necessary, as President Wilson has said, by the late war, to make the world safe for democracy. The democracies of Great Britain and of the United States will, I hope come to understand each other better in the coming years. They will serve each other; they will, if need be, make some sacrifice each for the other. President Lincoln has borne generous testimony to the unselfishness shown by the operatives of Lancashire in their loyalty to the cause of freedom during the Civil War in the United States. It was an example which has borne fruit already, and will bear more abundant fruit hereafter.

Inter-marriage has not seldom been a tie between the two countries. But the marriages have been sometimes too much like bargains; for the husband has brought the rank, and the wife the money, into the union. It might, I think, be desirable that English peers should occasionally marry American girls who are not the daughters of millionaires.

There can be no reason why the Government which sits in London should not take the Government which sits at Washington into counsel upon such questions, industrial and social, as affect the welfare both of Great Britain and of the United States. The cause of justice, freedom and progress would win its way more easily and rapidly all over the world, if the congress of the nations or States within the British Empire should develop, under due limitations into a congress of the English-speaking race.

The peoples of Great Britain and the United States have in the past shown too little insight into each other's characters. It may be that their mutual criticisms have been evidence of a good feeling which can afford to find fault. But the war has shown that beneath the surface characteristics of both peoples lies the same faith, courage, humour and devotion. Whatever Britons can do to show admiration and affection for their brothers in the United States is well worth doing; for upon the alliance of Great Britain and of the United States in peace as in war depends the promise of all that is most precious to humanity.

MEDITATION.

By Meredith Starr.

It is the hour of Twilight, when the mind
  Dreams on the One behind the shadow-veil
Of forms that float upon the uncertain wind
  Of change, fore-doomed to end, as doth a tale.

Musing upon that Immemorial One,
  The veil grows thin, and I am drawn above
This warring world, into the Secret Sun
  Whose shining is the radiance of Love.

*LINKS OF THE CHAIN.

By Heather.

As the sun leaves behind it the soft glow of colours, so let thy soul leave on others the impress of the light that irradiates it; for thy influence can be far spreading, even as the sun's rays of evening light stretch o'er the earth plane.

The blue mantle of the night sky is brightened by the myriad stars. So shall the facets of wisdom and love scintillate o'er the mind of an enlightened one.

The purple sheen of a bird's wing shows forth the glory of the eternal Father; the joy of life impels it to flit hither and thither, causing it to show to others one small portion of God's creation. So, oh earth dweller, try to show in all thy ways some little glint of the soul within thee.

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*ORIGINAL MESSAGES.

From one who dwelt on this earth long years ago.

Written down by Mrs. T—

Forwarded by

March 1920. *'Heather'.*

What is purer than the snowflake, and what so light in its descent from space? The words of counsel and help shall be equally pure and fall as lightly on thy soul from the discarnate sphere. Happy are ye if ye can interpret them to thine own good and that of others. It is thy blindness and self-conceit that prevents thee from entering into spirit intercourse. First train thyself, so that thy vision may be opened and be patient. Thy helpers are with thee, although as yet thou canst not see them, but thy vision is becoming clearer and the veil between is thinning. Do not strain, be passive, and rest tranquil. Be assured I am watching and waiting.

As thy life is one of the strings of the great harp of the eternal God, so must it be attuned by prayer and aspiration to accord the vibrations with the entire instrument, thus will the diapasons of the perfected harmony thrill through the ageless time. The valley is in the dark, purple mists clothe the mountain sides, the summits are in the glorious light. Thou hast left the valley and art slowly travelling through the mists. After thou hast passed the mists, there is yet a space before thou reachest the top, and then---the summit of attainment.

Worries that cross the path of an earth child, whose soul is firmly poised in tune with the Infinite, are as cloudlets which float across the clear and open sky.

Take for thy lesson to-day, the ant, which steers a straight course for the goal it has in view, and instead of deviating, climbs over every obstacle which lies in its path.

The quivering of the heart strings is when the golden breath of God sweeps o'er them, the Life force which permeates all spheres. It links up all creation, man with bird and beast and flower.

* * *

As the light is lit within the room, and windows are covered, so must the light of spirit be guarded from what would harm it.

* * *

Behold the flight of birds across the evening sky, with throbbing wings, eager to reach the home they love so well. Thy thoughts, oh child, should be as glad to wing their flight to that Homeland where loved ones ever dwell.

* * *

The necklace of the universe is formed of priceless jewels of varying hue, Love, Knowledge, Wisdom, Purity, Exaltation, High Endeavour. Charity, and many more. Each possessing their own distinctive colour, and yet blending into a perfect whole. Thus, they each and all show forth their radiant beauty, wherewith to deck the world with glorious light.

* * *

As thy spirit throws off the earth habits which clog its advancement, so wilt thou attain thy desire. The radiation of the sun's rays on a hot summer's afternoon, cause a shimmering ever changing haze to dance before the eyes of mortal man. So the longing for and hope of a clearer vision floats before the mind of one who aspires to higher things.

The rosy flush of early dawn etherealises all the fair landscapes of the earth. So shall the soft glow of spirit influence suffuse the soul of an earnest seeker after truth.

Purge thyself from the dross of earth, so shall thy spirit rise on eagle's wings.

As the vision of the cornfield is spread before thine eyes, so learn that labourers reap not for themselves, thus thou must do the reaping but others shall profit by it.

Go spill the cup of such knowledge as has been granted thee, so that those thou meetest may gather up the drops which in some measure may assuage their thirst.

The drift of autumn leaves portends the stronger force of winter's blasts. Thus in the life of mortal man the first consent to unbridled desires must lead to discord in the soul.

The sea reflects the sky in all its moods. The wind-swept clouds are mirrored on the ocean's turbulent breast, and fair and sunny skies result in sheen and peace on the blue waterscalm expanse. But deep below the surface rest quietude and silence which nothing can disturb. So, learn, Oh! dweller on the earth plane, that the soul's true poise cannot be reached by storms that sweep across its path, nor can it be touched by outward things of seeming fair intent, for deep within the centre of true being, the spirit rests in safe and firm accord upon its God.

The lamp of life is lit by a master hand. The flame is fed by that creative force which flows from the Divine. See to it that thou keepest it alight and bright by thy desire and aspiration to reach the highest.

The storms and hardships of life have all their place in the scheme of developing the soul. They seem to be useless and unnecessary to mortal view, but when the spirit reaches the other side of the curtain, it will soon become conscious of the use of the body's experience.

The lark of thy soul is ever singing at heaven's gates, only the trammels and fetters of earth prevent its entry into truer bliss.

The desert of thy soul shall blossom as the rose, as thou gainest more upliftment and comest more in touch with the discarnate ones who will help to break the chains which bind thee to earth.

The ribs of sand are defined as the sea retreats further and further. So shall the soul bear the impress of the higher spheres as the earthly cloak is cast aside.

As the jessamine holds the fragrance of the zephyr within its star-like flower and casts upon the breeze the pure essence of its breath, so shouldest thou collect in thine own soul those spiritual attributes, and thus shed forth on others the perfume of them.

The course of spiritual truth is like a mountain torrent, which at its source is but a little stream, gaining power and volume as it pursues its way, until it pours forth in mighty strength down the mountain sides, to mingle with the bigger river which again going on its way, empties itself into the wise and boundless ocean---of the Infinite. Thus at first, the awakening is small but gathers momentum and power as it pursues its knowledge, until it loses itself in the Creator of its being.

* * *

What more beautiful than the morn's pearly hue before the dawning of the day! All nature lying in a hush awaiting the first ray of the sun's warm beams to stir all creatures into life. There is a time in the unfolding of the spiritual gifts when everything seems stilled and arrested in its progress. The light will come gently at first until the whole being is flooded with and irradiated by it, making the soul fruitful in the service of God and man. Depression clogs the inner being as the fog obscures the landscape. Thou hast to learn it is only a temporary cloud, which if reason be used in the proper way will disperse, even as the sun piercing through the mist causes it to disappear and the skies become serene and fair once more.

* * *

The night is very dreary,
No stars to point the way.
The footsteps have grown weary,
So swift at break of day.

The mists enshroud the eyes
That would gladly pierce the gloom
Of dark and dismal skies
That were so fair at noon.

Oh! dear, God give the vision,
To my aching, longing soul.
It is alone Thy mission
To grant this blessed dole.

AN ALLEGORY.

The water lily rejoices in the warmth and opens its golden heart to the soft touch of the sun beams. The sky is serenely blue and a gentle breeze murmurs amongst the reeds at the water's edge. The lily rides in quiet pride upon the calm water, anchored safely and surely to the depths of the river bed by the long strong stem which attaches it to the roots. There comes along a stronger breath of air, the lily trembles, the water is ruffled into tiny wavelets, the lily sways a little from side to side as the ripples surround it, its petals begin to close. The sky becomes overcast, the water is darkened, the waves rise higher and higher, and the wind sweeps along in sudden gusts, lashing the water into foam. The lily is tossed and tumbled about, its white petals are crushed and broken, yet it remains firmly fixed by the strength of its deep roots. It shuts its cup, and yields itself to the fury of the storm. Presently the wind abates, the water gradually quiets down, the sky becomes clear once more, and the sun shines forth to help repair some of the damage done by the gale. The lily once more at rest, opens out its bruised and tumbled petals, and rejoices in the genial atmosphere of recovered warmth and peace. It bears upon its breast the marks of the storm through which it has just passed, but it holds up its head to the vivifying influence of the sun's rays.

Thus does the spiritual oft times encounter adverse winds and waves of opposition, criticism, ridicule, ignorance, suspicion, unbelief and many more such, but as surely as it is anchored firmly to the real truths learnt from the Almighty Father, so will its foundation be sure and safe, and it will overcome all obstacles which lie in its path, to triumph gloriously in the end.

This allegory is not meant so much to express personal experience, although it can be applied to that, but as a symbol of the progression of spiritual truth, which encounters so much opposition and efforts to hinder it, but it nevertheless overcomes all obstacles and triumphs in ever-increasing magnitude.

THE SACRAMENT OF SLEEP.

By Meredith Starr.

I will seek the repose of a flower
That lies in the lap of the Sun;
For dear unto all is the hour
When peace from the struggle is won.

I will seek the Beloved in sleep,
My soul shall go forth from the earth
To its home in the mystical deep,
To the land where the living have birth.

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE.

By A. R. Wadia.

—:—

In the scientific literature of a quarter of century ago religion and philosophy alike came in for a very bitter and harassing criticism. Flushed with success young science undertook the presumptuous role of disdaining and driving out everything that was of no use in satisfying the material needs of mankind. Time, however, has sobered its disdain, and it has become more tolerant of philosophic studies. But old prejudices die hard, and philosophy has not yet regained its former eminence in the world at large. It is the purpose of this paper to discuss the real place of philosophy in life. Science has after all a very fragmentary outlook on life, it seeks to satisfy merely the material cravings of life. But life is too many-sided to be thus bound and restricted within such narrow limits. Wonder is ingrained in man, and wonder makes him look beyond the physical, makes him yearn for something that is more stable than the fleeting experiences of a mundane existence. It is this innate impulse in man that accounts for the birth of philosophy and it is the innate need for consistent thinking that accounts for the growth of philosophy. Both these needs are fundamental in human nature, and are thus bound to endure as long as human nature will be what it has been from times immemorial. This explains by itself why philosophy has survived all changes and all attacks, and why philosophy even to-day tries to expose the shortcomings of science and seeks to show why life has to be looked at and studied as a whole. It seems to me that philosophy to-day has a real mission to fulfil but to do this adequately it must be fully conscious of its past achievements and its past failures. Hence I should like to review as briefly as I can the outstanding characteristics of philosophy at the various epochs of its development.

Few would venture to deny that Western philosophy had its palmiest days in the age of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle when Athens was moved to its depths by the new intellectual fervour produced by the Socratic dialectic. The homeliness and the artful naivette of Socrates introduced philosophy into the open street, and welcomed all and sundry to the rich repast of his conversation. Concerned primarily with the ethical life of man, he furnished a new basis for morality: not the anger of the gods, but the knowledge of righteousness that is opposed to ignorance. Without trying to destroy absolutely the old religion of the Grecian Gods, he yet tried to give a deeper meaning to it; in short he wanted to bring the life of man to the touchstone of his philosophical reasoning, and thus philosophy with him became the guiding principle of his life, and he wanted it to be so in the life of others. He lost his life in the struggle, but his cause succeeded; the position and the mission of philosophy were vindicated. In any country less nationalistic than Greece his achievements might have led to his deification or at least to his being regarded as a prophet of God. The impulse of Socratic teaching lived in his great successors, Plato and

Aristotle, the most deeply metaphysical thought of Plato was never divorced from the needs of life. His thought now and again like Wordsworth's skylark might soar to the loftiest heights, but it was sure to return to the earth to enrich its life. The knowledge of Ideas in all their sublimity was merely a preparation for philosophers to take their place as the guardians of the State and the philosopher-guardians in the turn were the instruments in the moralisation of the whole state and its inhabitants. In Aristotle we perhaps miss the freshness and the directness of Plato partly because of the isolated treatment of different subjects, but he too has his main interest centred on life in all its many sidedness and its comprehensiveness. His ethics, politics, poetics,---not to mention his strictly scientific theses---all bear on the most intimate problems of life, and find their theoretic justification in his Metaphysics. All these three philosophers were fully alive to the beauty of the earth, the greatness and strength of human life, the richness of the world of matter, and all three sought to make philosophy the guiding principle of life. In them philosophy found its true function and one of the highest expressions of the spirit of the truth. Philosophy in them stood for life, not for 'abstractions. But with them this preeminence of philosophy passed away; it has never regained that hold on Western lilfe which it once had, and Europe and through it the world have suffered in consequence. Even in the most decadent period of Greek philosophy, that followed the victories of Macedonian and Roman arms over the culture of Greece, philosophy led a fairly respectable existence. Stoicism and Epicureanism, of a low quality as systems of thought, were yet influential in their range and set a certain tone of life for several generations. They constituted certain ideals of life, and had the greatest bearing on life.

But the real decay of philosophy began with the triumphant spread of Christianity. Dogmatic and unphilosophical in its nature, it was too other worldly to be patient in its outlook on mundane life. Hence this life considered to be intrinsically unworthy was not studied in its entirety. Theology usurped the place of philosophy, and ethics became platitudinous morality. Dogmas and subtleties of words were the only food that human intellect obtained in those days, till it was set free from its bondage by the revolt of Bacon and Descartes and the great discoveries of scientific martyrs like Kepler and Galileo.

But the divorce between philosophy and life that was inaugurated by Christianity still continues to-day. For centuries men had been accustomed to look to religion for guidance and the revolt of a few intellectuals hardly affected the masses. Even in the case of these leaders themselves philosophy did not affect their life as much as might have been expected. Bacon and Descartes and Leibnitz professed to be orthodox Christians, but their orthodoxy unlike Caesar's wife was never above suspicion. Only one philosopher of the time stood up for truth and tried to reinstate philosophy in its ancient place of eminence and he, Benedict Spinoza, did so at the risk of his life. In England again Locke's philosophy and his Christianity were alike halting. Berkeley's philosophy was vitiated by his Christian dogmatism, while Hume alone had the courage to develop his views irrespective of consequences. Thus it was that the real inspiration for life was sought in religion, and philosophy became a sort of mere intellectual luxury. It lost touch with the full richness of life and the intellect of modern philosophers was troubled by a lurking consciousness of its own weakness so that epistemology overshadows the whole of modern philosophy. The problem was new and intricate and philosophers groped about it: the nationalists emphasising reason; the empiricists emphasising sense-experience. Thus philosophy coursed on in two divergent currents one resulting in a system of more or less consistent statements, a form without a content bearing directly on life; the other resulting in a scepticism. Philosophy thus came too a standstill; scepticism is ever the foe of mankind; it saps human activity and expresses the bankruptcy of human intellect. This philosophic impasse had to be tided over. The task was urgent. Luckily the right man was forthcoming, and he was Immanuel Kant. His philosphy is a synthesis of rationalism and empiricism. Here too it is epistemology that looms large, and as a result of it we have the dualism of the phenomenal and the noumenal, the knowable and the unknowable; knowledge and faith. There is much in Kant that is new and of far-reaching importance but he is most valuable as seeking to bring philosophy once more into touch with life, especially the realms of morality and art. This is even more true of the comprehensive philosophy of Hegel, so that in a sense Hegelian Idealism with its insistence on the life of spirit may be regarded as the true *via media* between the robust this-worldliness of the ancient Greeks and the unbending theoretical other-worldliness of Christianity. This at least was a beginning in the right direction, and the followers of Kant and Hegel might have well tried to popularise the ideas of their masters and thus made up for the one prominent defect of Kantian-Hegelian thought: its abstruse language. But as often happens followers often try to outdo their masters, and the result has been that Idealism instead of becoming a fully practical creed has become more and more involved in an intellectual maze. A reaction against this was inevitable and it was forthcoming in the last century in the form of evolutionist materialism. The excesses of this reaction have been spent and now idealism and materialism have as their common critics the three dominant philosophies of to-day: Pragmatism, Eeckenism and Bergsonism,---I don't include in this list the new Realism of Mr. Russel as it is more a mode of thought than a system of thought moulded into a whole. Now the common note of all these three philosophies is a return to the consideration of the real problems of life, an attempt to bring about a close co-ordination between philosophy and life, a return in spite of marked differences to the standpoint of the Greeks, and it seems to me that philosophy is once again asserting its position in the scheme of life, and I shall now proceed to show the extreme desirability of it and also the extreme necessity of it under modern conditions.

When we compare the ancient and modern philosophy we cannot but be struck by the vast influence of Grecian philosophy on the Greeks and the comparative recluseness of modern philosophy. It is a contrast which goes against modern philosophy, but it has to be remembered that Christianity had firmly established its position, and so to say soaked itself into the conscience of Europe, long before modern philosophy could show its face above the horizon. Hence it is not to be wondered at, if in response to the "Zeit-Geist" philosophy had for a long while become a mere theory, futile for all practical purposes as it had no reference to life. It had no feeling of responsibility, no vital end or aim to serve.*

Humian scepticism was necessary to expose its purely academic character. Scepticism is always a hidden shoal on which the ship of philosophy is apt to be stranded, and thus for a true thinker scepticism stands for the negation of philosophy. Philosophy is not mere abstract consistency, but a scheme or system of life. It is only as such that philosophy becomes fruitful not so much in the Baconian sense of materially fruitful, but in the sense of producing better ideals and better characters, making the world a more beautiful, a cleaner, healthier place to live in.

It is often said that philosophy is knowledge, and that as such it is enough if it satisfies the intellectual interests of a few over-inquisitive individuals. From this stand point knowledge becomes an end-in-itself and thus becomes a sort of cul-de-sac. It would be truer to say that knowledge has an end to fulfil, *i. e.* it is a means to an end; which end is nothing but a full life rich in spiritual as in earthly experiences of a fine type. The whole province of philosophy is life, and the interests of life must have the first charge on it; so that the true formula for philosophy should not be: knowledge for the sake of knowledge, but rather knowledge for the sake of life.

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*Through the sheer force of habit this attitude continued even after the Renaissance and the Reformation had buried scholasticism.

Now it has to be admitted that life at its best is many-sided. All these sides are not mere fragments of life, loosely joined together, but they form integral portions of one whole life. Hence the philosopher who divides and abstracts the phenomena of life does so at his peril. Life must be studied as a whole in order to understand the full purport of it. Philosophy needs to-day a union of Idealism and Pragmatism, a new Idealism, which will rise above mere logical dilemmas and contribute towards a better and a purer life.

Now we must frankly admit that this is an ideal of philosophy, not easy to fulfil in these days. Philosophy as a synthesis of all knowledge covers a vast number of facts as developed by the different concrete sciences. An ideal philosopher ought to know everything known, as Aristotle did in his time. Those days, however, were days of simplicity and a limited range of knowledge. To-day a man who can boast of knowing all that is actually known by all the sciences is an impossibility. Recognising this, one can nevertheless reiterate with force the idea of Bacon, *viz.*, to know everything of something, and something of everything. The very vastness of the philosopher's task implies that he at least shall not be a mere book-worm, an expert in one fragment of knowledge, and weoefully ignorant of all the rest. He should have an all-round interest in the numerous activities of life, and increase the range of his knowledge as much as he can. This is not to be interpreted as meaning that one should rather be a dilettante in all branches of knowledge than be a master of at least one subject. In other words under modern conditions specialisation in some one thing is eminently desirable, but this specialisation need not degenerate into a brutish indifference to all other subjects. If it be permissible to quote a humorist while speaking of philosophy, I should not like to miss this opportunity of quoting a passage from Mr. Stephen Leacock's essay on "Literature and Education in America" in his book: "Essays and Literary studies," for it admirably portraya the essential weakness of an over-specialisation. In speaking of an American student studying for his Ph. D. he writes:

> " At the end of his labours he publishes a useless little pamphlet, called his thesis, which is new in the sense the nobody ever wrote it before, and erudite in the sense that nobody will ever read it. Meantime the American student's ignorance of all things except his own part of his own subject has grown colossal. The unused parts of his intellect have ossified. His interest in general literature, his power of original thought, indeed his wish to think at all, is far less than it was in the second year of his undergraduate course. More than all that, his interestingness to other people has completely departed. Even with his fellow-scholars so-called, he can find no common ground of intellectual intercourse. If three men sit down together, and one is a philologist, the second a numismatist, and the third a subsection of conchologist, what can they find to talk about? I have had occasions in various capacities to see something of the working of this system of the higher learning. Some years ago I resided for a month or two with a group of men who were specialists of the type described, most of them in pursuit of their degree of Doctor of Philosophy; some of them—easily

distinguished by their air of complete vacuity---already in possession of it. The first night I dined with them, I addressed to the man opposite me some harmless question about a recent book that I thought of general interest. 'I don't know anything about it,' he answered, 'I am in sociology.' There was nothing to add, but beg his pardon and to apologise for not having noticed it."

Mr. Leacock in his sarcasm is justified, for a mere specialist misses one of the most fundamental requirements of a philosophic temperament. In fact for a mere specialist there can be no philosophy.

We have been hitherto speaking of philosophy and philosophers but we have not yet made good our point as to the desirability and necessity of philosophy to-day. I can well imagine some one saying to me: "You complain that philosophy has been ousted from its pre-eminence by religion. But if religion itself can contribute to a better life, why should you insist on the claims of philosophy?" My answer to this is two-fold. Firstly, religion is essentially dogmatic and hence not a legitimate substitute for philosophy. Secondly, however good a religion may be for those who cannot think, or who are too lazy and timid to think, it cannot satisfy human intellect at its best. Religion and philosophy need not be hostile to each other in their conclusions, but there is a difference in their methods, in their attitudes, and it is this difference which is important enough to save philosophy from the leading strings of any religious theology. We would, however, go a step still further and say that in Europe at least, the Christian religion cannot be said to have succeeded. Of an alien origin it has not been well grafted on the martial characteristics of Europe. Modern European civilisation has a dual basis, and is continually halting between the two, more often leaning to the side of Mars than to that of the sweet gentleness of Christ. The last war by itself is a crying indictment against the ineffectiveness of Christian teaching. Furthermore it has not satisfactorily met all the attacks of philosophers and scientists. The result has been a waning faith of the masses. Half-empty churches on a Sunday are no rarity in Germany and several other European countries. Religion as followed for centuries is no more living to-day and if it wishes to bid for future influence it will have to philosophise itself, or yield to a philosophic system. Materialism is a common enemy of the spirit of religion and of philosophy. It has already found a bold expression in the Nietzschian cult of power and the world-war. Materialism has forced its way through reason, and reason must be employed to expose its extravagancies. Mere faith will not do. It is the mission of philosophy to bring order out of the present chaos and hence the desirability of it and also the necessity of it.

Hitherto, we have throughout spoken of Europe and have not expressly mentioned India at all. But Europe today is the dominating world-force and India as a Dependency of Europe studying Western systems of thought has not been left unaffected by the movements of this World-Force. Besides in India till recently the conflict between religion and philosophy was not known at all. Hinduism, with all its defects, is based on philosophy, and different forms of Hinduism have their appropriate philosophies. A Hindu is not merely born into a religion but also into a philosophy. So that for the real Hindu India philosophy has sought to perform the task we have been assigning it. May be that in course of ages philosophy in India has tended to be somewhat rigid, and not elastic enough to admit of new developments in response to the discoveries of science. May be the truly philosophic elements of Hinduism have become debased through a misalliance with pure superstition. But these are defects that ought to be and can be fairly overcome. In the true Hindu India philosophy is yet a force, and so the problem of the revival of philosophy in India is easier than in Europe. But though the Hindu India is numerically more powerful than the English-educated Indians, in political power and intellectual vigour the latter are more powerful. They are swayed by the influences of Europe, and hence the problems of Europe reappear in their own personal histories, the new wine of the West has already intoxicated many a young Indian. The glamour of the Western materialism has robbed him of his native spirituality. Christianity has no appealing force for him, and he stands without religion, without philosophy, a perilous position from which somehow he needs to be rescued. So his position is the same as that of the young European of to-day. The spirit of Europe has travelled Eastwards; the disease is the same, and so is the remedy. In the divorce of philosophy and life is to be seen the weakness of the war-devastated world of the present day. In the union of philosophy and life lies the hope for the future.

So far we have been speaking of philosophy as having a right to make her voice felt on all the different activities of life. We have spoken of the failure of religion in Europe, of the incapacity of Christianity to affect the innate commercialism or the martial spirit of

Europeans. During all these centuries philosophy has been in the background at least so far as the masses are concerned, but we have been trying to raise the question whether a living revival of philosophy is not possible, whether philosophy may not once again have the final say on the problems of life. We have seen how on the theoretical side the present-day philosophic movements like pragmatism, and the teachings of Bergson, Eucken, and Benedetto Croce, whatever their defects—and they are not free from defects—all strive to redeem philosophy from its reputation as a mere jugglery of words, and disputations about reality, which often tend to be so grossly unreal. This can explain the fairly wide vogue of their teachings to-day and point to a healthy development.

It seems to us that now after all these years philosophy is having its chance The spirit of free critical inquiry that is now abroad cannot bear the ipse dixit of mere faith. What is still more hopeful is that the materialist rivals of philosophy have through the logic of life come to realise their own limitations. The "economic man" of older economists has already received a decent burial. The militant materialist self-satisfaction and dogmatism of Huxley and Shadworth Hodgson have already received a quietus at the hands of scientists themselves. Scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge, have veered round to the cause of spirit and of soul. Philosophy is no longer under a cloud of odium, and indirectly perhaps, but steadily is affecting the ideals of economists and politicians alike. Socialism at bottom is as much an ethical movement as an economic or a political one. If the Hague tribunal has been a tragic failure, the League of Nations through the exhaustion and sanity produced by war, may make for a lasting peace. Religious fanatics in the name of the love of God have in the past delighted in the cutting of one another's throats. Commercialists for the love of money have been equally responsible for the devastation of vast provinces and ruin of millions of families. But philosophy has never been guilty of shedding human blood. Its outlook has not been the stunted outlook of dogmatic creeds or an unscrupulous lust of power and if we may use the language of Mathew Arnold it looks at life steadily and as a whole.

But we can imagine, some one slyly asking us: what about Nietzschen. Is he not responsible for this terrific war? But may I not in return ask the question: was Nietzsche a real philosopher at all? was not his gospel—if such a word can be used in connection with him—a mere reaction against the doctrines of the Christian churches? A close student of Nietzsche will not fail to find in his works a bitter and an insatiable hatred of Christianity. Most of his work is destructive and critical. His constructive teaching is a developement of all that is antithetical to the teaching of Christianity. Whatever power Nietzsche may have wielded in the evolution of Germanic Kultur is itself a tribute to the element of reason in him, and has exposed the weakness of a merely dogmatic creed. Any effective reply to Nietzsche must come from philosophy, not from dogmatic religion.

There is another objection that one can well imagine would perhaps be raised: Religion has a definite grip on people, can philosophy ever aspire to have that grip; can philosophy be that ruling principle in life, which religion has been in the case of countless millions?

This question, however, rests on an assumption that religion and philosophy are irreconcilable in spirit. But is it so? the subject-matter of both at their highest is the same: God and the life of man. The difference comes in only in the varying attitudes of religion and philosophy. The former rests on dogmatism, beliefs impressed from without and unquestioningly accepted. The latter rests on the spirit of inquiry. It is this spirit that has produced the great civilisations of the world. It is the absence or presence of this spirit that accounts for the difference between the Africans and Europeans, between the Japanese and the aborigines of Australia and this spirit is essentially the spirit of philosophy. It is the spirit of truth, and it will be an evil day for humanity when the voice of truth will be systematically discarded in favour of groundless and dogmatic assertions of this or that individual. Thus the distinction between religion and philosophy is a difference of attitude: the difference between dogmatic convictions and convictions attained through inquiry. All inquiry must have an end for every individual consciousness; all inquiry must end in conclusions, and when they are believed in as true, they become convictions. Convictions attained through a living process of thought have a peculiar vitality and surpass in force the borrowed convictions of a more religious individual. So long as education was the monopoly of a few, the masses were content to be the slave of priests. With the spread of education and light, the priests have lost their power, and the people their simple faith. The days of a dogmatic religion have been numbered. Religion needs to be philosophised, to be rationalised. A faith that makes for the betterment of men and the world is itself a religion, a living religion. The test of a religion is no more a capacity to believe in the incredible and the impossible. Its highest test is its capacity to withstand a philosophic study. Philosophy at its highest is religion, and religion at its highest is philosophy. Divorce the two and an unreal duality of abstractions ensues. It is in this sense that the famous paradox of Plato's Republic that philosophers must be rulers is true even to-day. For the well-being of nations requires that their rulers be men of a high character, *i. e.*, men of convictions, men who have thought of the problems of life, looked at it from various angles, and have the courage of their convictions to do not what their party demands, but to do what they believe to be necessary and desirable in the interests of humanity at large.

We have now done. We may not have given you what you perhaps expected, a detailed treatment of some or any one of the living problems of life. This is a task which must wait for sometime, as it would not have been done satisfactorily in the brief space of a single paper. We rather meant to clear the ground for such a treatment, to show what the spirit of philosophy is, and how if it is to justify its existence it must shoulder a heavy burden and undertake a reconstruction of the world on a more equitable basis. Where creeds fail, convictions born of a living thought may succeed. This is a hope that should be shared by all. "Man ever hopes to be," the poet said. It is the visions of life that constitute the joy of life. It is the justification of the visions of life that constitutes the zest of life.

ABOUT BOOKS.

The Guild State.[*]

A famous Irishman delivering the annual oration to the University of Virginia on "Progress in the Nineteenth Century" rather startled and shocked his learned audience by contending that on the whole there was no progress. Had he lived to this day to see how that which is called civilisation has stood the great trial of a world-war, his scepticism would doubtless have been strongly confirmed. For it is plain even to the most optimistic that the machinery through which functions our social organisation has not satisfactorily stood the test. Its inability to respond to new economic and political demands is obvious and it continues to function in the old way only on account of the impetus of custom, and because men are still uncertain how to deal with it. Some believe that without fundamental change it can be adapted to the future, others would scrap it entirely and replace it by a brand new plant. Of the latter there are many varieties, from the Soviets of the Bolshevists which is already in working order to the Guild State at present but a creed and a proposition. Between them there are many and great differences, but they all appear to have one common principle, all reject the "freedom of enterprize" or the "free competition" so dear to the heart of the economists. Not that they deny the virtues of freedom and of competition, but that they recognize only too well that the spurious freedom which has obtained is such as in the words of Louis Blanc "leaves the poor man at the mercy of the rich, and promises to cupidity that waits its time an easy victory over hunger that cannot wait."

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[*] *The Guild State* by G. R. Stirling-Taylor.

In "The Guild State" Mr. Taylor proposes a system of industrial and political organisation which would decentralise most of the economic and political power of the State by entrusting it to guilds and would at the same time link up individual effort by embracing it in the same machinery. The elements making up the new economic and political organisation would be no longer individuals, unions, classes or political parties but guilds. The cohesion of the guild would be a common economic function. "The Guildsmen claim that organisation by function or trade is by far the most vital link in the social structure, and that all other human links are very secondary beside it."

This phenomenon is most evident to us in the existing economic structure of Society. The proposed social reorganisation would therefore but emphasize a fact already familiar and widen the horizon of the present elements so as to bring within their purview the political working of the State. It would not be possible, even if it were advisable, to draw rigid lines in the determination of functions, and therefore the constitution of guilds. One of the greatest advantages which the new system offers is the elasticity of the structural units and the freedom it allows to the individuals composing it. The internal organisation of the guild being on a co-operative basis, the guilds would necessarily be of moderate size, and the apprehension which present day efforts to develop Syndicalism excites in so many people would be precluded. The guilds would be bodies of experts capable at once of giving reliable opinion on matters affecting their own functions, of initiating developments and having the power to carry them through. That uniformity beloved of the bureaucrat which so impedes moral and material progress, opposed as it is to nature, would disappear. Men working in co-operation would have the opportunity of developing through their own efforts, of going right or of going wrong in their own way.

The 19th century was marked by a continuous struggle for the extension of the franchise. After the loose habit of thinking which the Parliamentary system begets, an enlargement of the franchise was regarded as an enlargement of the liberty of the subject. In the fervid struggle for such "liberties," the extent and the nature of the power thus sought to be conferred on the masses were not examined. A few only ventured to doubt the virtue of this much desired boon, and these few were dismissed as "frothy intellectuals," "impractical idealists," etc. The struggle was crowned with success in the present century by manhood suffrages and the woman's franchise. And the appetite for votes having been thus satisfied, disillusionment begins to arrive. The people are like children who have cried for a toy and having got it finds it has lost its charm. They are now asking what's the good of it. Once in every three or four years, the elector can give a vote to either Brown, Jones or Robinson, none of whom he probably knows, none of whom has any qualification to entitle him to a seat in Parliament, none of whom will be able to exert any influence in Parliament when he gets there. When the elector begins to estimate the value of his vote with reference to the hundreds or thousands of voters in his constituency, with reference to the value of a member of Parliament amongst hundreds of members, with reference to the power of a Ministry over Parliament, with reference to the power of a bureaucracy over a Ministry, with reference to vested interests, the influence of an aristocracy, a House of Lords, he begins to realise what an utterly significant cog he is in the great machine and how futile was the waste of a century struggle which has succeeded in making him such. Disgust supervenes, and a determination to seek a way out from conditions which, if they have not rendered him more powerless, have certainly made him more ridiculous. This disillusionment of the voter manifests itself in his reluctance to use the privilege and in the growing demand on the part of the worker for direct action which is red revolution if the newspapers are to be relied upon.

There may be some naive persons who believe what the capitalist press encourages them to believe, that "direct action" is a recent phenomenon, a horror invented by the depraved ingenuity of the anarchical dregs of the working classes, the Bolsheviks of Labour. But every intelligent observer must be aware that the phenomenon is as old as the State; that "direct action" has always been practised by those whom through wealth, social influence, or through the possession of vested interests could bring it to bear upon the activities of the State. With a powerful press behind them, with unlimited means for propaganda, with a prestige supported by the whole social system, they were able to conceal their methods and to disguise their purpose under the cloak of National security and the welfare of the Empire. And in proportion to the multiplication of voters, and to the corresponding decrease in the power which the command of votes gives, has been the exercise of this "direct action" by those who were in a position to use it on the determination of public policy. Government departments ever growing more numerous display attractively dressed shop windows for the admiration of the credulous, but the real business is carried on in the background ever more remote from public inspection, and ever more susceptible to the influence of this subtle "direct action".

But whatever may be thought of "direct action" it would be folly to ignore it. The Labour leaders have secured its rejection by the promise of the millennium when Labour gets the Government into its own hands, and the newspapers with their customary fatuity rejoice in huge headlines, as if they were celebrating its obsequies. "Direct Action" is a symptom, and diseases are not cured by ballot boxes or scare headlines. If a Labour Government proposes to preserve the present system with only such changes as will direct the spoils of office into different channels, it will not lessen the need of although it may change the venue for direct action, or if it introduces what is called State Socialism it will but accentuate the greatest of the evils which have arisen from the present system. For the fundamental error of what is called modern civilisation is that it degrades man in compelling him to worship a thing of his own creation, worldly prosperity or the State. Millionaires and bureaucrats are our latter-day Saints, and demand and receive the homage which men formerly paid to moral and intellectual greatness. And with the degradation of man has come a blunting of his sensibilities, an inability to appraise truth and beauty so that we see in our day the destruction of Ypres and Rheims, while Liverpool and Chicago flourish, we see many Birminghams in the making but never a Bruges. We are moving fast, but to what end? Are we urged on by visions and what visions are they? Are they millionaires in frock coats or Bumbles in knee breeches? These are the only inspiration which modern progress has left us. It is with these our new Olympus is peopled. And for the masses who cannot hope to reach these heights, their pace is being accelerated by the fear of those spectres, famine and loss of respectability.

The failure of our civilisation has manifested itself in the barbarism of the recent war, and still more in the horrors of the subsequent peace, the worst of which perhaps have yet to come. Statesmen and prelates deplore the debasement which has come upon men. Were not the evidence of it so appalling, they would close their eyes to it and deny its existence. But as they cannot do this, they attempt to console themselves and others by the comfortable assumption that it is but temporary. They believe, or seem to believe, that we can go on hob-nobbing with the devils of avarice and pride without impairing our strength, that we can continue to prostitute truth, beauty and morality to the service of the State and to the acquisition of wealth and remain a virile people, that we can maintain the Churches as minor departments of government and its pastors as official or non-official slaves and yet expect a revival of religious fervour. It is the insanity generated by an insane system. We cannot go on in the old way except to ruin. The motto of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost might be defended if the devil were satisfied with that hindmost, but as it is, the foremost is in the same danger. Western civilisation is on the verge of a precipice. If it cannot retrace its steps *pour mieux sauter*, it will fall into eternal and well deserved damnation. Western peoples are slaves to two monstrous idols, wealth and the State. They must be released from this two-fold bondage if they are to survive as a people with a future. And the remedies are obvious, a better distribution of wealth by entrusting the production of wealth to co-operative guilds, and a decentralisation of authority to giving these guilds political functions. This may be done by dual stages of devolution or by revolution. The first method is preferable, but any method is better than acquiescence in the prospect of inevitable death.

I have said little about the book I started to review. This is itself a tribute to the excellence of the essay in that it evidences the stimulus it gives.

It is a concise, well-arranged and developed and most interesting exposition of what the guild means, what it can do, and how the co-operative State may be organised in a guild system. An admirable little book indeed, written with much charm of style, pleasant humour, and yet with an intensity of feeling which at once reveals and enlists earnestness. It begins with a short but illuminating sketch of what the guild was to the Middle Ages and contrasts the freedom of mediaeval society with the slavery from which individuals and communities suffer in this so-called democratic age. He pays a great tribute to the splendid efforts of the Catholic Church to make moral force the determinant in politics. "The Catholic Church on the theory of the Middle Ages refused to sanction the shedding of blood. If it was to build itself a great State it must be by moral persuasion. It could excommunicate the sinner; it could not hang him. If the Catholic Church had won its great contest with the Emperors, then it is possible that we might have escaped this nightmare of great autocratic nations, tearing out each other's vitals. Europe might well be now governed by a moral force which had banished the crudity of physical force from civilisation. The victory of the Church of Rome would have been the defeat of physical tyranny, and it was the physical tyranny of the armies of autocratic kings that broke the local freedom of the Middle Ages as a martyr was broken on a wheel. But it was the bureaucrat and the politician—not the king so much—who reaped the fruits of that conquest." The next three chapters deal with the principles of the guild-organisation by function—Self-management—Decentralisation and small units; and in the following chapter he considers the results which must accrue from the application of these principles. He then examines the relations between Guilds and the State, and concludes with an excellently written and most interesting chapter on the Guildman's Philosophy of Life. Both to those who like myself find in this book their vague surmises and dreams crystallised into definite form and expression, and to those others who will approach it with more critical eyes or even with cynicism and suspicion, I heartily recommend it convinced that all will find it stimulating and provocative.

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Irish Impressions.[*]

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

The casual reader does not like Mr. Chesterton. To him he is one who indulges himself in making bad jokes in the form of paradoxes, and one can sympathiese with the casual reader for a joker ceases to be amusing when you have to wait until the year after next to discover the point of it. So also to those who have affixed to themselves party labels, who like to have their opinions adjusted to a recognised standard, who amble along the well beaten tracks of what is to them the orthodox, to all these Mr. Chesterton is anathema. Swift's flapper must have been a very unpopular official to those who preferred to drowse as the knocker up is most obnoxious to those whom he knocks up when they don't want to be awakened. When England has reached that condition of the servile state to which she is fast declining, when the politician becomes the policeman, Mr. Chesterton if he is still alive will probably be summoned before the judges and condemned to drink the hemlock as a corrupter of youth and disturber of senile dreams. But for all who like straight thinking, for all who rejoice to peer at reality behind the mists of words, who are willing to converse with truth even though it be dressed in other than the conventional garb, Mr. Chesterton is a perpetual source of joy. We sometimes quarrel with him as we quarrel with our alarm clock when it abruptly breaks into a pleasant dream, but we can't do without it, and we can't do without him. In this book we see the same splendid qualities we have been accustomed to associate with his writings, a sympathetic insight that is almost uncanny, a brilliant conciseness of expression, a generous courage, great sanity of thought and gentle all-pervading humour.

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[*] C. W. Collins, Sons & Co. Ltd, London.

Mr. Chesterton went to Ireland in the late summer of 1918 to help some of his friends who like himself were working for the cause of the Allies. The book tells us little of what he did or of the effect of his efforts, but it tells us much of what he saw and thought. Like Ruskin, he has innate respect for the correct use of words, whence perhaps fondness for the alliterative paradox and when he calls his book "Irish Impressions" he means what he says. For often the term "impressions" has been used by writers who have shown no claim to the distinction for "Impression" demands something that can be impressed, some stability, strength and depth of thought, something too which can show a fresh surface undisfigured by innumerable petty formulae which go to make up the opinion of the many. Certain events, certain things seen and heard have impressed themselves, therefore, on his mind and he in turn would transmit the impressions to such of us as are capable of receiving them.

The book deserves careful reading. We shall not attempt to summarise it for it can't be summarised, but shall be satisfied to indicate something of which it treats and incidentally of what it doesn't treat. Mr. Chesterton makes no attempt to supply a formula for the solution of the Irish question. He even intimates that while there have been many Irish Questions, there has been no Irish Question, since all the "Questions" have been put by English statesmen who had not sufficient knowledge of Ireland to be able to sum up the difference of the relation between Ireland and Great Britain in the form of a Question. Or in other words, Liberals and Tories have busied themselves in propounding questions, but none of them have ever considered an answer. He points out that a Home Rule Act cannot be satisfactory as long as Englishmen remain ignorant of what the home means to an Irishman, that Liberalism, Unionism, Socialism even are relative, and that they mean different things on either side of St. George's Channel. He notes also the peculiar significance of the family in Ireland, a survival of the ancient culture and social organisation and remarks with a truth which few but Irishmen can appreciate that Parnell was 'a' Parnell to the Irishmen and that his singular influence was due to the fact that he was peculiarly Irish in his most salient characteristics. With an insight and precision truly remarkable, Mr. Chesterton throws into relief the background against which the so-called Ulster drama or melodrama has been played. "When I say that Belfast is dominated by a dream, I mean it in the strict psychological sense; that something inside the mind is stronger than everything outside it ....The idea in a man's head can eclipse the eyes in his head. Very worthy and kindly merchants told me there was no poverty in Belfast. They did not say there was less poverty than was commonly alleged, or less than there was in similar places elsewhere. They said there was none. As a remark about the Earthly Paradise or the New Jerusalem, it would be arresting. As a remark about the streets through which they and I had both passed a few moments before, it was simply a triumph of the sheer madness of the imagination of man ......I was left with the general impression that wearing shirts or trousers decorated with large holes at irregular intervals was a pardonable form of foppery, or fashionable extravagance............The point here is that the evil in the delusion does not consist in bigotry but in vanity. It is not that such a Belfast man thinks he is right for any honest man has a right to think he is right. It is that he does think he is good, not to say great; and no honest man can reach that comfortable conviction without a course of intellectual dishonesty."

Mr. Chesterton remarks that while the Northern Protestant had a fanatic fear and hatred of the Catholic priest and Bishop, in the Southern Protestant this was entirely absent, and he concluded that as the latter necessarily came into touch with many priests and bishops and the former with few if any, the suspicion and dislike was here again due to wilful blindness and ignorance. He sums up Belfast by calling it another Berlin, and states his belief that the mood which Belfast typifies is as impossito modern progress as the Prussianism of which Berlin was the expression.

There are two references in this book which recent events have made more lurid than they were when the book was written. Mr. Chesterton states that he found the belief general that the reactionary element in Ireland, the Orange party, had deliberately set themselves to make voluntary enlistment a failure, that they were willing to be traitors both to Ireland and England if only they could still remain the Ascendancy Party. There was a dreadful plausibility in the evidence he has given of this, but he could not believe it possible. This dreadful plausibility has been recently strengthened. Only the other day the "Times" which has never been friendly to nationalist Ireland stated deliberately that there was good reason to believe that hidden forces were using all the power they had to intensify frightfulness in Ireland, so that Home Rule might vanish in another insurrection. If this is true and it is scarcely possible that the "Times" would make the statement without grave reasons, if the "Castle gang" of 1920 are scoundrels as base as the "Castle gang" of 1798 were, then it requires no effort to believe that they were capable of betraying both Ireland and England for their own vile purposes. The other allusion is to the notorious Sergeant Sheridan whose amazing career, Mr. Chesterton says, ought to be known to every Englishman. A few years ago Sheridan a policeman came under public notice by his success in investigating moonlighting outrages and bringing the "perpetrators to justice." Trial by jury then as now was forbidden "in the interests of justice," and the Magistrates who tried Sheridan's cases were lost in admiration at his zeal for the "public interest." This went on for quite a long time, and Sheridan had to his "credit" a very great number of convictions. At length, some unknown scribe remarked in a provincial paper that there was an extraordinary coincidence between the arrival of Sergeant Sheridan in a district and the outbreak of crime in the same, that districts which had until then been quite peaceable, suddenly developed lawlessness when Sergeant Sheridan was transferred to them. Public opinion was arrested, enquiries followed, and it was proved that Sergeant Sheridan had himself been the contriver of the outrages which he had "discovered." In any other country in the world, a public investigation would have followed, but in Ireland things are not so arranged. There are too many crooked paths in the administration there, too many dark rooms in the Castle, Sheridan's examination might have toppled down the walls of the Castle, and such a consummation had to be avoided at all costs. Sheridan knew too much and so he was quite safe. His "expenses" (no doubt on a very liberal scale) were paid to him and he left Ireland to live at his ease in America. Such is the story of Sergeant Sheridan which Mr. Chesterton would have every Englishman read if he wishes to understand what English rule in Ireland is. But to the average Irishman the significance of the affair arises not from the discovery that the Government official contrived outrages, but from his having been found guilty. He believes that "Sheridanism" is as inevitable a consequence of Castle rule as disease is of dirt as weeds of neglect. To him Major Price is in the direct line from Sheridan who himself derives through a long line from Major Sim and other worthies of penal days, and he believes that military rule, press censorship, suppression of public meeting, &c., are the conditions which go to make a forcing ground for the production of Sheridans and outrages.

The anti-Irish publicists and politicians are never tired of asserting that the Irish people are obsessed by the memory of past wrongs. This is, of course, a lie and it is more: it is a deliberate, subtle lie for it conveys the notion that the wrongs are in the past and not in the living present. Mr. Chesterton did not discover this tendency, but in examining the present, he is sometimes driven to refer to the past from which the present has its being and notably in one beautiful passage:—"The Irish Catholics like other Christians, admit a mystery in the Holy Trinity, but they may almost be said to admit an experience in the Holy Family. Their historical experience, alas, has made it seem to them not unnatural that the Holy Family should be a homeless family. They also have found that there was no room for them at the inn, or anywhere but in the jail; they also have dragged their new-born babies out of their cradles and trailed in despair along the road to Egypt, or at least along the road to exile. They also have heard, in the dark and the distance behind them, the noise of the horsemen of Herod."

Occasionally too, Mr. Chesterton is impelled by the logic of his senses to forcibly dissent from the clap-trap with which certain prominent politicians are wont to express themselves when dealing with Ireland:—

"Now it is this sensation of stemming a stream, of ten thousand things all pouring one way, labels, titles, monuments, metaphors, modes of address, assumptions in controversy that makes an Englishman in Ireland know that he is in a strange land. Nor is he merely bewildered as among a medley of strange things. On the contrary, if he has any sense, he soon finds them unified and simplified to a single impression, as if he were talking to a strange person. He cannot define it, because nobody can define a person, and nobody can define a nation. He can see it, smell it, hear it, handle it, bump into it, fall over it, kill it, be killed for it, or be damned for doing it wrong . ...And I say that if Ireland is not a nation, there is no such thing as a nation. France is not a nation, England is not a nation; there is no such thing as patriotism on this planet. Any Englishman of any party with any proposal may well clear his mind of cant about that preliminary question. If we free Ireland, we must free it to be a nation; if we go on repressing Ireland, we are repressing a nation: if we are right to repress Ireland, we are right to re-press a nation."

Our last quotation from this eminently sane and wise book is taken from that chapter in which when dealing with what he calls the "Mistake of Ireland" he pays a tribute to the memory of Tom Kettle:—

"Thomas Michael Kettle was perhaps the greatest example of that greatness of spirit which was so ill rewarded on both sides of the Channel and of the quarrel which marked Redmond's brother and so many of Redmond's followers. He was a wit, a scholar, an orator, a man ambitious in all the arts of peace; and he fell fighting the barbarians because he was too good a European to use the barbarians against England, as England a hundred years before had used the barbarians against Ireland.........Kettle left a fine and even terrible poem, asking if his sacrifices were in vain, and whether he and his people were again being betrayed. I think nobody can deny that he was betrayed, but it was not by the English soldiers with whom he marched to war, but by those very English politicians with whom he sacrificed so much to remain at peace.........he and his friends were betrayed.

by the men whose corruptions they had contemptuously condoned far more than by the men whose bigotries they had indignantly denounced. There darkened about them treason and disappointment, and he that was the happiest died in battle: and one] who knew and loved him spoke to me for a million others in saying: 'And now we will not give you a dead dog until you keep your word."

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*Hellenism in Ancient India.**

BY GAURANGA NATH BANERJEE, M.A., PH. D., F.R T.A.

The object of this very interesting book is to furnish a comprehensive account of the Hellenistic influence on the evolution of artistic, literary and scientific culture in ancient India—a subject which has, as far as we are aware, never been dealt with as a whole in any Indian or European work. It seems to us that the work fulfils a decided want, since it deals with the vexed question of Greek influence on India in a most fair and impartial manner. The learned author has arranged the materials which the critical and archæological research of the last two or three centuries have made available—so well, that everything in the domain of arts and science, of philosophy and religion, of mythology and fables, passes before the reader in a panoramic way. The work further aims at a connected history of the progress of Hellenism in Hindustan. Here is traced out brilliantly, the way in which the plastic arts of India, coming in close contact and thus thrown in the melting-pot of classical culture and fanned

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*Published by Messrs. Butterworth & Co. (India) Ltd., Calcutta, *Price Rs. 7-8-net.*

by diverse influences, part Persian and part Græco-Bactrian, yet ever steadied by their own native originality and subtlety, emerged after four or five centuries, stamped with an individuality of their own. We learn also that in the genesis and evolution of the Numismatics, the Art of writing, the Dramaturgy and the Medical Sciences, India "had no need to wait for the intervention or initiative of Hellenism." The wave of Hellenism however, commencing with the triumphant progress of Alexander the Great and being sustained by the unremitting zeal of the Seleucids and the Bactrians acted "like an electric shock, waking the land to a new life after the lethargy of countless years of undisturbed peace." In fact, the vigorous rule of the Maurya Monarchs, which show the beginning of a great Indian renaissance, was indirectly the result of Alexander's invasion. Thus the fascinating story of the Greeks in India, is not only full of suggestion, but is also a most interesting chapter in the history of the development of ideas.

Another most important feature of Dr. Banerjee's work is the up-to-date and exhaustive "Bibliography," appended to each of the 14 Chapters of the book and compiled with the thoroughness of a Continental *savant*. One or two defects, we would wish to point out however; the first is the lack of a good index, which is highly useful in such treatises and secondly, a few illustrations, characteristic of the Graeco-Indian epoch, would have been most welcome. We are confident however, that by the publication of this valuable work, Dr. Bannerjee has gained a high place among the ranks of eminent Indologists.